

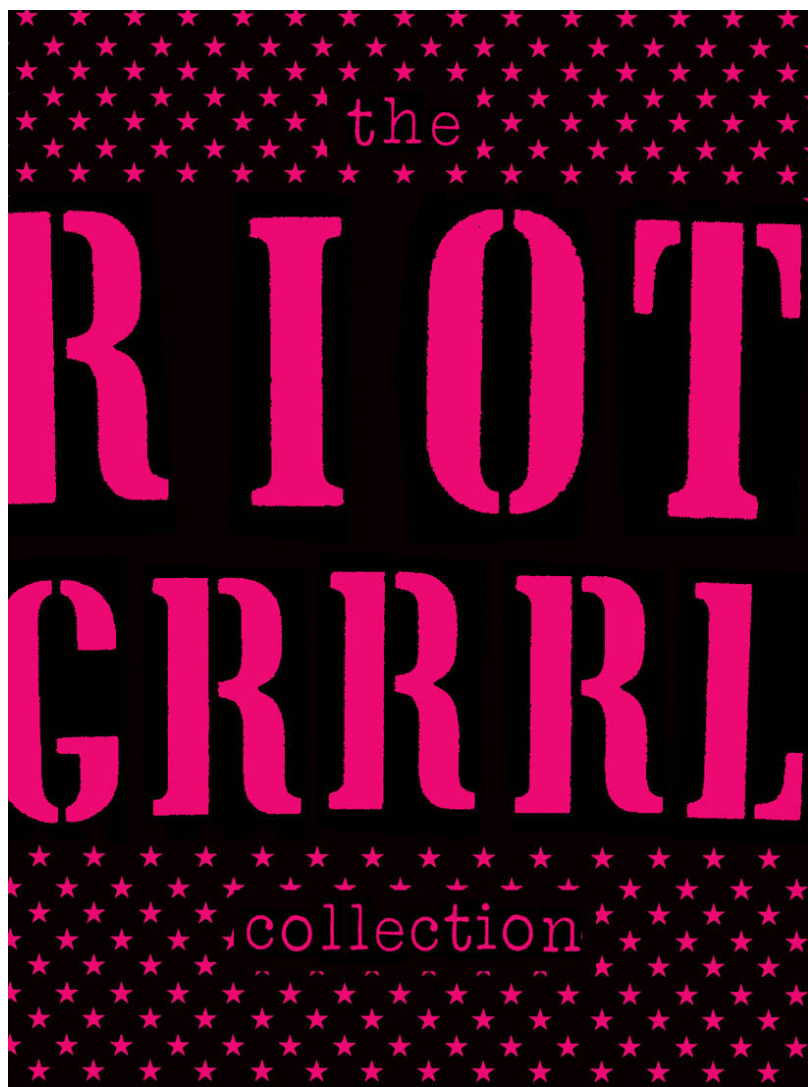
THE *Riot grrrl* COLLECTION



Edited, with an introduction by Lisa Darms

"Riot grrrl is the gateway drug that girls use to find feminist history. I love love love this book—a snapshot of what riot grrrl was and could be." —Kathleen Hanna

Essay by Johanna Fateman



the

RIOT

GRRRL

collection

various artists

Things i
made 

Things i Made

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::introducing the :: ::collection **LISA DARMS::**

“Riot Grrrl is because I believe with my wholeheartmindbody that girls constitute a revolutionary soul force that can, and will, change the world for real.” —Bikini Kill 2

Riot grrrl was the collective brainstorm of a small group of smart, angry women that eventually became a national news story and influenced an entire generation of girls. Emerging from the punk scenes in Olympia, Washington, and Washington, DC, during the early 90s, riot grrrl called for the liberation of young women by taking control of the means of subcultural production. In pointed contrast to mainstream—and underground—culture, it sought to unify girls, calling out culturally ingrained jealousy and competitiveness between women while also recognizing and accepting individual girl's differences. The movement aimed to revivify feminism, foregrounding sexual and psychic violence against women, while supporting young women's sexual expression and right to pleasure. A direct response to the dominance of straight white men in the punk scene, riot grrrl encouraged women to play instruments and start bands, write and distribute zines, and share experiences in the safe all-girl spaces of riot grrrl meetings.

When I moved to Olympia to go to college in 1989, I didn't know that a radical punk girl revolution was just starting to germinate there. I went to punk shows, took photographs that sought to reclaim the words "girl" and "slut" in self-portraits featuring dolls and garter belts, read pro-sex feminist books, wrote essays positing a female appropriation of the "male gaze," and developed fierce life-changing friendships with their women. But I never went to a riot grrrl meeting or called myself one. My idea of punk was TOUGHER than that, I thought; but perhaps my reluctance to directly participate in the movement was nothing more than the kind of insecurity that riot grrrl was created to combat.

Now, I often say that riot grrrl came too late for me, and perhaps that is part of the reason why I created an archival collection to preserve its history. Back when I went to my first punk show around age thirteen, at the O.A.P. Hall in my hometown of Victoria, Canada, I felt immediately comfortable in an audience made up of self-identified freaks and outcasts. Being punk in early 80s Victoria (a town proud to be a British colony well past the age of Empire) made you somewhat of a pariah. However, unlike many kids, my all-encompassing identification with punk was less a rupture with my past than it was a continuation of a kind of antiestablishment outsiderism I'd learned from my feminist, expatriate American, draft-dodging family. By the time I left for Olympia though, my experience of my hometown scene felt more like a replica of culture-at-large; a violent, self-destructive, and misogynist subculture where boys skated and played in bands, while girls watched boys skate and play in bands.

I lived in Olympia off and on until 2001, but it never occurred to me during that time that riot grrrl would become so historically important to so many people. As I studied to become an archivist in the mid-2000s at NYU, I realized that "historical importance" is partially a result of what's saved and preserved by institutions. It was with this sense of potential erasure in mind that I started the Riot Grrrl Collection at NYU's Fales Library and Special Collections in 2009, shortly after becoming the senior archivist there. That previous fall, around the time I was interviewing for the job, I had invited my old friends Kathleen Hanna and Johanna Fateman to a Fales panel about donating personal archives to institutions. Afterward, we fantasized about a riot grrrl archive—an idea especially appealing to Kathleen, who'd been a key figure in the movement, and had carefully saved her zines, artwork, lyrics, and videotapes in a filing cabinet for years. Because I'd just finished working on the David Wojnarowicz Papers in Fales's Downtown Collection, and saw how radical, ephemeral materials could be preserved in a major research institution, I could envision a place for riot grrrl there too.

The Downtown Collection was started by the Fales director, Marvin Taylor, in 1994 and documents New York's downtown art, performance, music, and literary scenes from the late 60s to the early 90s, with a focus on the 70s and 80s. It includes the personal papers of cross-genre figures like Wojnarowicz, Richard Hell, and Martha Wilson; the archives of collectives like A.I.R. (the first artist-run gallery for women in the United States) and the Guerrilla Girls; and many other collections documenting AIDS activism, experimental theater and dance, punk, and downtown art.

When I brought the idea of a riot grrrl collection to Taylor, he immediately recognized the affinities between the downtown scene and the riot grrrl movement. And because Fales had long been preserving contemporary materials like flyers, zines, and audiovisual material, Taylor understood the archival value of the documents that came out of riot grrrl. With Kathleen's help, I began to contact people who had been active in the movement's early days to let them know about the project and to ask for donations.

The Fales Riot Grrrl Collection aims to document the movement from about 1989 to 1996. While this book primarily reproduces flyers and zines, the Riot Grrrl Collection is made up of mostly unique, archival material in over ten discrete collections. Each one represents a donor's "archive" (or, in archives terminology, their "personal papers") of what they kept from that period, documenting the process of zine-making, being in bands, and activism, as well as the finished products of these activities. It includes zines, flyers, and t-shirts, the original artwork that was used to make these items, such as cut-and-paste zine "masters"; and private letters, notebooks, draft lyrics, photographs, videotapes of performances—even a skateboard. The Riot Grrrl Collection currently consists of donations from Kathleen and Johanna, as well as others involved with the movement: Becca Albee, Ramdasha Bikceem, Tammy Rae Carland, Zan Gibbs, Milly Itzhak, Kelly Marie Martin, Molly Neuman, Mimi Thi Nguyen, Lucy Thane, and Matt Wobensmith. While not all are necessarily "riot grrrls," they all had something to contribute to documenting its history. And it is a history that's proven to be extremely popular: although the collection is barely three years old, and makes up less than 1 percent of Fales's physical holdings, it already accounts for 15 percent of our research use, and is further accessed by hundreds of students in classes that the Fales staff teaches on riot grrrl, feminism, queer activism, and zine culture. This book aspires to get some of the collection—in facsimile, and without interpretation—to an even wider audience.

It isn't intended as a coffee-table book, despite the fact that many of the documents are beautiful in their own right. Our goal is to make the content of these smart, radical texts more broadly available, because so much coverage of riot grrrl has been focused on its image instead of its message.

Everything here was selected from Fales's holdings, and is arranged in (very rough) chronological order. Much of the book is made up of zines: a few have been reproduced in their entirety (to give the reader the experience of reading a complete zine), but most are excerpts (made with the permission of their authors). There are also flyers and other printed ephemera, as well as a few archival items like letters, handwritten lyrics, and drawings. I've tried to choose things that are interesting, beautiful, smart, moving, and well written; but, as an archivist, I've attempted to be as accurate and objective as I can be in representing both the movement and the collection. There are, of course, gaps. Selecting only from the Fales Collection, I have been limited to what currently exists in the archive: by who has donated and who hasn't; by the size and comprehensiveness of donors' collections, and by their willingness to donate private documents like letters

and diaries. And because donations will continue to come in after this book's publication, it shouldn't be taken as a complete history of riot grrrl, but rather as a representation of the collection at Fales at this moment in time.

There is another significant omission from this book: the way young women used zines to share stories of familial abuse, sexual abuse, and rape is largely unrepresented. Zines—although made to be shared, and often with strangers—could feel private and intimate, like an extension of a diary (but one with witnesses who had perhaps shared your experience and could attest to your sanity). In one 1994 zine about abuse and body image, there is a note tucked inside that says, "For your reading pleasure. Feel free to share!" But "feel free to share" meant something quite different in 1994 than it does now. I did not reproduce any of these stories in this book—I didn't even ask permission to do so—but the way girls used zines to make these secret histories "privately public" is important to acknowledge here.

Although riot grrrl was a movement it was also in many ways just a conglomeration of dissenting voices. Dissent-from-within is often seen, from a historical perspective, as the reason radical movements (especially on the left) fail. But dissent defined riot grrrl from the beginning, and characterized both its growth and its demise. Riot grrrl began as a challenge to a punk movement that, in many scenes, had become increasingly conformist. Proto-riot grrrls, like Donna Dresch writing in the second issue of her zine, *Chainsaw*, in 1989, sought to take punk back for the misfits:

Right now, maybe *Chainsaw* is about Frustration. Frustration in music. Frustration in living. In being a girl, in being a homo, in being a misfit of any sort. In being a dork, you know, the last kid to get picked for the stupid kickball team in grade school. Which is where this whole punk rock thing came from in the first place. NOT from the Sex Pistols or L.A. But from the GEEKS who decided or realized (or something) to "turn the tables" so to speak, and take control of their (our) lives and form a Real underground.

In its first years (1989-1992) riot grrrl became, for some, this "Real underground" of "misfit" dissenters. In 1992, *Newsweek*, along with other mainstream magazines and newspapers, brought riot grrrl into the homes of suburban teenagers who needed it, but it also misrepresented many of the movement's goals and brought a level of attention that many of the girls didn't want. Concurrently, riot grrrls and other punks were criticizing what they saw as the unexamined privilege of the riot grrrl underground itself, in terms of race, class, gender and sexual orientation, and normative standards of beauty. Writing around 1993 in issue four of her zine *Gunk*, Ramdasha Bikceem observed:

Riot Grrrl calls for change, but I question who it's including. . . . I mean the liberation of women is not just for us it will affect every single aspect of this fucking planet so when we say o' it's the Grrrl movement, it suggests that this is all we care about and this is all we stand for and we only want what we want Me! me! me! is all I hear. This sounds kinda snotty but I see Riot Grrrl growing very closed to a very few i.e. white middle class punk girls. It's like it's some secret society, but then again there are some who feel that a secret society is what we need.

By about 1994, the "secret" was out, and most of the women who had started the movement no longer identified as riot grrrls. Some had simply outgrown it; for some others, the inability of the movement to address privilege in a nuanced and effective

way rendered it useless as a model for activism. Although girls continued to write zines and play music, as Sara Marcus points out in her history of riot grrrl, *Girls to the Front*, by 1996 fewer and fewer girls were referring to those activities as “riot grrrl.”

Reading these zines, flyers, and notes, you’ll see plenty of spelling mistakes, sharpie-marker redactions, gaps, rough edges, and last-minute additions. No one used spell-check, but no one cared. There was an urgency to get the message out that superseded perfection. This urgency exemplifies both the aesthetics and politics of riot grrrl, and drives my desire to build the archive.

I hope this book will present a picture of riot grrrl that is complex and contradictory. One of the things this collection makes clear is that riot grrrl was never a single thing, and never really wanted to be. It was not an isolated phenomenon, either. During the period that the book and archives cover, many other groups and individuals were working to dismantle sexism, violence, homophobia, and the reductive gender roles that riot grrrl was fighting. But the urgency of the moment—the now of one of riot grrrl’s most enduring slogans, “revolution grrrl style now”—was a forceful call to action that sparked new forms of feminist activism. This book perpetuates that moment.

Over twenty years ago, Tobi Vail wrote in *Girl Germs* 3: “if you are sitting there reading this and you feel like you might be a riot grrrl then you probably are so call yourself one.” While I have tried to be objective in representing various aspects of the riot grrrl movement in this book, ultimately I do have an agenda. I hope this book will be a manual: a set of instructions for remaking the world. Use it to learn from riot grrrl’s successes and its mistakes. And then go out and start your own revolution.

MY RIOT GRRRL

JOHANNA FATEMAN

"The Sylvia Plath story is told to girls who write," Kathleen Hanna sings on "Bloody Ice Cream." It's a fast, noisy track on Reject All American, Bikini Kill's final album, released in 1996—the year the meteoric riot grrrl phenomenon seemed to have run its course, and the year used as the approximate end date for the Fales Riot Grrrl Collection. Kathleen and I had been friends for a few years then, and in a few more we would start the feminist band Le Tigre together, but to me, the burst of anguish on "Bloody Ice Cream" marked the end of an era. As riot grrrl chapters dispersed, and the militant youth movement receded in the public imagination, the short song reiterated the high stakes of girl revolution. Kathleen—an iconic figure of riot grrrl from the beginning—switches between enraged shout singing and talking, settling on a menacing, and maybe hopeful, singsong delivery for the final line. "We are turning cursive letters into knives," she proclaims, suggesting a radical alternative to Plath's grim fate.

By 1996, the use of girlish script as a subversive weapon was not just a feminist fantasy; Kathleen's lyric alluded to a literary and visual style that she had helped to innovate. Riot grrrl, in a conscious response to second-wave feminists' rejection of the word "girl," reclaimed it with pride—and also in parody. Songs, performances, and fashion statements mocked the depictions of feminine innocence and compliance served to us in the face of discrimination, exploitation, and endemic sexual abuse. And in a new tradition of self-publishing, girls images (of housewives, superheroes, schoolgirls, and cheerleaders) to set off type or handwritten communiqués, cultural criticism, fiction, and philosophy. The feminist punk zines of the 90s, with their DIY aesthetics, humor, and raw truth telling, were a crucial counterpart to the urgent and infectious music associated with riot grrrl. They were also instrumental to the pre-Internet formation of local scenes and an international network of angry-girl punks.

As I sifted through my personal collection of zines, flyers, videotapes, and correspondence to donate to the Fales Collection in 2009, I discovered a few gaps in my archive. Some of my own disavowed young work was missing, as were a couple of the zines that I recall vividly—I must have given them to other girls—but mostly I had carefully saved this stuff: my documentation of the secret art world that defined my late teens and early twenties. The consciously ephemeral material of riot grrrl, like the movement itself, was mythic in its day. Zines, photocopied in small batches and informally distributed, were made to address a moment or to build a scene—not to stand the test of time. Mostly, their young authors let them fall out of circulation quickly.

This book, as a sampling of riot grrrl's feverish output, demonstrates the difficulties that have accompanied attempts to define the movement since its heyday—"riot grrrl" was a self-designation available to anyone, and a label shrugged off by some girls who appeared to be at the center of its activities. I've used the term loosely, to encompass a broad strain of third-wave feminism that took root in punk scenes. In retrospect, it's the best descriptor for the scene that radicalized me, and shaped my enduring attitudes toward collaboration, activism, and friendship.

Whatever riot grrrl became—a political movement, an avant-garde, or an ethos—it began as a zine. Titled in the blown-up type of a cursive typewriter, the collectively produced riot grrrl first appeared in July of 1991 in Washington, DC, where the Northwest-based bands Bikini Kill and Bratmobile had convened for the summer. With like-minded discontents in the male-dominated scene, band members tested the waters for feminist action with this weekly newsletter. The first issue establishes a signature mix of passionate and pragmatic content, capturing the frustration of the time, and the allure of a new feminist counterculture. A casually written but serious statement of intent bemoans "the general lack of girl power in society, and the punk rock underground specifically," promising the mini-zine will keep readers apprised of the nascent girl scene's coming events. "Maybe," it continues, "we'll spotlight 1 or 2 special girls who make our lives a little easier to stand." By the end of the month, a meeting at a nearby punk activist house heralded the start of the DC chapter of riot grrrl. And at the end of the summer, the bands brought their new strategies for grassroots

organizing back to Olympia, Washington.

That fall, I was seventeen, and left my parents' house in Berkeley, California for college in Portland, Oregon. As I shook off the sexist indignities of high school, I drifted into punk and found the women's center on a campus dotted with fluorescent Queer Nation stickers. I was unaware then of the waves feminists were making in the underground music scene just a two-hour drive away, but the emergence of feminism's third wave was palpable, and the events that set the stage for riot grrrl's ascendance quickly unfolded. In October, Anita Hill's testimony in the Clarence Thomas confirmation hearings galvanized students around the issue of sexual harassment (my college had no policy to address complaints). By Thanksgiving, Nirvana's "Smells Like Teen Spirit" was a hit, putting a spotlight on the band's Northwest punk origins; and for Christmas, I gave my mom Naomi Wolf's feminist best seller *The Beauty Myth*. Its argument—that escalating standards of female beauty constitute an insidious cultural campaign to undermine women's political gains since the 1970s—supported my growing conviction that the progressive establishment of my childhood had congratulated itself prematurely on the arrival of a post-feminist era.

The next summer, I got the lease for an off-campus house in Portland and waited for my friends to return for the fall semester. One of them excitedly brought with her a copy of a weekly Seattle newspaper featuring a cover article about riot grrrl. I studied it with incredulous pleasure before cutting it up to make a flyer for our girls-only back-to-school dance party. That house, with its roomy basement, rose bushes, possum infestation, and view of the neighboring cemetery, came to be called the Curse.

We went to see girl bands play when they came to town, and ordered music from the Olympia-based labels Kill Rock Stars and K Records: Mecca Normal LPs, the first Bikini Kill EP, a Heavens to Betsy cassette and their spilt seven inch with Bratmobile. Teen pixelvision filmmaker Sadie Benning (who would later also become my bandmate in *Le Tigre*) stayed with us after her screening at the Portland Art Museum, and so did her friends, the Toronto queercore band Fifth Column (who were then touring with musician and Chainsaw author Donna Dresch). Miranda July and I, best friends from high school, made a short zine called *Snarla in Love* during winter break back in Berkeley, and gave it to girls at a show at 924 Gilman, the local all-ages punk club.

I think at that time we had never seen a riot grrrl zine—that is, one that identified itself with the movement—and so *Snarla*, in the beginning (the zine became a six-issue collaboration) reacted to the zines, mostly by boys, that we did know about. It was punk-by-association and in style, but Miranda and I were determined to present our own content distinct from what we viewed as standard zine fodder. In the place of scene reports, record reviews, and travel diaries, we asserted a more abstract world of memory and self-reflection, filtered through our new, unforgiving feminist analyses. We'd soon learn, though, as we came into contact with the confessional writing associated with riot grrrl, that we weren't alone in our introspective approach.

When I met Kathleen, she was collecting zines for Riot Grrrl Press, an ambitious new girl-run distributor that carried a small catalogue of feminist zines. She made an announcement about it after a Bikini Kill show at the X-Ray Cafe in Portland, and I handed her a copy of *Snarla*. We became friends, and while Bikini Kill was on hiatus for a year, she moved into the attic of the Curse (the flyer on page 165 is for a party we threw in the basement). The zines in her collection—like her band mate Tobie Vail's *Jigsaw*, and *Girl Germs*, made by Allison Wolfe and Molly Neuman of Bratmobile—included ardent, funny reportage on other girls' projects, and tackled serious issues in a conversational style.

Vail's essay in the first issue of *Bikini Kill* (the band's eponymous zine), which exposes the subtle sidelining of girls in the author's underground milieu (and debunks the popular parable of Yoko Ono and the Beatles's break-up), is exemplary of riot grrrl's social critique, while another trajectory of the movement's political thought was particularly self-reflexive: It emphasized the need to confront one's own participation—material and psychic—in the diseased parent culture. Grrrls put the colonized mind under the microscope, from the imperatives listed in Kathleen's handwriting on the early "Trust" flyer ("Resist the internalization of capitalism, the reducing of people + oneself to commodities meant to be consumed") to Nomy Lamm's unflinching analysis in her influential zine *I'm So Fucking Beautiful*. Lamm's acutely vulnerable critique of fathobia in society extends to her punk feminist community, and most profoundly, to her own inner dialogue. Such challenges to cultural conditioning were a constant in riot grrrl's oeuvre, but their tone took a turn after the first years. In a flyer for the Seattle Girl Convention of 1996 the welcoming language of the early "Girl Talk" flyers (which publicized feminist discussion groups) is gone. It's replaced by a warning:

During the convention there will be “no hiding under safety blankets and privilege,” the text demands, “cos being safe = not having to recognize or take responsibility for yer/our own privilege and ways you/we oppress others.”

The examination of privilege within riot grrrl grew out of a fundamental question that many of us would grapple with: How could girls—drawn from punk’s predominantly white demographic, who relied on that scene’s resources and aesthetics—forge a truly inclusive, revolutionary agenda? The movement was sharply critiqued in its day for failing in this regard. Riot grrrl was not, however, all white: punk girls of color were also in the scene, making art grounded in their experiences, and providing a crucial counter to white grrrl’s often solipsistic discussions of race.

Frustration with the white-centered culture of riot grrrl was very apparent by 1995. Mimi Nguyen, in a call for submissions to her zine *Evolution of a Race Riot*, writes pointedly of the need for “taking back the conversation @ race & re-centering it around ourselves, not as voiceless victims or objects-to-be-rescued of white punk antiracist discourses.” Some narratives attribute the dissolution of the movement to such rifts, and indeed, challenges to racism and class bias within riot grrrl did prompt existential crises for some local chapters. But these necessary growing pains were paired with fatigue: From early on, distorted portrayals of riot grrrl in the mainstream press drew converts as they narrowed its image—showing the movement as both homogenous and hierarchical, always focusing on a few predictable “leaders.” Complicated and seemingly intractable personal-political dynamics arose in part from this disconcerting attention. For many of the young women initially involved with riot grrrl, the result was their unsentimental shedding of the term “riot grrrl.”

In 1994, I escaped the Northwest to attend art school in New York. My first friends in the city were Ramdasha Bikceem, author of the zine *Gunk*, and some of the women who had been active earlier in Riot Grrrl NYC. In this new circle of artist friends, I felt a post-riot grrrl sense of possibility—a shared drive to make politically engaged work in a DIY spirit, but not only for an insular punk scene. From this came my zine *Artaud-Mania: The Diary of a Fan*, in 1997 a work indebted to Kathleen’s *My Life with Evan Dando*, *Popstar* for its conceptual confessional tone, and its use of ironic fandom as a vehicle for cultural critique. *Artaud-Mania* is evidence that, by this time, even if my commitment to radical feminism hadn’t faded, I approached my riot grrrl past with a measure of self-parody.

Reading through this collection, though, I’m brought back to the time when each girl’s photocopied missive was a revelation, and much of riot grrrl’s meaning was derived from the simple fact of its existence. As a teen, it astounded me to discover that girls were organizing to fight their exclusion and silencing, and that they were doing it with intoxicating subcultural style. Two decades later, the imprisonment of members of the Russian feminist band Pussy Riot, who—also astoundingly-cite riot grrrl as an inspiration for their punk music and guerrilla performances, drives home the breadth of the movement’s influence. For those who love riot grrrl for its music, or know it only from journalistic accounts, this book will give its legend some missing detail: Here are some of our souvenirs from a bold experiment, the cursive letters we turned into knives in the 90s.

Trust.



You are cordially invited to witness the
vulnerability, strength, and love of
slim moon, TOBI VAIL and kathleen hanna
IN TANUVIAL'S basement at 5 o'clock

May 5th

This is cinco de mayo. Call Tanuveal at
956-3860 for directions to the basement.



The Revolution starts here + now within each ONE US.

Burn down the walls that say you can't:

Be a dork, tell your friends you love them.

Resist the temptation to view those around you as objects + use them.

Recognize empathy and vulnerability as positive forms of strength.

Resist the internalization of capitalism, the reducing of people + oneself to commodities meant to be consumed.

Resist psychic death.

Don't allow the world to make you into a bitter abusive asshole.

Cry in public.

Don't judge other people. Learn to love yourself.

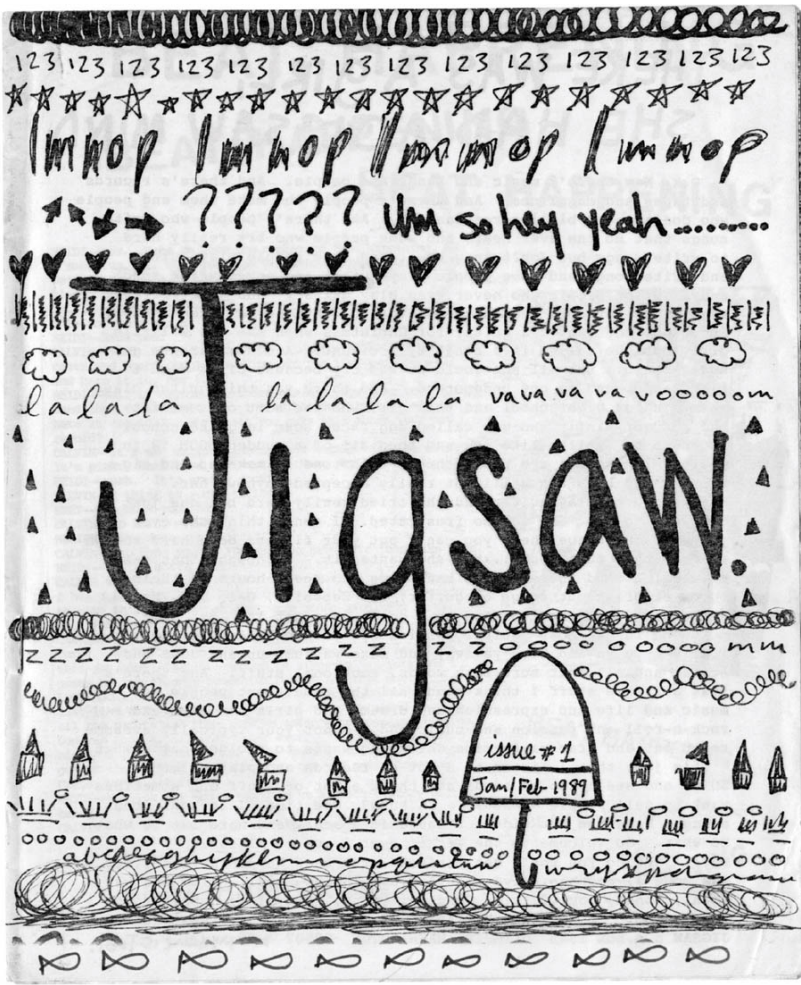
Acknowledge emotional violence as real.

Figure out how the idea of competition (winning and losing) fits into your intimate relationships.

Decide that you'd rather be happy than be right all the time.

Believe people when they tell you they are hurting or are in pain.

Trust.



THERE WAS A GIRL, SHE HAD A JIGSAW MIND

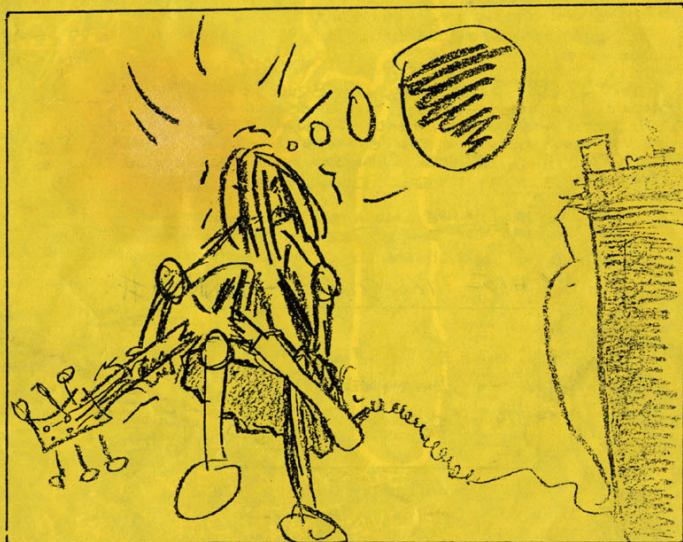
O.K. Now there's music and bands and people. And there's records and tapes and magazines. And there's people who make them and people who don't and a billion reasons why. And there's people who write songs that no one ever hears and some people who try really hard to write songs but don't know how...and some people play guitar and write songs and some people play guitar and never write songs and a lot of people who never even play guitar. And a lot of them want to. But for some reason they never do. My mom tells me a story about how she wanted a guitar for Christmas when she was a little girl, but she called it a banjo by accident. And her parents got her a banjo. But all she could do was cry because Elvis didn't play banjo, and no one understood. And there was this guitar class at my junior high school and this girl who was sort of a misfit-the sort of misfit who got called dog faced scum in grade school and sort of smelled like pee and then all of a sudden BOOM YR in junior high school and there she is with tons of make up and cigarettes and boys but still not really accepted-anyhow, her. She wanted to play guitar and she tried really hard but she just couldn't do it. She was so frustrated. I don't think she ever got past the stage where you can't put your fingers down hard enough to stop that buzz sound...but she wanted it. I thought that was so tragic. And there are so many kids who spend hours in their rooms figuring out songs on guitar, Led Zeppelin, U-2, DRI, Beat Happening; you name it. And they don't even get it! But some go on to be in the most soulful passion WOW rock-n-roll bands that really move ya and blow ya away and make ya jump up and down and scream and all that more than words, emotional stuff. And there's just all this stuff I think about all the time about people and music and life and expression and dreams and girls and boys and rock-n-roll and passion and music and I'm not your typically awesome reach out and grab ya fanzine Chick who wants to decide what's what

It's just that I listen to a lot of records and play a lot of SONGS and see a lot of bands and think a lot of stuff and sometimes want to tell people about it. YA know? One time I thought about doing a magazine but didn't because it's scary and hard but so what. SO what. So welcome to the first ever issue of Jigsaw. Um....just so you won't get confused, the beat happening interview was done a year ago, live on K.A.O.S. Thanks Heidi! Also thanks to Al, Donna, Joe, Calvin, Candice, Laura, Bill, Tam, Jenny, Beth and Louise. Oh yeah and NIRVANA RULE. Stay tuned for next issue! JIGSAW p.o.box 2345 OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON 98507  My name is Tob!

CHAINSAW

ARGHH.

No. 2



CHAINSAW Two.



Right now, maybe CHAINSAW is about Frustration. Frustration in music. Frustration in living, in being a girl, in being a homo, in being a misfit of any sort. In being a dork, you know, the last kid to get picked for the stupid kickball team in grade school. Which is where this whole punk rock thing came from in the first place.

NOT from the Sex Pistols or L.A. But from the GEEKS who decided or realised (or something) to "turn the tables" so to speak, and take control of their (our) lives and form a Real underground. Which is ALSO where the whole heart of CHAINSAW comes from.

CONTRIBUTORS: GB JONES AND BRUCE LABRICE WROTE THEIR OWN STORIES - CANDICE DREW HER SELF PORTRAIT - BILL DREW AMY CARTERS HEAD - JOHN H. WROTE THE AMY TENNIS CAMP STORY. I DID EVERYTHING ELSE. I NEVER DREW ANYTHING BEFORE CHAINSAW AND NOW I'M AN ARTIST. STAY FREE - DONNA

♥ A BIG THANKS AND A BIG KISS TO LAURA ♥

"Rock and roll is the nerds revenge" - george smith 1989

415-776-9668 - DONNA'S #:



W
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MAKETOASTNOTWAR
2336 MARKET N128
SF, CA 94114

Make Toast Not War

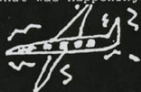
W
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ACCESS ALL AREAS

DINOSAURS

I CAN'T DRAW NEW ZEALAND

Here is a little introduction. I joined this band, see, Dinosaur Jr. I flew to Massachusetts, they flew to San Francisco, we practiced a few times played our first show (with me) at the kennel club with the Melvins and then we flew to Auckland, New Zealand (stop No. 1) and then to a bunch of cities in Australia (stops 2 through 14). So, anyways I'm just trying to get to the beginning of this "thing". But I figured it would be best if you had at least one little clue of what was happening.



Chainsaw is a "magazine" that is pretty much formatted along the lines of this radio show that Rich Jensen had a long time ago in Olympia called "Snapshot Radio" which was bits and pieces of whatever Rich had on tape at any given time. You know, a picture on tape. Chainsaw is the same way but I transcribe it all on paper so everyone can read it over and over and over. Snapshot magazine.

If I happen to meet someone or some thing that I might want to use for Chainsaw, there is no stopping me. No matter how understandable it is. So take heed this my warning.

Back to the tour. O.K. now pretend your sitting at a table in a pub in Auckland New Zealand with David the bass player/singer in the Jean Paul Sartre Experience and Bridgett our New Zealand tour manager.

been out.
David: we year and on a shoe it'll prob (October)

David: yeah, they have a deal with fundamen who takes care of it in the states.
Donna: sort of a production and distribution deal?

David: yeah, and Flying Nun don't pay anything for it, they get given a certain amount of money for the rights of it. So by that side of it gets done a lot quicker than it does here.
Bridgett: why did you call it the size food?

David: It was going to be called "The Mother disk" but we decided it sounded too Freudian.
B: What was going to call it that?

David: Me. Because I've got a bit of an obsession with mothers and things like that.

Donna: Are you a Mama's boy?

David: I don't like to think of myself as a mothers boy... maybe I am... I'm definately more of a mothers boy than a fathers boy, though for sure

Donna: Bridgett, do you think you're a dork?

B: It depends on what your definition of a dork is.

D: It is in the states too. But it's due time to take back the rights of the word.
you know... outcast.

David: a creep. D: not a creep like an asshole. I think people are creeps because they are freaks... B: but they are actually just doing their own thing... D: O.K. maybe FREAK is a better word.

B: I did things different than most kids.

D: so how 'bout you D? are you a dork?

J: yeah D: see, that's why I wanted to join your band.

WITH: BRIDGET AND THE
GUY FROM THE JEAN PAUL
SARTRE EXPERIENCE AND J. MASCO

AUSTRALIA

Donna: it seems like there might be a lot more girls in bands here than in the states.
Bridget: No there aren't. Bands here, if they've got women in them or they are all women, they get described as women bands. In the actual industry there is not a lot of women. You have to be really strong, you know? You have to fight a lot of hassles. I haven't been on a tour with no hassles. The but they are always please wear a scooter, wear a scooter Bridget scooter tonight".
Donna: a scooter? B: a skirt.
B: A dress. Didress?
David: you know, one of those things without legs on it?
D: OH A SKIRT. B: Anyways, I'll tell you what it's like being a woman in the music industry. NO, you tell what you think David.
David: what I think is in New Zealand and probably in Australia as well-even more so- it's still a real male-dominated society/cultures. It's only been a hundred years since Europeans have even been in New Zealand (200 in Australia) and at least half of that time as been pioneering sort of stuff. Farming, it's real rural based thing, it's a real male culture. If you get out of any of the main cities it's really staunch and really redneck. That goes right through the society. Humanism over here is really new and really radical. People don't understand it and are scared of it. But I don't know what it's like being a woman in the rock industry... I know what it's like being a MAN in it. I'm a mummy's boy in it.
Donna: That's probably pretty tough too.
David: It's not easy being a sensitive.

be
shit.

n: You do most of the song
writing?
S: yep.

Do you feel like you have total control over the production of the songs?

S: I'm a bit of a bossy-boots when it comes to the studio.
D: a what? S: Bossy-boots... I think you have to be. It's a bit different though, because the band normally do what I expect them to do anyway, sometimes I write bass lines or drum bits, but I usually leave it up to them to do what they like, because that's all part of being in a band

I suppose.
D: good answer.

★ SYD

★ MELBOURNE

-click-
Now pretend you're in Sydney, Australia sitting outside right before a huge electric storm with Susie from a band called the Falling Joys she sings and plays guitar and is also our Australian pilot. On yeah 'sue J will even say something.
D: so Susie lets do a Falling Joy interview.
Susie: o.k. Donna, which gig did you prefer most.
D: all of them were just great. The paddington town hall was pretty good, the Kardonah even though we got beat up afterwards... I don't know I'm doing the interview, how about you?
Susie: I enjoyed the first night because it was like seeing you play for the first time and not knowing you at all.

D: So you liked us best before you knew us?
S: No. Not at all it's just different.
D: so what label is your bands E.P. coming out on?
S: Our E.P. is coming out on Volition in Australia and through Network in the states next year. It's being produced by Gil Norton who also produced the Pixies Triffids and Echo and the Bunnymen.
D: there are four people in the band You, Stewie..
S: and Kate and Pat.

DINOSAUR JR.
AUSTRALIAN TOUR 1989



TOTAL ACCESS



That's dumb, let's not talk about K.



...If you were a tree what kind of tree would you be?



-A dead one.



-click-

...I think it's really important that people know there are women...girls who...maybe that's one reason why I don't want to be in a band, girls are in bands, we know that, but there aren't THAT many girls on labels and there aren't that many girls who do more than package up things and though that IS one of the things I do, I do more, I KNOW alot about how [labels] go and how they run.



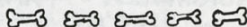
I think I know a lot about how, not just the tangible way that record labels run, but the way the people who run them, the way their minds work and they are, mostly, run by men and they are not very socially responsible men, I don't think.



I think the whole thing between ♡ and SUB-POP really exemplifies that for me. You know, Bruce thinks I answer the PHONE not anything else. It's really important for people to know that there are girls out there makin' decisions and doin stuff.

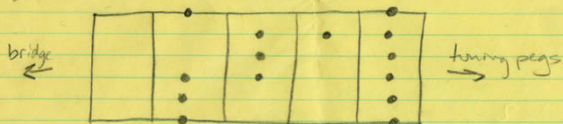
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Candice
c/o ♡
pobox 7154
Olympia, Wa
98507

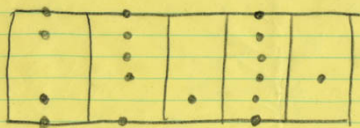


CANDICE

BLUES SCALE



MAJOR SCALE



May 9, 1990

Molly-- now, thanks for writing! It's really inspiring to find out that there are actually people in the world who are thinking about the same sort of things. I Am... Sometimes I feel kind of isolated I guess.

I used to live in Eugene... it was kind of really cool and kind of a real drag. The times I've been back there since I moved I went to shows at wow Hall and it seems like things have totally changed for the better... like there was a place to have shows + tons of kids that were pretty into it... I saw Vernit Lamm and then I played w/ some velvet sidewalk when they opened for Dead Moon.

You should definitely do the radio show thing. I tried to get a show at KRUM - a 'winner in rock' show and they were totally not into it and way into professionalism and they were dicks.

Intimidating and stupid know-it-alls. So I will send you a tape when it's done in but it probably won't be done until the end of the summer... I Am doing another issue of howls - #2 1/2 and that should be out in June or July. There's also a Doris Bootleg tape that will be out as soon as my tape deck is fixed - for only \$2.

So maybe we could trade tapes of bands we like sometime... I don't know very much about RAP music but the girl stuff seems pretty fucking great.

Do you play an instrument? Aaron said he was in a band with you + Allison.

maybe you could review some stuff for Jig Saw?

oh-- I'll make a list of bands or something. -- I have to find out records, I think too... you should read 'Bitch' and 'Changem' and 'sister nigger' -- addresses 1500 in Religion section of JGSAW... Ohum also knows a lot of bands

or maybe he said he was in a class w/ you. I can't remember.

It's cool that you're studying about sexism + racism in school. I wanted to take a class at Evergreen this quarter called something like 'Race + the Politics of Racism' but instead I took 'French Feminism and the Social Construction of Sexuality' and it's been totally blowing me away. It's psychology, philosophy and social and political theory. I guess what we are studying is called 'post modern' feminism -- whatever that means. All I know is it seems totally new and exciting to me. I should have some good articles coming up from my class, who knows. Next year I'm going to take 'Political Economy and Social Change' which focuses on race, gender and class; politics; economics and forces of power embedded in social and cultural institutions. Evergreen is cool.

It's exciting to study about sexism in school because it gives you a feeling of power just to actually be able to admit that things like oppression actually do exist and affect your life -- which is something you have to deny a lot in real life.

Maybe I'll see you at Fugazi! Thanks again for writing!! Love, ToBi Vaid

hair on your face and glasses that hide your eyes
you slow down at the stop light
you start to stare at me
and this happens, a thousand times
and this happens, a thousand times

why is your favorite pasttime
making me feel like i'm pinned to wax
why is your favorite hobby
reminding me that i'm being watched

your eyes
and your half smile
look like
they will eat me

your eyes
and your half smile
look like
they will eat me

(i tell my boyfreind and he says
and this happens, a thousand times i take things much too seriously)
and this happens, a thousand times
maybe you think it makes me happy
that look in your eyes
maybe you think that looking
cuts me down to size
i don't wanna be don't wanna be
your prize
just want a place to live, i
can call mine

riot grrrl

P.1

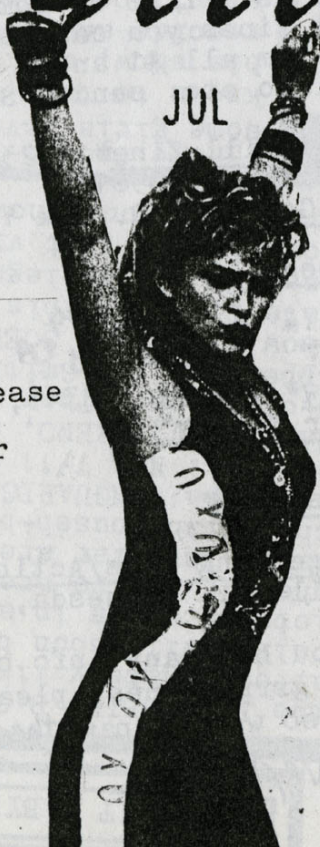
JUL 1991

XO XO

riot grrrl is
a free weekly
mini-zine. please
read and dis-
tribute to your
pals.

XO XO

XO XO



there has been a proliferation of

there has been a proliferation of angry grrrl zines in recent months, mainly due to the queezy feeling we girls get in our stomachs when we contemplate the general lack of girl power in society as a whole, and in the punk rock underground specifically. In this long hot summer we are presently experiencing, some of us girls thought it was time we put our collective angry heads together and do a mini-zine, and put it out as often as possible. Hey, theres also a sale on at kinko's now, so if you know anyone who would want one of these, it would only cost \$6 to copy it for them. We'll try to keep everyone posted on all the rockin' girl events that are gonna happen as the summer progresses, and maybe we'll spotlight 1 or 2 special girls who make our lives a little easier to stand. we would of course appreciate suggestions or comments. Please send to:

RIOT GRRRL

1830 Irving st. NW, W.D.C. 20010

P.3

XXOO,

The riot girl gang

SCAMS, RIOTS, AND BROKEN RULES TO
LIVE BY...

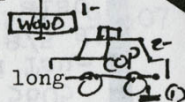
P.2.

Love, Aliison

-O.K.. this is gonna be my weekly section on the latest cool scams/ ideas I've scavenged for the good of the people. As we all now know, Robin Hooch is definately not no Kevin Kostner- Robin Hood is a girl & she is your friend.

1. Riot Trick: When you need to slash/pop some fucker's (cops) car tire, and don't wanna get caught, you can just get a piece of wood w/ a nail coming up through it perpendicular and position it behind tire

of said parked vehicle. They'll back into it & tire can slash itself when you're long gone. (courtesy S. GAMBOA)



2. Stamp Scam: I just found out about this one and cant figure out where I've been all these months... rub bar soap (dry?), over your stamp on letters to friends & be sure to mention in the letter that you

Cont. p. 5

Riot
GrrrL



Test Patterns

Some important questions facing
girl-punks in the 90's....

- How can we make our scenes
less white in both numbers +
ideology?
 - How can we best support/educate
non-punk feminists? ^{discussion}
~~we~~
 - How can we draw up a program
(fluctuating) that encompasses race,
class + gender relations (species too?)
w/out have any be seen as central
or MOST PRESSING.... i.e. for expedi-
ency sake NOT doing outreach w/
punks of color NOT including music/
zine by lesbian punks NOT having
vegan food available at functions
etc.... THESE ISSUES MUST BE
INCORPORATED FROM THE BEGINNING,
anti-racist
- species
- heterosexist
- classist
- work cannot be
written in the margin)
they MUST BE
CENTRAL

What is riot/grrl???

we don't know yet... ~~you~~ tell us. Here are some questions we came up w/ that force us.

[ie this is what we wanna do, ^① how do you think we should do it]

② What do you think is good/bad, should be added/changed about our goals

③ How do you think you could ~~help~~ ^{be a} RIOTG?

A) Print fliers for, set up, house, feed shows for Grrl bands.

B) Help spread word of R.G. by ~~zine~~ zine-ing on letters + disk. or word of mouth/media pub.

C) Start holding R.G. meetings in your town.

D) Start a band/solo project + send tape to R.G. (we may want to use specific songs for complete tapes or make a rec)

E) Make a zine

F) buy R.G. Products





A COLOR AND ACTIVITY BOOK

Bikini Kill is a band and this is our little thing to give
out at shows etc...AND THEN THERE'S THE REVOLUTION.

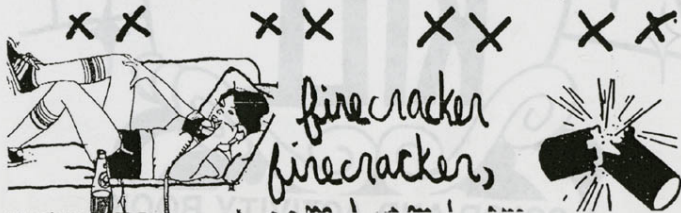
Bikini Kill is more than just a band or a zine or an idea, it's
a part of the revolution. The revolution is about going to the
playground with your best girlfriends. You are hanging upside
down on the bars and all the blood is rushing to your head. It's
a euphoric feeling. the boys can see our underwear and we
don't really care.

I'm so sure that lots of girls are also in revolution and we
want to find them. Sure our revolution has a lot to do with
making ourselves important enough to start a revolution, but
we also don't care about this....Because what makes us feel
good without hurting others IS good. This society isn't my
society cuz this society hates women and I don't. This society
doesn't want us girls to feel happy or powerful in anyway.

My girlfriends help me stop crying and start looking towards
whats important (revolution) my girlfriends know the revolution
(sex) my girlfriends aren't owned by me BUT have cringing and
choking on boy cum in common (revolution) MY GIRLFRIENDS WANT
REVOLUTION GIRL STYLE NOW.

Being a sexy and powerful female is one of the most subversive
projects of all. (we are the preistesses of a new kind of power
oh yeah.)

We know we are not like this due to any weird gene formation or
luck or trick. We are how we are from working together with our
eyes open and having experience and getting help from out Moms
and friends. We vow to struggle against the "J" word (jealousy)
the killer of GIRL LOVE. We are not specail, anyone can do it.
ENCOURAGEMENT IN THE FACE OF INSECURITY is a slogan of the revolution.



BIKINI KILL

anthem

justin likes surf music
justin likes surf music
justin likes surf music
justin likes surf music
it killed my friends
it killed my friends
it killed my friend,
it's happening again
REPEAT

in the trailer when Chris is gone
turn on the radio to here his
favorite song
turn on the radio to here his
favorite song

hardcore generation
hardcore generation
hardcore generation
hardcore generation
teenage boy generation
teenage boy generation
not my generation
not my generation

it doesn't speak to me
no not at all
I don't see anything
there's something wrong
I can't understand
you're favorite song

you will never hear surf music again

writing and words
by Tobi Vail



This is a picture of Tobi.
She is Bikini Kill's
drummer. She also
sings and plays guitar.

So okay, I want to write about anthem...one time when I was sitting in the smithfield giant henry boys vern and justin came up to me and asked if I wanted to go play drums with them in their practice space and so, thinking that maybe the cute one (chris jordan, naturally) would stop by, I agreed. After a while of practicing at an incredible volume and trying to figure out which songs were Black Flag covers and which songs were Giant Henry songs I started to feel classic dork girl symptoms coming over me. I mean, think about it...what if they were playing a Black Flag song and I was playing drums that were totally else?!!! Then I would be a complete jerk...and I kept psyching myself out over this and then when we finally switched instruments I was relieved and decided to sing into the microphone. The words that came into my head= anthem.

But one thing that I want to make clear is that the names have been changed to protect the innocent. Which means only just that the words are more about what happened to me as a teenage punk rocker in love hanging out with my boyfriend's crowd and its a true story and it all has to do with....YOKO. um...so if you have ever gone out with anybody in a band then you have been most likely been made to feel unimportant or excluded at least once or twice. I know when I was in highschool I spent way too much time trying to figure out how to fit in to the guy scene instead of realizing that my band and my songs and my whole thing was just as cool, just as interesting, just as valid, just as important as theirs. And maybe it did just so happen to be that way and maybe that's just the way it was and maybe nobody was trying to make me feel left out but all of that doesn't really count because, in effect, I was paralyzed. AND the more I think about it the more it tells me about how underground music can be really just as oppressive, and in a lot of the same ways even, as anything else. I mean if you look at the fact that most bands are mostly or all guys and then look at how if you are a girl who is hanging out with a band you have less say then they do because everything is totally based on what their band is doing then you start to see how the whole thing is sort of structured to make girls feel dumb. From band practice schedules to various band projects to shows to tours to recording to everything revolves around the band...boys. And I think most girls know what it feels like to sit around in your boyfriend's bedroom, talking about records with all of his friends and having a lot of what you say (that is if you even bother to say anything) either dismissed or misunderstood.

And a lot of guys give their girlfriends rock lessons so that they can learn and memorize the important details for future reference. Don't get me wrong, talking about bands is one of my favorite pass times, I just think that alot of times it is done in a way that makes other people feel left out and that all too often its us girls who feel like we don't know anything worthy of mmention***REMEMBER*** --there's nothing wrong with being a dork unless you don't have other dorks to bond with and all too often us dork girls live in isolation, like donna says: misfits unite!--um...and well it all comes down to YOKO ONO. You see, part of the revolution(GIRL STYLE NOW) is about rescuing our true heroines from obscurity, or in Yoko's case, from disgrace.

So part of what your boyfriend teaches you is that Yoko ONO broke up the Beatles. And as his girlfriend, according to this, you could very easily do the same thing to him and he has to be careful that this doesn't happen. In essence, besides being completely unfair to both you and yoko this works in a way that makes you into the opposite of his band and its that whole western duality thing about women and also about forbidden fruit and all that bullshit and when you are being made into the opposite of his band you are sort of being relegated to the audience and it takes that much longer for it to become a real idea that you could participate instead of just watch. One way that this is evident is in the movies. Name one movie about a band in which the girlfriend is not made into the evil diversion. There are two that I can think of off the top of my head.(and they always want to know why I hate the movies) But besides being the victim of the girlfriend-is-distraction thing Yoko was so fucking ahead of her time. I mean in a lot of ways she is the first punk rock girl singer ever. What she was doing was so completely unheard of and she needs to be recognized for what she did, provide a true alternative to the corporate bullshit john lennon was faced with in the beatles at that time. Not to mention that the Plastic No Band was totally subversive politically, in form and content. ...those early records are absolutely incredible and name another asian woman in rock...I can't think of any...um so let it be known, from now on, that Yoko Ono saved the way, in more ways then one for us angry grl rockers and maybe in the future girls will learn to question the motives behind the need in music for so many standards. for one refuse to be the opposite of any band and encourage others to do the same.

so i guess anthem is just about me sitting on my boyfriend's bed in highschool and having an argument with his friend
About jimi hendrix 'you will never hear surf music again' and how hardcore had become just as stupid and tame as surf music was in the '60s and that it was time for something new. I think maybe Bikini Kill is going to write your favorite song.

ANGRY GRRRL ZINES

jigsaw fanzine issue #3 is going to be out shortly, available for \$1 and two stamps from:

Jigsaw PO Box 2345

Olympia, WA 98507

The New episode is all about NEWmodrockers and the Jigsaw underground. Jigsaw fanzine is an ANGRY GRRRL ZINE. This is one of many... Girl Germs is Molly and Allison's fanzine. They are in a band called Bratmobile together with Michelle and Julie sometimes. The first issue came out a few months ago, around X-mas and was full of local scene info and the usual angry grrrl talk about REVOLUTION. My favorite part is Allison's editorial about the Lodge and Molly's thing about girl rappers... it's fun, intelligent and completely on the mark. Send stamps to....

Girl Germs PO Box 3060

Eugene, OR 97401.

Word has it that Laura of SISTER NOBODY is putting out a new issue featuring an in depth article on PATTI SMITH. Also, last I heard, Donna Dresch was on the verge of going to the printers to do the third issue of chainsaw when she got a phone call from Maria of Holy Rollers drum goddess fame begging her to make room for a couple of short stories she had just written. So write and see if they made it in or not. Both sister nobody and CHAINSAW are available from:

send stamps and a dollar

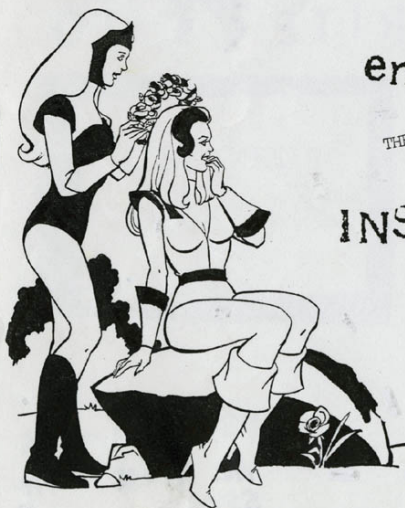
Donna/Laura 2356 Market

#128 SFCA 94114

oh yeah and BIKINI KILL is an angry grrl zine too and we are gonna do more so stay tuned. Also, Tamra, of Doris fame used to do a zine called Someone Said that was totally inspirational and paved the way for years to come and I just heard that she is singing in a band again..YAY!!! which makes me SO happy, and they are called THIRTEEN and are going to be playing in Seattle on February 28.



**STOP the J word jealousy
from killing girl LOVE**



encourage IN
THE face OF
INSECURITY

riot grrrl

a free weekly
mini-zine.



E

RIOT GRRRL... believe in me!

clarity of agenda is not really something that is important to me. RIOT GRRRL is a total concept. there is no editor and there is no concrete vision or expectation, or there shouldn't be. In the tradition of the NEW Modrockers and Hypocrobrats, we riot grrrls are not aligning ourselves with any one position or consensus, because in all likelihood we dont agree. One concrete thing we do agree on so far is that it's cool/fun to have a place we're we can express ourselves that wont be censored, and we're we can feel safe to bring up issues that are important to us. To me riot grrrl along with other angry grrrl zine's, exists in the face of boring nowhere'sville fanzinedom to confront as well as to be something fun. Those of us who have been working on these past four issues might not do them again, but this name is not copywrited.... so take the ball and run With it!



AND THINK

**ABOUT WHAT YOU DO
ABOUT WHY YOU DO WHAT YOU DO
ABOUT HOW IT AFFECTS OTHER PEOPLE
ABOUT HOW IT AFFECTS YOU**

**Contact riot grrrl! HQ at:
1830 Irving St. NW 20009
202-332-3119 ☎**

WHAT WE DO IS SECRET:

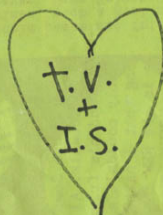
BIKINI KILL, Sept. 26, 1991

white boy
candy
heel

Suck my left one

dbldare YA
LIAR

Magnet
Feels BLIND
Not A test
CARNIVAL



BIKINI KILL loves the GERM S... FOR MOLLY GERMS V.V.

So spec
Girl Germs
Bitch Theme

QUEENIE

SHE SAID

LOVE *ROCK THING

KISS + RIDE
STAB



girl



Veronica

germs

No. 3

SQUARE AND CIRCLE CLUB

"Round in knowledge and square in dealings..."

Chapter I

THE RAPTURE

Hanging out homeless with Lainga all day is the safest place to be-- buttoning each others' undershirts and sharing lipstick popcorn sodapoppin around. Here we can be the hypocribrats that we are because loud is real and laughing is crying is laughing. We're so hungry, and we never stop eating. We're antipatient we're suckers. If you're not a SQUARE you're not a sucker. We're SQUARES. We're gullible 'cause we believe. But we know the conspiracy we feel it in our spit and we wish to spit on The White Boy with no shame...and we call him W-H-I-T-E B-O-Y (and he calls us "baby") and we do together what we can't face apart. We try to stalk Him down and brat in His face when He suckers our SQUAREness. We are SQUARES for sure, but we are CIRCLES too. Don't forget it by mapping us two-dimensional or by setting His cock standard of anti-SQUARENESS which makes us deny and shame that part in us so dear. "Dare to be a Dork." We see and constantly must struggle to see the connectedness of all His actions-- of all action and inaction we must connect the dots so bad. This circle, our desire and necessity for total revolution totally, must acknowledge all want and hate as valid and utterly realistic. Still, we must love too, and somehow we do, somehow. As hets, we so often compromise and love (pour/give/invest energy into) those who hurt us and/or perpetuate what hurts us. The SQUARE is our awkwardness of trusting under the spell of this annihilating system/society.

"Don't let life turn you into an asshole" but remembering that

"Violence in self-defense is called intelligence" -- CIRCLES exist within SQUARES, and SQUARES exist within CIRCLES. We're struggling and scheming in vicious circles, we're dying to survive emotionally (and also physically). We must protect ourselves and each other from emotional death.

DARE TO BE A SQUARE

'cause Cool won't spare anyone, 'cause Cool kills. We will deal with you straight up with love with hate with all the fucked up shit we've been taught and bombarded with. And it will be awkward it will come out "wrong" it might sound ridiculous overreacting and irrational it will be vindictive "unfair" and inarticulate. Cause SQUARE and CIRCLE don't cross each other out and this is the REALITY of our lives. We are totally goofy one minute and screaming blue murder the next... He calls us hypocrit He doesn't get it He expects an explanation articulation justification rationalization maybe He expects us to kiss his ass and suck his dick--and believe me, we have and we do but maybe we don't really want to. Maybe we want the Best, but we know how to get by, how to pass, how to survive. There's a price to pay and He wants us to know how lucky we are. Our security = compromise and we deal with these circumstances 24 hours a day, whether we're on the front line or not. In our CIRCLE we recognize oppression and privilege and how it affects everything and everyone-- including ourselves and our friends and our scene. We draw it on our skin we paint it on the wall we cry it over the phone we eat it for dinner we slap it in faces. We battle systematic sleep techniques and refuse to kill the messenger who brings bad news. And we try so fuckin hard to see past our hate to sift through the fuck so we can love each other. Oh SQUARES and CIRCLES! believe that we're all in a process and that we're trying and living at the same time.

Round in knowledge and square in dealings, i love Lai-nga.

va.



SQUARE AND CIRCLE CLUB





Dear Allison,

I know what you mean about that all boy club-house now. It's so fucking lame. It's like I'll be hanging out with boys and all, then they'll just disappear and I won't see them until the next show or whatever. And whenever I see them they're all together. If I catch one alone they aren't all that interesting, probably because they don't have the security of their boyfriends. What is up? It's so hard to have pals in Olympia! When I'm outside Olympia it seems I have people to hang out with, it's just in Olympia...

So what are we going to do about the all-boy club house? I think we should bomb it. Jealous? Well, I don't know, I just think they're dumb for being so exclusive. We aren't that way. We include the boys. We must be better than them. I think you're right, the boys are insecure, or no, you say 'girl intimidation.' Whatever. I feel left out. It sucks. Let's kick their ass. I can't wait til you and Molly revisit Olympia. See you love,

Dana



P.S. That boy in DC never wrote back. **BOY CONSPIRACY.**

Dear Molly and Allison

I've just finished reading your fanzine and I have to say that you are all very strong and cool women! Never be afraid of being misunderstood by anybody, because if they can't take the truth as you girls tell it...well fuck them!

I've been to too many shows where the crowd was such that me and my girlfriends were afraid to even get near the stage. I mean, even if you are able to control the space around you and defend yourself, usually some big stage diver (who is male and taller than you!) will boot you in the head! I know that people use the music to get out their anger and frustration, but what about our anger and frustration! You are so right, we have to reclaim the music on and off the stage.

I know that our world is a really twisted one, I mean, I just read yesterday that some dude wants to blow up the moon with a nuclear device! His theory is that it would give the earth perfect weather by eliminating the lunar gravitational pull on our planet. Since the moon has always been a symbol for women in particular (like the goddess Diana) this is just another 'fine' example of what our world thinks of us. But voices like yours can't be stopped, and we in turn will keep writing and working on our own revolution.

Love,

Beth Waldron
Lansdowne, PA

Molly and Allison

I worked 24 hours in the last two days and grabbed Girl Germs with my empty head and overworked body and read about my girl Maria on a couple of pages, Guy and Ian letters, and every good-damn page (in the bathtub). Really great 'zine! All my friends at Food For Thought will see it tonight, all my lezzie gal-pals will tune in, all their housemates will pass it around and, like the dreamy-dreams extolled on pages 1 and 29, your stuff, our stuff, will happen. Beautifully... Thanks Big-Time for Girl Germs. I'm all excited.

Gravity,

Juliana

Hey it's me, your step-sister MARY--

WOW!!!! I've just been reading your fanzine from cover to cover. what's goin on out there in the Northwest? I rave about you 'cause I think it's great what you're doing. It's pure passion and ideas and anger and love and all the stuff that everyone should be feeling every day about everything around them. Sometimes it just seems like there's not enough time but I know that's bullshit. Thanks so much for the FANZINE and keep me posted man. When I have more time I'll tell you ALL--Keep rockin and I'll do my part too.

Step Blood Love--

Mary

Molly and Allison,

This is Laura. We never found the bass player. The band is screwed. We decided to kill it since it didn't work out. Depressive. I mean-- none of us really knew how to play music. We played by ear. None of us ever took a lesson in our lives. It has a homemade taste too. How did you start Girl Germs? How do you get it printed, mailed out, etc? Where do you get your info? I freaked out at the mailbox wondering who the hell Molly and Allison are, but it finally hit me.

Lates,

Laura

P.S. Things suck and hopefully in college I'll start a new wave band called 40 Flamboyant Godfast Days. Think it'll work? Heck, if my sister's friends did it, I can too!

Dearest Allison and Molly,

Issue #1 is sooo cool. You can do no wrong. I love your editorials. I especially dig the Bikini Kill lyrics. Do they have a record or any music available to the public? Suggestion for Girl Germs #3: the strict abortion laws that recently have been passed in some states and how the gov't is slowly taking women's rights away-- what rights we have left! I know it has nothing to do with music but it pertains to the lives of girls/women everywhere. I'll lend my services any way possible. Some of my female influences are: Bangles, Go-Go's, the Runaways, STP, Lunachicks, Kim Gordon, L7, Babes in Toyland, Yo-Yo, and Madonna (she's beautiful and headstrong).

As for Kerri, Kerri is Kerri. Kerri is wack. She'll be 18 in August. Kerri is really beautiful. she is my friend and I love her. I guess Girl Happy! is o.k. Erin Smith thinks I should call my band Leather Market, after my street name. What do you think?

Best,

Anna Garza

Chapter II

THE TRIBULATION

But you told me to?! an excerpt from 1989 by julie

Cigarette pot smoke beer wine whiskey armpit sweaty moldy midwest punk rock house. here we are again. same people, they're always the same, ever since oh, 1984 or so. they come and go but basically stay the same HE's got a case of schmidt altogether plus a half rack of some other shit. it don't matter, it'll never be enough. HE'll be back at the store before 9:00 p.m.. we always get there early and watch cops on the Fox network and laugh about how wouldn't it be funny if we were watching it and the cops were coming into the house on the screen and it was the house where we were. ha ha ha. i'll bet i'm the only one wishing that would happen. i mean i'd probably go to jail but at least i wouldn't be getting my head knocked in by HIM again. so tonight i don't wanna drink and as usual HE says drink and so i do, not wanting to be hit and humiliated in front of them again. and anyway if i drink enough it won't hurt 'til morning. but if i drink i won't have my wits about me if tonight's the night i make a run for it. ahh, who the fuck am i kidding i don't have anyplace to go that HE wouldn't find me. so later on about a half rack in my body later i'm sitting around talking to matt and he likes me and everyone knows it. but we're only talking, i know better and besides i don't like him anyway.

"BITCH, PUT YOUR HAND ON HIS DICK!!" "fuck you, no way!" it's a feeble reply i know but i also know it's not going to do me any good and i better just deal with it. i guess tonight is the night i am prostituted. matt says "hey, no don't make her do that, she doesn't want to, besides she's your old lady and you'll kick my ass"

"NO FUCK YOU BOTH, DO IT NOW AND KEEP IT THERE!!!!!" i don't move and so HE does it for me. now my hand is in a forced position on matt's half hard pants covered (thank god) dick. "SO BITCH IS IT HARD?" i say nothing, i'm humiliated, i am shrinking. HE tells everyone to come and look. i am not really even there anymore but i am. my hand doesn't want to be there and neither do i but both of us know better than to get up and run. i am scared to do anything and matt knows better too. he's not enjoying it even though he likes me. everyone knows how it is but they all humor HIM and laugh, they know better too.

much later, oh 2:00 or 3:00 a.m. we're on our way home. HE's driving even though i begged HIM to let me drive, you see i haven't been drinking for hours. HE's still plugging away i mean as much as you can plug when you've been swilling since 5:00 or so. we get on to the highway and i can feel it coming. i can't run, i can't hide.

"FUCKING SLUT YOU FUCKING SLUT YOU PROBABLY WANT TO FUCK HIM YOU FUCKING SLUT BITCH" and then it happens ***** the first blow is administered to the left side of my head. "what was i supposed to do you told me to, you made me???" i don't know why i even bothered, HE didn't hear me.

"YOU FUCKING SLUT! YOU ARE A WORTHLESS PIECE OF SHIT!" the last phrase is one of HIS favorites in fact HE makes me say it about myself sometimes "i am a worthless piece of shit" i believe it sometimes, most of the time. as if the words weren't enough i

get hit smashed smacked punched the whole way home. It's a long way home. I wanna go home. where is home? home's supposed to be safe.

Then, HE passes out thank god. I carry HIM into the house. my five foot three 118 pound body carries HIS dead weight drunk six foot three 145 pound asshole self to bed. just like I did so many times. we're home. I go home. but I'm not home. home should be safe. I don't have home.

You know, it didn't happen every day, but it didn't have to. once should've been enough. I WASN'T DUMB! I TRIED TO LEAVE. A LOT! you fucking try to leave with a gun at your head. I dare you. It came to the point where I didn't have to get shot. I DIED. INSIDE. I walked and talked and breathed and shit but I was not living anymore. now I am trying to be alive but I'm still afraid. I don't even know if it's worth it. I've been away from HIM and alcohol for over a year. HE left ME, finally. but HE still exists, in reality and in my mind and I'm terrified. HE is out of proportion and above the law. it's all I can do to wake up and that's only one person one time in my life and there are more where that came from. and I wanna be - sedated, related, elated past high, great, a date, eight plus sixteen, better, get a letter, wear a sweater tight, thrive, drive, be alive and o.k., see a show, tie a bow, let it go away, panty raid, good grade, and mostly UNAFRAID.

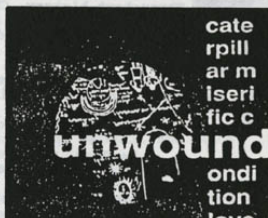


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"Liar, Liar, Double Dare Ya" b/w "Thurston Hearts The W"



Throughout history, China had been invaded by outsiders. The agrarian society never had the opportunity to fully recover from the impact of the previous wars. The instability of the economy in the 1940s forced many Chinese people to leave their homeland to seek work in the nearby colonies.

Ma Choy, my mama, remembered that many of the people from Taishan, a small village near Guangzhou, journeyed to Hong Kong to escape hunger and starvation. The Taishan people migrated to Hong Kong for it was relatively close to their village. The people who stayed in Taishan were subject to work from dawn to dusk and rationed to one bowl of rice a day. During these years, many people died from starvation than killed in previous battles. The government confiscated all the agricultural goods produced by the people and exported them to raise capital to reconstruct the economy.

As China continued to be torn by internal upheaval, my grandmother encouraged her daughter, Ma Choy, to accept Tin's proposal of marriage. Ma Choy left China in 1949, shortly before the Communists came to power, to marry Tin in Hong Kong. My parents wanted to have seven children because a family with nine members symbolized the "nine dragons" which meant strength and prosperity in the Chinese culture. We only wanted to stay in Hong Kong long enough to save enough money to escape the colonization under the British empire. In 1977, my family and I left Hong Kong and traveled all over the Pacific. We immigrated to the U.S. in

1980.

It has been a continuous struggle to retain our cultural identity in a society which denies non-anglos their identity. Although the dominant group has emphasized "assimilation" into the

mainstream culture, our family has resisted the ideology of the melting pot. It is important to emphasize the physical differences between the Chinese and whites, thereby, "assimilation" has been difficult for non-anglos. Besides, we are very proud of our Chinese heritage and would like to maintain our cultural identity.

My mama has played a very important role in preserving and retaining our Chinese traditions. She would only allowed us to speak Taishan and Guangzhou language in her house. Her teachings were centered around collectivity rather than individuality. My mama maintained our Chinese culture through the vibrant folk tales; celebration of Chinese New Year and Moon Day; Budda religion; herbal medicine; food; and crafts which have been passed down from mother to daughter in China.

One of the family traditions in Ma Choy's family has been to serve dong with all Chinese holidays. Dong is made from sweet rice, beans, sun-dried sausage, salt-cured egg, peanuts, and black mushrooms---then wrapped carefully with bamboo leaves and secured with strings. The women and children in the family would gathered around the dining table to prepare dong and tell each other stories about their experiences in China.

The Taishan people were given few days notice before Japan's invasion of China. The peasants worked vigorously night and day to prepare for their hide-outs in the hills. The women and children were given the responsibility to make dong. While the women prepare the rice, beans, cured eggs, etc., the children gathered and washed the bamboo leaves. Later, the women threw batches of dong into the boiling water and cooked them. Ma Choy was allowed to eat one dong each day during the war.



My grandmother taught mama how to prepare dong in China.

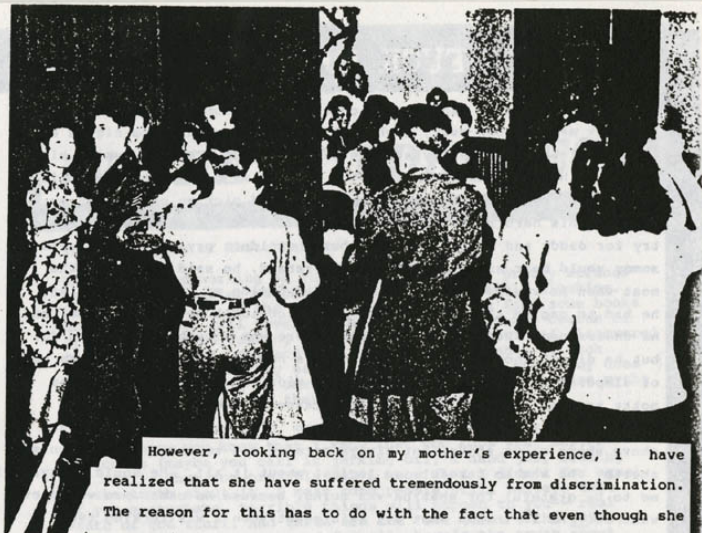
Ma Choy was very close to her mama. The bonding of mother and daughter relationship made it very difficult for either person to part from one another. When my grandmother urged Ma Choy to go to Hong Kong to marry Tin, the decision was made out of the love she had for Ma Choy. The political-economic turmoil during 1949 in China was unsafe for many Chinese people. Ma Choy also realized the instability of her homeland, thereby, followed her mama's wishes.

My relationship with mama is also very close. She has made many sacrifices with her own life so that i can have a college education. My way of thanking and appreciating her has been to excel in school. I think my good grades has made her and the Chinese community very proud. I don't get good grades for myself but for others who had sacrificed their personal goals to help me get where i am today.

ONLY SHE SAID SHE LOVED ME
SHE ONLY SAID SHE LOVED ME
SHE SAID ONLY SHE LOVED ME
SHE SAID SHE ONLY LOVED ME
SHE SAID SHE LOVED ONLY ME
SHE SAID SHE LOVED ME ONLY



Mama have never complained about discriminatory practices in the work force or white world. Yet I remembered i used to run home from school in tears and to tell her about the abusiveness from the white children and teachers. She always knew and understood the problems i was having in school. Mama taught me never to say anything that would take attention away from the white children. She told me to keep a low profile and an over-achiever, minority student would only alienate herself from her classmates. Mama's advice was for my own safety in the white world.



However, looking back on my mother's experience, I have realized that she has suffered tremendously from discrimination. The reason for this has to do with the fact that even though she was educated in China, the only employment mama could attain was a dishwashing job. I remembered she used to work anywhere from 10 to 16 hours a day. She was denied economic mobility due to her English proficiency. As I get older, I understood the terrible discriminatory practices she went through and the sacrifices she made for her family.

Lainga



FUCK OFF MAN!

When I was little my dad used to come into my room to read me stories and tuck me into bed every night. I remember now: on some nights he would smile in this really strange way, and shut the door behind him. Sometimes he would masturbate on the edge of my bed, or on the chair by my crib, sometimes. Other nights he would pick me up and put my mouth on his hard penis and I couldn't fit it all inside but I had to try for daddy and it hurt so much but I couldn't cry 'cause if I did mommy would hear and she wouldn't understand, he said. It hurt the most when he would try and put his penis inside my infant vagina and he had to gag me then, because he knew I couldn't help but scream, and he understood. He told me he wished there was something he could do, but he didn't know what since my diapers had to be changed., I was out of diapers muchearlier than most other kids, my mom told me. I was potty trained but that didn't help because my dad had to change me into my nightie anyway. So he would rub his penis around and then shove shove shove shove, but always careful not to make me bleed on my sheets. he was so careful, so logical about it all. He would always tell me to be grateful for what he was doing, because no other man would ever want me. AS IF I knew what all this meant when I was fucking two years old anyway.

So now I'm older and men do want me but the way they want can be so sick, and my insides are twisted. I never talk about what my dad did to me; I used to but my friends acted so strange about it all. It wasn't treated like anevent in my life, it was treated like a stigma, a tragic handicap I can never overcome. It was a big deal to me, but I don't want to be treated as an object to be pitied. Sometimes my friends don't believe me and maybe it's not true because I was so young and my dad said I had a lot of nightmares but why would a baby dream about rape? What I want is to be able to talk about this without feeling like I've stepped out of line. I'm tired of having theoretical, philosophical conversations about sexual assault but not feeling comfortable enough to say "it happened to me? All the burden of this experience must be mine alone. So now that you've read this my experience belongs to you, so deal with it.



think again.

Chapter III

IN THE WILDERNESS

The Many Myths of Masturbation

When I started working on this story I got some pretty strange reactions. My sister blushed. My boyfriend is still blushing. And the nice lady at the library, who helped me find some books on the subject, will never be the same again. In the course of my sometimes embarrassing research into masturbation I discovered three things: only diehard Dr. Ruth types seem able to look you in the eye when they say the word; virtually everybody does it (though virtually no one admits it); and there are more myths about masturbation than there are about Zeus.

By Karen Catchpole

Okay. I know you know that I know that you know what masturbation is (maybe you call it jerking off, a hand job, beating off etc.). What you probably don't know (and I didn't for ages) is the truth about it. I mean some people still believe that if you masturbate, terrible things will happen to you-- real wrath of god stuff. And these are the '90s (that's the 1990s, not the 1790s). So, once and for all, here's the truth about masturbation.

FIRST MYTH: Masturbation causes blindness/epilepsy/barrenness/impotence/fainting fits/hairy palms/madness/schizophrenia/dry brains (I kid you not)/homosexuality/softness of the spine/lethargy/dark circles under the eyes (and you thought it was lack of sleep)/laziness/loss of pubic hair/tumors/constipation/even death.

If this were true, most of the people on the planet (see next myth) would be in serious, serious trouble. The idea that bad things happen to those who masturbate got started during the 18th century when some fool misinterpreted a story in the Bible about a guy named Onan who used the withdrawal method of contraception and was allegedly punished for it by god. Even though the withdrawal method is not masturbation and the story had nothing to do with masturbation (masturbation is never even mentioned in the Bible), 'Onanism' became a commonly used term for it. Next thing you know, people started believing that anyone who masturbated would be punished by god, and that accounts for a lot of the hysterical myths surrounding the subject. Soon doctors (yes, doctors) were performing horrifying 'cures' like the complete removal of the clitoris (that's the round, bulby, sensitive part of the vagina right at the front near the pubic hair) and blistering of the thighs and genitals with hot tongs. One particularly gory story goes like this: In 1894 a seven year old girl from Ohio was caught masturbating by her parents. They took her to a hospital where doctors buried her clitoris inside her labia (the flap of skin that forms the outer lip of the vagina) with four sterling silver stitches. The girl--following her natural sexual instincts--just pulled the stitches out and started masturbating again. So, mustering all their up-to-the-minute, authoritative "medical wisdom," the doctors cut her entire clitoris out. (I guess they didn't malpractice back then.) The scary thing is, these 'cures' were still being recommended in medical journals in America and Europe as late as 1940.

SECOND MYTH: Masturbation is rare.

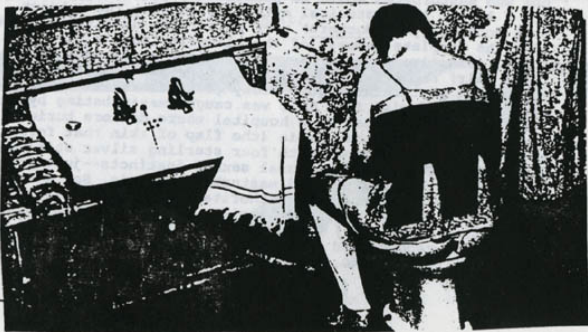
The next time you've got nothing better to do—like in between copies of *Girl Gerns*—look around. Most of the people you see—including your Spanish teacher, your brother's girlfriend, your boss at work—masturbate. Research (yes, they pay people to ask questions about this stuff) shows that 95 percent of males and at least 70 percent of females masturbate and 90 percent of the overall population have done it at least once by the time they're 21. Women generally masturbate more after the age of 30— the fact that the female sex drive peaks between age 25 and 35 probably has something to do with this. But how frequently you do it depends on how strong your personal sex drive is and how comfortable you are with the idea of masturbating. Some girls told me they do it almost as often as they brush their teeth (that's three times a day for those of you who haven't been to the dentist lately). "I masturbate every day before and after school," says one 15-year-old. "I'm addicted." On the other hand, some girls never masturbate. "Every time I try to masturbate I'm dry and unstimulated," 13-year-old Erin said. "I don't like it." Either way you're okay because there's no rule that says how much or how little you should masturbate— or whether you should do it at all. Just make your own decision based on what you think is right.

THIRD MYTH: Masturbation is bad for you.

Masturbation is only bad for you if you feel so guilty about it that you develop an unhealthy attitude toward it. In reality, masturbation can be one of the best ways of getting to know your body. A lot of women who have trouble having an orgasm (the physical and mental sensation you feel when you reach a sexual climax) with a partner during intercourse are actually encouraged to masturbate by doctors and psychologists so they can teach themselves how to have one. Doctors (they've come a long way in the last 200 years or so) also recommend masturbation to relieve menstrual cramps and as a way to get rid of sexual tension without having actual intercourse which can result in getting pregnant or perpetuating a sexually transmitted disease.

FOURTH MYTH: If you masturbate you're not a virgin.

Sixteen-year-old Telita wrote us a letter saying: "I want to masturbate, but I'm worried I won't be a virgin anymore." Take it from me Telita (and all the rest of you who are worried about this): Masturbation is not the same thing as intercourse. So even if you insert fingers or dildos (the fake plastic penises advertised in the back of those magazines under your big brother's mattress) or vibrators (battery operated dildos) or whatever (within reason girls) you're still a virgin. Sometimes masturbating stretches the hymen (the thin membrane that covers the entrance to the cervix), but it's probably already stretched or even broken from sports (like horse back riding or gymnastics or circus contortionism) or just from using tampons. And even if you break the hymen, that doesn't mean you've lost your virginity.



FIFTH MYTH: You don't have a real orgasm when you masturbate.

Wrong. Research shows that women reach orgasm more often through masturbation than through intercourse and many say those orgasms are much more intense. But no matter how great it feels, masturbation probably won't make you want to give up sex with another person. It will just help you learn about your body-- what feels good and what doesn't (you know, all that stuff your health teacher skips over).

SIXTH MYTH: You can hurt yourself masturbating.

"I've been masturbating for two years," writes another worried reader. "Am I hurting myself?" The truth is, you'd have to be forcing sharp or very big objects into your vagina before you'd do any damage. Most common forms of masturbation-- like touching and rubbing the clitoris and/or inserting fingers, vibrators or dildos-- are very unlikely to cause any kind of damage no matter how often or vigorously you do it.

SEVENTH MYTH: There is only one way to masturbate.

There are as many ways to masturbate as there are people who do it. (In other words, a lot). Most girls (according to our fearless researchers) masturbate by rubbing the clitoris with their fingers or a pillow, by applying pressure to it with a stream of water, or by squeezing their thighs together. Three-fourths of women who masturbate prefer to lie on their backs while rubbing the clitoris with their hands. The rest prefer to do it while lying on their stomachs, and 20 percent insert fingers, vibrators or dildos into the vagina. But you won't find any summer school course in masturbation technique. It's just one of those things that comes naturally. Fantasies are usually part of masturbation too, in fact some women can have an orgasm just by having a fantasy without touching themselves at all. Fantasies can be about anything or anybody that may turn you on. A girl I talked to liked to fantasize about sex with an older man; another imagined being with a teacher. Some girls think about having sex with a girlfriend. These fantasies don't necessarily represent your character (I don't care what Freud would say). So don't freak out if you fantasize about getting raped* or about having sex with your brother-- it doesn't mean you really want that to happen.

I'd bet money that none of you will be rushing off to school to tell all your friends about whether or not you masturbate. And that's fine. I'm not planning any public speaking tours on the subject either. But at least you know enough not to fear it, or feel guilty about it and not to do it if you don't want to. But if you feel like doing it (or if you already are), now you've got the truth. Mission accomplished.

How girls around
the country are spending
their free time

Karen
Catchpole

* Editor's Note: "Fantasizing about getting raped" doesn't equal rape in that rape is about power/control over someone (usually a woman), and when a person is fantasizing, they are in control of the situation-- she is in control of the fantasy. Obviously, this type of fantasizing says a lot about our culture/society, and you may not agree with the point just made so we welcome any confrontation/debate from readers on this subject. Cool.



A Shot out to the Soul Force...

One thing that I am finding a lot of comfort and inspiration from is all these girls, states-wide, that have surfaced. These women are young and down with the kids, down with the revolution. But I find their version of the revolution promises something to me that hither to has been ignored. Blatantly, these girls are demanding gender consciousness from both men and women. These women are saying to me (and I am saying to you): I AM NOT going to take shit fr. "the man" where ever "he" manifests "himself," either in the outside world (the square world) or in my friends I think of as good boys or cool boys or good girls or cool girls. I am saying I AM NOT going to scratch yr. eyes out in the girls room when the boys aren't around so that I won't be called a bitch. I AM NOT going to judge you because the jerky sweet boy I used to date, dates you now. Or because you unwittingly fucked him because maybe he didn't tell you the whole truth. I AM NOT going to talk about you behind yr. back because I don't know you. I AM NOT a fucking cat... I AM NOT going to call you the blonde groupie of yr. friends' band. I AM saying (and they are saying) that I am going to respect you from the start and make the assumption that you have a brain and a heart and that because yr. a girl, you know about the fight- OUR FIGHT with "the man." I am not a square and I don't think like a square and I don't bite like a square because I am out for the righteous fight. I will fight the good fight and not tug at yr. fur. And I fight hard to not be a jealous girl or a malicious girl. And I mean to make this a pushy point... revolutionary girl soul force... I said FORCE, mother fucker, I want to FORCE the issue. This injustice has been unsung too long. It's important that this revolution, this addressing of the issue is done because the rhetoric can shy one away from it's necessity. It's important to not be afraid when the rhetoric can seem alienating and hostile. But I am not hostile because I don't blame anyone, in particular. And I won't be hostile because I have to live and produce in this world: a world which I didn't create but am trying to find a place in. I don't think I'm irrate. But I am angry and I am aware. I don't feel inclined to point the finger but I am not afraid to give the finger when need be and if that's alienating than that's really tuff shit because somethings need to be done. And it is my intention to put this issue right up in yr. face, SEE, so we'll be face to face, SEE, with the fact, SEE, that sometimes, we stand against one another wrongly... And by seeing and saying: I WON'T-- when it may seem trite or hostile or obvious or self conscious, it creates the possibility of a time when we can leave these things be. But for now I take this ardent stand, to stand by my woman: to be for her and then maybe she can be for me. And I hear these girls, girls I don't know, girls I have never met, make these same promises and these same threats. They speak to me and I speak to you and I know our time has come... revolutionary girl soul force... wow.

Ms. LUV - Jan Smith

I was a very dykey-looking 13-year-old, with my short haircut, plain blouses, and knee-length skirts. (This was when very long hair and very short skirts were fashionable.) On my way home from school, sometimes groups of high-school boys would stop me, demand to know whether I was a boy or a girl, and threaten to rape me in order to find out.



Sleep little one sleep, take comfort in the night's embrace
cause the morning sun will open your eyes and you'll see that you
live in a fucked-up place. Sleep, little one, sleep, take comfort in
any kind of embrace, the morning sun's gonna open your eyes and
you live in a fucked-up place.

Oh, baby, I was like you once! I slept in a crib with yellow sheets.
Now the sand in my eyes and the dirt on my feet and the sand in my
mouth, and everyone just dreams of themselves anyway, don't they?
No, you never asked no one for life but here you are in somebody
else's world. And they'll say that the change can come through
you but it should've come long ago. And how can things change when
all of our dreams are unfurled?

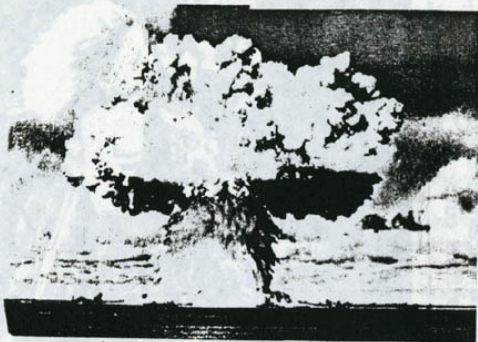
The stars in your eyes are just shattered glass, and the dolls on the
shelf will become the men in the gutter. And everyone dreams of somebody
else.

Baby, I'll never sleep that way again until I die.

-Anna Springer (Blatz)



the
gaze
the
gaze
whose gaze?
16



A
Dana
Younkins

A TOWN CALLED KALI FLOWER
A Continuing Saga

Here's a rundown of what happened in the second episode:

Milton lets on that he's interested in Vegan and they make goo-goo eyes over a wheatgrass Juice.

Bill tries to get his cousin Daffodil to invest in stock for the Moola Boobyard, a farm growing organic breasts for transplants.

Phyllis shows Malcom the paper route and discovers he has a crush on Daffodil and that she may be falling for him herself.

The guitar feedback from the last note of the set rang in everyone's ears as they exited through the door to get some air and dry their perspiration. Vegan had peeled her sweater earlier and now carried it in the crook of her elbow expecting to be chilled once she made it outside. She had just seen Phyllis go through the door and was excited to hear her band Linoleum play the next set. Vegan was dreaming about a tall, cool V8 when she felt something smooth, hot and wet press against her arm in the crowd.

She turned her head and came face-to-face with a vibrant, sweaty, naked torso. The bicep was closest to her. It was slightly flexed and she visually traced the muscle up to the swell of the shoulder, then farther up to the prominent collar bone that glistened with salty moisture. Vegan felt her mouth water and a throbbing sensation between her legs. As if in a trance, she craned her neck to get a better look at the chest. It was satiny smooth with well-developed pectoral muscles; below them the hollow of the sternum and faint indentation of ribs were complemented by a flat stomach. As the scent of male torso wafted past her nose, Vegan felt so drawn she nearly collapsed. Taking advantage of a shift in the crowd the torso moved directly in front of her and exposed its back. It wasn't a back, but a piece of art. Wide shoulders accented by perfect shoulder blades, wrapped in two thick slabs of muscle tapering down to a trim waist. She made it to the door and the cool air cleared her head a little.

"Hey Vegan, what's up?" asked Phyllis.

"I'm on the brink of an orgasm. Check out that torso, can you believe it actually belongs to a man? It belongs on my wall, or maybe mounted above my bed."

"It's ok, I guess. That last band rocked. Have you seen Malcom? He said he was coming."

"Ah, Phyllis, would you mind if we stood over there so I could get an unobstructed view of the torso," interrupted Vegan.

"Sure. I thought you had a thing for Milton, what's with all this torso lust?"

"I don't know, it's a lust-inspiring torso. I find objectifying men strangely empowering. Milton's different. I mean, I like his body, but he's a complete individual. He's here somewhere, by the way. I convinced him to come see your show, are you nervous?"

"I'm not sure my voice sounds all that good, I've had this cold, and I passed a dead bird on the way to the club--"

(Then there was the guy
with the Bat attitude.)

"Vegan!" Bill waltzed over. "Nice nipples, ever hear of a bra?" he said smirking.

"Yeah, I just burned it." There was no way a lame ass like Bill was going to make her feel self-conscious about wearing a halter top, thought Vegan. Without a second glance Bill left to talk to his brother Milton.

"Hey Bill, I thought you were too smooth for shows," said Milton.

"Sweating like a pig with hyper freaks isn't my idea of a good time. I'm cruising on three legs for buxom blond teenage girls, if you know what I mean. I've been putting up these flyers for the Moola Boobyard, there's an informational meeting next week and I'm hoping to attract some potential investors. You want to hand some flyers out for ol' brother Bill?"

"No."

Bill turned to go and said, "Whatever. See ya."

Milton searched the crowd and caught sight of Vegan. He moved towards her in a way he hoped looked cool and indifferent. She looked strangely flushed and seemed to be hanging on to Phyllis for support.

"Vegan. Hi. Are you all right?"

"Milton, yeah, I'm fine. Just catching my breath. I thought I'd go get a V8, want to come?" Vegan gave him a big smile, hoping she wouldn't have to deal with any kind of jealousy scene. Milton really was a dreamboat, she liked his boyish looks.

"Ok, but I'll probably get a Jolt. I had a vegetable serving yesterday. Hey Phyllis, see you in a couple of minutes." Vegan and Milton strolled off into the darkness and Phyllis saw their arms entwine, then she absentmindedly glanced around for Malcom.

"So, are we in tune or what?" asked Phyllis. The Linoleums were onstage and she hated delays; standing around under the lights, doing nothing, waiting for the band to get their shit together. "How do I turn this amp up?" she asked, not really expecting anyone to answer.

Phyllis talked into the mike, "Are we ready? Ok. Ah-we're Linoleum, thanks for coming out." She glanced at the bass player who started strumming a deep, harsh rhythm sounding like death itself. The drummer started thumping and a cymbal shimmered in time with the bass. Phyllis slowly gyrated, holding the mike with both hands, her head slightly bowed to avoid the bright lights. Her mouth opened:

"This is warning
For the pimps to move on
'cause the new woman is too strong
She's had enough of rape and misery
It's time to kill the patriarchy," Phyllis could feel the sweat beading up around her eyebrows.

"Slavery started with Eve so
learn a lesson from goddess Kali
Eat their blood or drown in the cum
---of an all male kingdom
Kill the patriarchy!" The band laid into the beat and the crowd began screaming and writhing. The center of the club was taken over by the mosh crew. Phyllis lost herself pounding out lyrics-

"Free your mind from sexist oppression
and set yourself for the girl revolution
Don't diss me cause we won't be thwarted
A set back 'cause our sister it's plain to see
--is lost in a male supremacy

You won't see me get played
I've got an Uzi to make him spade
He kills for sport or lust or greed
I kill to fuck the patriarchy
Dead men don't rape you see
We spill your guts to be free
Kill the mother-fuckin' patriarchy!"

Phyllis was hot and everyone knew it. Malcom stood at the back of the club watching her. Then he glanced over at Daffodil who had just walked in the door. He wasn't sure what to think.



*You know
theres got to
be another
one.....*

Let's just be friends
friends

just exactly what does that motherfuckin word mean?

Let's not-- and say we are

Let's not-- and i'll make you pay and pay and pay

Now i know why you kept us so far apart

kept us at a heart's length

Me and my new girlfriend

a real friend

and not just your ex-girlfriend(s)

not just your fuckin "let's be friends" girl(s)

And together we see the clues

We know the clues like the claws on our skin

Yet we still believed that you made us special

that somehow "you're the one, girl"

And we knew the clues like the claws on our skin

but somehow we died to let you in

Without girl-held-hands

how're we sposed to know

what crashed in us

and why we pay and pay in pain and pay

So "let's just be friends"

Let's just not, let's just rot

and pay and pay and pay

de Two

Chapter IV

THE GREAT TRIBULATION

Allison and I had a conversation with Rebecca Odes of the band LOVE CHILD on Saturday July 27th, right before we played a show in New York. We had seen Love Child play the week before in D.C., and we were going to do the interview then, but things like this are really hard to get organized. So when we got to New York, we called her and we met before the show. Since there was no place to do the interview at the club, we went out on the street to talk about stuff. It was cool to listen to the tape of our conversation 'cuz there's all this New York noise in the background. Dogs barking, car radios blaring, horns honking, and shithead harrassing. Rebecca is an artist who went to college at Vassar, and last semester she was in a graduate painting program in Chicago. Love Child has been a band for like four years, and they are completely great. They have this song called "know it's alright" that Allen sings that's so awesome, it goes: 'what you gonna say when i'm out of your way... and i blow you away, and i blow you away... it's alright... it's alright...' There are also these incredible screams. This song, along with the 6 incredible ones that Rebecca sings are on their new record "OKAY?" on Homestead. I would advise you to check it out. Okay?

gg: When we interview girls in bands we like to ask them questions about their experience in music, but also, since you're in a band with boys, maybe you could talk about that too.

Rebecca: Well, I don't know. I mean, there's definitely things, ideas that girls have about music that are different from boys. I mean I haven't played with that many girls so I don't really know, but I feel like since boys have been playing music for their whole lives; I mean Allen has been playing guitar since he was 10, and he thinks he knows every thing. I mean I never tried and that's why I didn't play music before, because when I would try to practice something, it was just much too much work, and I would just rather draw or something that wouldn't require too much practice for me. And I just wasn't in to the monotony of learning scales or even hurting my fingers to learn chords when I started. I tried to play guitar when I was 12, but it was too much trouble. Sometimes Allen gets frustrated at how I can just not remember how the song went. We hardly ever practice, we try to practice before every show if it's been more than two weeks since the last show. We're completely lax, and then he gets really mad if I forget how a song went especially if I wrote it. He thinks it should be ingrained on my skull since I wrote it. ...I just don't think that girls are encouraged to pursue it when they're younger, so I think it's a totally different way of looking at it when you're older and you pick it up. You're more conscious of the idea that you don't need to learn to play to do it. So you don't really go through intensive training or lessons. I mean, I never had lessons or anything; someone taught me how to play "wild thing" and that was it and then I taught myself listening to records and the boys in my band abusing me in practice to learn our songs so... I had some problems with the guy who used to be in our band, and I guess isn't really anymore (Will), 'cuz he's constantly moving to different cities. He used to sort of try to control me in weird ways, like what I wore and shit. The first show we played they told me I couldn't wear what I was wearing 'cuz I was wearing a dress & they thought it was too fancy and "we're not a fancy band, we're a Punk rock band". I mean not that I should put sugar water in my hair or anything, but they didn't want me to wear this cocktail dress. It was really irritating. I don't know what his problem was, we had a lot of difficulties in general. Hey, we're gonna be playing with Shonen Knife at CBGB's in August.

ES: NO WAY!

R: yeah, august 16. it's the best show we've ever been on. Shonen Knife is my mom's favourite band. She's gonna be totally dying.

EG: Do you have any ideas on how womens issues like rape etc. enter in to the arena of music, experiences, whatever.



R: well, I guess my most specific experience has been with my parents and their reaction to things like the way I dress, and the way I conduct myself, in that they think it's gonna somehow fuck me up later in life. the first thing that ever happened with this was when we played at CBGB's like 3 years ago and I was wearing a short mini-skirt and my dad had come to pick up my sister 'cuz she had just seen us play, and my dad started yelling at me while I was standing outside of CBGB's that my skirt was too short, and there were like 15 people standing around and he's yelling at me; and he's not even that dictatorial or anything, I guess he was just worried about it. This was actually when Tobie, and Billy, and Calvin were staying at my parents house in N.J. 'cuz we had just played with the Go Team, and my dad called me into his office to talk about it. He said: "I just want to let you know that it's not that I don't trust you it's just that I think you are too trusting. You know you just can't walk around like that". And I got so angry that he was just buying into the whole 'asking for it' thing. That's when I wrote this song that's now called "asking for it", that's sort of about being harassed. I sort of tried to tell him that, although I'm not quite sure it's true, but that when you're on stage, it's sort of a safe place to be. Where you're not at risk in such a real way. It's hard 'cuz there are times when I feel so hysterical about the idea of being raped that I just don't want to leave the house. But I feel like sometimes you just have to ignore your hysteria and go out or you won't be able to function. It's just not cool. It's fucked up.

eg: since you guys don't practice that much, how much of the songwriting do you do. Does Allen write what he sings and you write what you sing?

R: Well, mostly that's what's been happening recently. In the beginning I hardly even knew how to play bass, so I wasn't big in the song writing thing. Then, I started writing songs. At first I sang two songs that Will wrote, and then I started writing some songs and singing them, and on the album that just came out I wrote like 4 songs I think, and then there's the two songs that Will wrote that I sing. And then I guess recently since Will hasn't really been in the band Allen and I have written a lot of songs together, which is pretty good I guess.

Oh yeah it's good. You can write Rebecca and Love Child c/o Homestead Records, P.O. Box 800, Rockville Center, NY 11571-0800. Their lp is probably \$7 if you can't find it at your local record shop.

LOVE CHILD

This is my TOP 10. extended dance remix.
produced by revolution (summer) girl style now.

1. New York Drummer Girl Scene

I read a lot last spring about this east coast Love Rock scene that was emerging, skepticism aside, I was intrigued by the fact that all the bands forced to live under the love rock shadow had girl drummers. Two months later I have the fortune to see most of these bands and meet these girls and they are so fucking rad. The bands and girls I'm talking about specifically are Rachel from SLEEPYHEAD, Torry from FLYING SAUCER, and Rachel from KICKING GIANT. They are all incredibly cool, and actually three of the nicest people I've ever met.

Kicking Giant and Sleepyhead have a split E.P. coming out this fall on Shimmy Disc (JAF Box 1187; NY, NY 10016).

Flying Saucer has a single coming out on Teen Beat (P.O. Box 50373 W.D.C. 20091), as well as an EP on Homestead (P.O. Box 800 Rockville center, NY 11571-0800).

It just seems like a really cool thing that all these girls are in bands and they're all friends, and that there is something cool & exiting going on in New York. I really like New York.

2. International Pop Underground + I.P.U. convention.

Things about this convention thing that excite me include:

- a- Girl day... 'cuz it is the revolution!
- b- Rich Jensen live at the capitol theater.
- c- Spoken word scene
- d- Sleepyhead--Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet--Melvins
- e- Mecca Normal
- f- Thee Headcoats
- g- Unwound
- h- Courtney Love
- i- P.O.T.A. (all 5, even though I'm already an orangutan and have been for some time now).
- j- Kill Rock Stars LP-- the real soundtrack to revolution with such shining stars as Jad fair, N.O.U., Bikini Kill, Withchypoo, bratmobile, Nirvana, the list goes on dude. Can you even believe it?

P.R.D.C.T.

(PUNK ROCK DREAM COME TRUE)

get this record from Kill Rock Stars c/o Slim Moon
1123 s. adams No. 418, Olympia, WA 98501 \$8 (i think)



→ Box 7154, 014 WA
98507
USA

International Pop Underground Convention
August 20-25, 1991, Olympia, Wash., U.S.A.

3. KICKING GIANT

K.G. was in SASSY the same month as G.C. was reviewed and they had a girl in it so I was interested but the blab said something about Love Rock, and even though the woman who wrote it Christina is my friend now, then I had this really bad attitude about : "well who is this writer anyway, what does she know about Love rock", it hums me out in retrospect. Anyway, Allison writes to K.G., because she thinks they sound cool & I'm still kind of ho-hum about it all. She gets their cassette in the Mail from Tae & I like it alright. Their Harmonies are so grent, and I look at the cassette, and I see it was recorded by kramer and I'm Like Hmmm... God, please understand I was feeling and acting like a jerk last spring. Production values (I think thats what you call them really mean nothing to me.) Anyway, the K.G. are all

set to play this NO Nukes benefit here in d.c. w/Courtney Love, and Jonny Cohen, and TSUNAMI in june. so I'm stoked and Allison writes them letters and Tae writes her & he comes to visit & I like him & then Rachel comes & she's sooo cool & we hang out & I see them PLAY & my life is changed.

no lie.

...Then next month we (bratmobile) have a show in NYC w/ K.G. and CHIA PET and we all hang out for two days and nights and its incredible fun and just incredible. (see more on this night in Tae & Rachel's new fanzine I don't know the name of yet, you can write us here for more info.)

Anyway, our show was really great, and Erin runs into Allison during our lastsong because I think they both had their eyes closed (I did), and All this exiting stuff happens. And then I get my tape of Kicking Giant's new Demo with GIRLY SOUNDS on it as well as book of Love's girl power anthem "BOY", and I go home to d.c. to listen to this tape & play a show w/ fugazi (also awesome to me); and I realize that Kicking Giant & bratmobile are soul bands to be together. Their new song "this sex says" is one of my true favourites and has a line that goes: "I can't touch my skin... it means everything.... please don't touch my skin... it means everything. PLEASE don't touch MY!"

Rachel plays standing up, is part of the NYC drummer girl scene, and sings a beautiful acapella song that consistently makes me tear up.

Tae pretends to be James brown by also pretending to faint and freaking the audience out. He can also balance his guitar on his nose like a circus seal.

Some people say they sound like Some Velvet Sidewalk, which is A.o.k. by me as they are one of my favorite bands; but I think this fact might bug some people. oh well.

K.G. break form & confront issues & are corny & sincere and in your face. I believe in Kicking Giant. FOREVER.



4. GIRLY SOUND

Girly Sound is this girl who is a band by herself. The first tape I heard of her was Allison's made by Tae who knows her. It was just voice and acoustic guitar & Allison said she asked Tae if she (G.S.) was folk and he was like: "Oh no, she would not be into that idea at all." But then Tae made me a cassette a couple of weeks back & he put 2 G.S. songs on it 'gigolo' and 'flower'; these songs are voice with electric guitar and they became my favourite songs. gigolo goes: "...and it gives me something to laugh about, 'cuz my real life ain't fuckin' funny. 00000h lord... why...have... you... forsaken ...me?" So awesome and flower my extra special favourite song goes: "every time I see your face I get all wet between my legs. I want to fuck you like a dog I'll take you home and make you like it."

This song sounds like a round with two vocal tracks completely different from each other, and it's like nothing else I've ever heard. Totally inspirational. Infact it inspired me to start my new band Cruella de Ville, which is just me as of yet but I'm open to suggestions. As far as I know G.S., has only been writing songs since the war, she lives in Chicago now, but will probably be moving to somewhere else (Texas?) 'cuz she is sick of the concrete jungle. If I could remember her name or find her address I would ask her to move to Olympia & be in a band with me. But it's o.k. cuz I'll sit in my apartment & write songs & someday maybe we can trade tapes, or send each other songs and record tracks on

each other's tapes & never meet face to face. but still be a band. Is this even feasible?

Maybe I should explain that her voice + her words + her melodies & guitar is what makes her songs so great. Tae says: "they are so honest & so true." and there is no fear in her voice or her words.



GUY/FUGAZI



Allison brat, JAMES N.O.U.

5. FUGAZI 'staedy diet of nothing' LP/ Nation of Ulysses 13 pt. program to destroy America' LP

These are two new records being released this month or next month (August & September). They both totally fucking rule. They are on Dischord Records-3819 Beecher st. NW, W.D.C., 20007. \$7 each for the cassette or record, some more for the cd if you're into those. Both of these bands are on tour right now, playing some shows together, and will also be playing at the I.P.U. convention.

6. Sean Young

Should have been cat woman in Batman II. she didn't get the part, but she is a total fox, and one of the coolest chicks in Hollywood.

7. HYPOCROBRATS

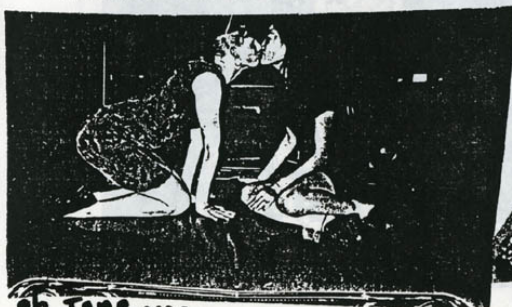
I am a hypocrobrat. I think I am a hypocrobrat because I really believe in a lot of things, but living is really hard for me, and sometimes to slow down the process of impeding psychic and physical death, I contradict myself, am a hypocrit or do other fucked up things. I don't feel like contradicting myself is a good thing, but I do feel that circumstances in my life can help me rationalize something that others might construe as hypocritical. Some people call it 'falling off the edge', and that hurts me because I see a lot of my actions as survival techniques that I have developed naturally. I think feminist sex trade workers are hypocrobrats. It's like using the tools that are already existing, to help revolution; which won't happen in a day but can happen everyday... maybe if I can figure this out, I'll explain more later. One total hypocrobrat mantra is 'well sure I could do that...BUT I DON'T HAVE TO!'



TABATHA
+
Bratmobile
=
hypocrobrats 0069

8. JEZEBEL 69

is a band that doesn't exist physically yet, but in five years time they will blow your mind. Details are still hazy, but more will be reported as the specifics are worked out.



Sharon Suture

oh Jane....

9. RIOT GRRRL

Riot Grrrl is so much. It will end up being so much I am sure. right now it isn't anything concrete, it's not a fanzine or a group or anything specific, although it is also all of those things. As of now, it has been a mini fanzine, and there have been some girls who met once a week calling themselves riot grrrls, talking about issues in and outside of punk rock that are important to us. But I know, and I'm sure some of you know that it is gonna be something BIG. ... but we keep talking about what is riot grrrl and it's so hard to say 'cuz as far as I'm concerned all it really is, is an idea that could go far. There's no copywrite on the name so if you are sitting there reading this and you feel like you might be a riot grrrl then you probably are so call yourself one.

Major influences is me being a riot grrrl are:

-Olympia girl day girls

-candice

-Jenny & Kristin

-angry girl zine scene

-and all the girls I've met & hung out with this summer
-and my band.

...there's more too, boys & girls who make this world easier to exist in. Recognizing influence and importance in my life and trying to understand how big an impact the people in my life make and help me to understand the world and soul force and Love and myself. It's good for me to see that although I am completely fucked up as an individual, I can also see that everyone else I know is probably fucked up in some way too, & that fact I dig sooo much.

Sometimes I get mad too though. See Hypocrobrats.

10. = Revolution (summer) riot grrrl style now!



WHEN YOU MEET A LESBIAN: HINTS TO THE HETEROSEXUAL WOMAN

Do not run screaming from the room -- this is rude.

If you must back away, do so slowly and with discretion.

Do not assume she is attracted to you.

Do not assume she is not attracted to you.

Do not assume you are not attracted to her.

Do not expect her to be as excited about meeting a heterosexual as you may be about meeting a lesbian -- she was probably raised with them.

Do not immediately start talking about your boyfriend or husband in order to make it clear that you are straight -- she probably already knows.

Do not tell her that it is sexist to prefer women -- that people are people and she should be able to love everybody. Do not tell her that men are as oppressed by sexism as women and women should help men fight their oppression. These are common fallacies and should be treated as such.

Do not ask her how she got this way -- instead, ask yourself how you got that way.

Do not assume that she is dying to talk about being a lesbian.

Do not expect her to refrain from talking about being a lesbian.

Do not trivialize her experience by assuming it is a bedroom issue only -- she is a lesbian twenty-four hours a day.

Do not assume that because she is a lesbian she wants to be treated like a man.

Do not assume that her heart will leap with joy if you touch her arm (condescendingly? -- Flirtatiously? -- Power-testing?). It makes her angry.

If you are tempted to tell her she is taking the easy way out, think about that . . .



QUEER NATION

sadie benning secret star by tae



Last night I wanted so much to be alone and go to the Gay and Lesbian Film Fest going on right now. The screening I went to was so great! It was the Videoworks of Teen (18) Rad Lesbian filmmaker Sadie Benning. She makes these short diary videos, just pointing her Fischer-Price camera into her eye and mouth and confronting the viewer with her life and they're intercut with words written on paper and shots of TV and whatever's in her environment. They all make a beautiful sense of all us thinking that we're the only ones in our world (walls) thinking thoughts and secret languages unheard in the world. "My friend was raped by a Black man now she's a racist skinhead Nazi, it's easy to get trapped when you have an excuse." I can't even describe to you what this is all about because this was something I couldn't look at like I can look at your face and say. I hope you get a chance to see her work, it's really crucial. She lives in Milwaukee and her name is Sadie Benning.

Girl

Sadie Benning secret star. Sadie Benning has been making videos since she was 15. She's 18 now and she still uses the same Fischer-Price pixel camera she started with. The camera uses an audio cassette and the images recorded look broken and scattered like all your belongings were left out and you just don't know where to begin. But you begin and give breath to your stupid dreams spoken in secret languages that you never thought anyone else dreamt. But you. Most of Sadie's videos are about being young and queer with all the rules of the world keeping you inside. So even if you have to whisper to begin, you begin. But being young and queer or just being young and questioning what's expected of you, you know there are no rules. Sadie takes her camera and points it to her beautiful eyes and these eyes start talking and they talk shit, about herself being with a boy when she was 12-- he was 16, they made out and then he went to the bathroom and jacked off, and how she started kissing girls kissing girls.

Sadie Benning and her videos are important to me, not just because she's a girl, not just because she's queer, not just because she's a teenager, but mostly because when she decided to open up her diaries to the public, I understood for a moment that you can't stop knowing/questioning yourself. The world will always ask Who are you? What are you? What are your goals? What have you done? And if you answer them, you're history to them. I'm a queer I'm a het I'm a boy and a girl and whose rules do you want to live by? Sadie's been making these tapes for 3 years and on the surface it's her and her dyke identity, and if you cut out the classifications they are tools of questioning all of the potential within us, to begin even if you can only muster a whisper to start.



Sadie Benning

WITH SADIE

Shooting (and sometimes editing in-camera) with a cheap plastic video camera, Sadie Benning has created a series of deeply personal, artistically deft and politically charged works documenting her evolving state of mind. Her work, rising from the soul of her adolescence, is a gift to her audience. Recent videos resonate with a collective gay experience. We have all been young and, like Benning, we have had to fight for understanding in a homophobic world. Her black and white pixel-poetry speaks loudly—not from a distanced reminiscence but from the present. The immediacy of her work combined with an evolving political savvy and humor will provoke, intrigue and entertain her audience.

NEW YEAR

USA 1989

Video B/W 4 mins.

Benning's first video made at age 15 is a testament to the power of the "cheap and dirty." Beyond conscious glitches, raw audio cuts and an intuitive visual grace lies a stunning piece of truth and art. And it's just a hint of what's to come.

LIVING INSIDE

USA 1989

Video B/W 4 mins.

Benning has a way of capturing a sense of place. This short is her farewell to high school.

ME AND RUBYFRUIT

USA 1989

Video 4 mins.

Benning captures the intensity and pleasure of Rita Mae Brown's *Rubyfruit Jungle* as passionately as Brown herself. This emotionally charged coming-out video was inspired by Brown's book: "I had read *Rubyfruit Jungle* for the first time when I was 13 or 14—[I] started reading it and I was like, 'I'm just like this character,' and I would always think about [her]. I just stayed in my room and then I made ME AND RUBYFRUIT."

IF EVERY GIRL HAD A DIARY

USA 1990

Video B/W 6 mins.

More teen gutsiness and wisdom told through handscrawled paper scraps and the voice of the videomaker: "You know I've been waiting for that day to come when I could walk the streets and people would look at me and say, 'that's a dyke' and if they didn't like it they would fall into the center of the earth and deal with themselves. Maybe they'd return, but they'd respect me..."

JOLLIES

USA 1990

Video B/W 11 mins.

Opening with a pixel-porn scene between two Barbie dolls and progressing to a close-up kiss between the videomaker and another girl, Benning chronicles her sexual history. Interspersed are frank re-tellings of teenage sexual experiences—all told with a funny edge.

A PLACE CALLED LOVELY

NEW YORK PREMIERE

USA 1991

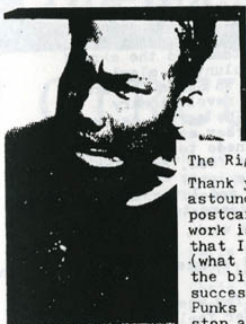
Video B&W 20 mins.

Benning's most recent work deals with growing up in a violent world. In it, she recounts difficult memories of her childhood and questions the societal standards that allow violence to exist. Her rebellious questioning and desire for justice make this work one of her most serious yet.

—Ellen Spiro

HERS

Juvenile Gangs: Aberration or Adaptation II



HOT CHOCOLATE CITY 371

The Right Honorable Allison;

Thank you for your most gracious reply. I was quite astounded by your knowledge of my reaction to your postcard. The D.C./Oregon/Olympia communications network is truly of this rocket age. But let it be known that I was quite taken by your postcard selection (what could be more Ulyssean than kid sailors flippin' the bird?!) and was extremely pleased to learn of the success of the tape I sent you kids. 'Girl Terms '2, Punks Dead: NOT was the whirlwind, two-handed, never-stop attack I always expect it to be. Plus cool pics of E.D.C. and The N.O.U. kids (pg. 26) and great articles which leave no doubt in my mind that C.T. is a publication with a program to be reckoned with. I'm sorry my letter perplexed you so. Most of the time my correspondence consists of made-up stories and fibs (it's good to be enigmatic). This is the first coherent letter I've written in some time. And since you wish to be a girl in the know - I shall attempt to answer the burning questions enclosed in your last letter.

ON BOXING: I box Queensbury Rules (regular boxing) and have never heard of Kao-Sai Galaxie, but know he has an incredible last name and probably is losing his brain blow by blow. I boxed for two years at Finley's boxing club (D.C.'s oldest boxing gym) and my coach was Mr. Henry Thomas of Alexandria, VA. It is my fave sport in all the world and my boxing hero is Filipino flyweight, Pancho Villa (1920's) of P - power fame. ON 1830 IRVING ST: The two girls I live with are Renee Tantillo and Jennifer Ballard ("the mallard"). As you observed, Renee is skate-rock and Jennifer does get her hair cut at Tropea's (barbers to The N.O.U.), is a red-head walking in the truest sense, ~~is~~ and is one of the coolest girl rockers I know. I pay \$225 rent and have the coolest room in the house. The word is out. I have scouts searching for a sublet. I will be away for the first week in July (family vacation) and would be honored if you stayed in my room in my absence.

Skip likes boys



ON JOINING YOUR GANG OF DRAPES FOR REVOLUTION: My services are rendered freely and voluntarily as a love-offering to my beloved compatriots. For that matter, I need not be compensated nor pensioned.

ON GAMBOAS: I am of ~~Katlik~~ Keith Gamboa and Teresita Amos. My Grandfathers were Melquiades Gamboa and Felipe Amos. My Grandmothers were Tina Jensen and Pilar Acuña. I have two sisters named Jennifer and Kathleen who are both younger than me. My Great Great Aunt was a hero during the War for Independence from the Spaniards. Patrocinio Gamboa outsmarted the shrewd Spanish Cazadores of Iloilo in her voluntary mission of taking safely the Philippine flag to Santa Barbara in time for the inauguration of the revolutionary government of the Visayas in 1898. She served as an indefatigable rebel, intelligence worker and was instrumental in getting the Iloilo Chinese to support the common cause and was a campaigner for food, medicine, arms and ammunition for the revolutionists. During the revolution against the Spaniards and later the Americans, Gamboa led the women volunteers to the battle fields where they undertook Red Cross work, nursed the

wounded and comforted the sick. She remained single until her death on Nov. 24, 1953.

We begin our American Campaign III 1991 in a few weeks so please alert the kids. Please communicate express of tender feelings to our future battery mates - Bikini Kill and Fuel up, for soon we arrive, notorious.

love/rock/revolution
yours truly,

S. G A M B O A

Steve
Gamboa XoXo



Chapter V

THE HOUR OF TEMPTATION

CIRCUS LUPUS

Circus Lupus are one of my very favourite bands right now. At our last show at d.c. space allison said: "oh, by the way bratmobile hearts the Circus Lupus". I looked over to Chris Thomson and he looked like he was BLUSHING!! hopefully anyway.

Circus Lupus are: Chris Hamley- guitar
Seth Lorinczi- bass
Chris Thomson- vocals
Arika Casebolt- Drums

3906 Benton NW
Washington, D.C. 20007

They used to live in Madison Wisconsin and they just moved to d.c. this summer. This band is completely incredible, and I can't really figure out why, but one reason is that everything about them, as individuals is completely different, and everything sounds completely different if you try to listen to the individual instruments, but sounds totally great together. Allison and I did a 2 hour interview with them at food for thought, but it was so long I just couldn't begin to transcribe the whole thing to get it done on time. The interview was really great though, and I promise it will be in the next issue. (this is good because it guarantees that there will be another issue.)

Anyway, word has it that they will be releasing an lp on a very nice label based in d.c. hopefully around december or january. They also might be going on tour sometime this fall. you might want to write them and ask them to play in your town.

Circus Lupus also released a single I believe last spring or so, on the Cubist Label, which is that punk rock scientist scene in pittsburg. I dont have that address so please write to the band to find out if there are any left or how to pressure a second pressing.



the girl germs 's the Circus Lupus

Love will tear us apart... again.

Here is a section on cool publications and record company things that deserve some attention. If you write for info it would probably be wise to send along a stamp to encourage a reply (punk rockers are poor), and if you write for a fanzine send a dollar and some stamps just to be nice. Maybe tell them where you heard about it. I always like this.

NOT EVEN ZINE- 8709 Fenway dr., Bethesda, MD 20817

Daisy is a cool straight edge riot grrrl who has done two of these zines so far, and the third one is almost done. It's gonna be mainly about issues of religion in punk. Born Against, Shelter, etc.. Write her, she's rad.

QUIT WHINING- P.O. Box 2154, Mt. Holyoke, S. Hadley, MA 01075

Margaret is Daisy's sister and she is working on her first issue of this fanzine. Maybe write her for info first. She's cool man. A riot grrrl.

BIKINI KILL ZINE- 3219 19th St. NW, Wash DC 20010

If you're a regular girl germs reader, or into the jigsaw scene then you will know that this is the literature that goes along with the Bikini Kill band. Kathleen is busy at this very moment working on the second issue, and I've been cheating by taking a few peeks here and there; and it looks fucking rad. There is also another issue that will be kept in print so try and get both.

PEBBLES 2000- P.O. Box 2273, Olympia, WA 98507

This is my friend al + Stella's thing that right now is making thousands of t-shirts. Send some stamps for their catalog. I think they are called 'love rock t-ees'. "Kitten w/ a whip" is my fave.

ACTION TEEN- 5812 Midhill st., Bethesda, MD 20817

So yeah, this is Don and Erin of TEENAGE GANG DEBS's, new fanzine. And by the way this is a real fanzine along the lines of TIGER BEAT & SIXTEEN. There's interviews, exposes, and fabulous pin ups too. Ever since IGD has taken off by being blabbed about in SASSY, the VILLAGE VOICE, d.c.'s CITY PAPER, THE WASHINGTON POST, and ugh... spin, old Erin and Don haven't been the same... but they're trying to do some penance by making a punk fanzine. (there also might be something like a 15 page Beat Happening interview, and nude photo's of Mark E. Robinson as King Oll, but I didn't tell you..)

L I F E A N D D E A T H- 617 high ave, Bremerton, WA 98310
i n t e r v i e w e d

... this is Skippy's fanzine and it's about revolution, and punk and veganism, and straight edge and lots of other stuff. The first issue had an article written by my girlfriend Julie, and an interview with Ian Mackye. I think No. 2 has a jawbox interview. cool.

BRING IT BACK- P.O. Box 20224, Seattle, WA 98102

I haven't actually seen this fanzine but it is done by a guy named Ron, and the next issue has the theme of 'not just boys fun'. sounds good to me.

JANE AND FRANKIE- P.O. Box 55, Postal STN. E, Toronto, ONTARIO, CANADA
M6H 4E1 (send extra 'cuz it's from Canada)

this is done by the brother and sister team of Jena and Klaus Von Brucker. it is totally fucking great, with high queer scene influence. It is really beautiful too. G.B. Jones and 5th Column are discussed lots. Umm... just get it o.k.? I love this. (21 people who should be queer is the best!)

SISTER NOBODY-

Laura's fanzine that has two issues that I know of although, I am sure both are out of print. Try her anyway. The next issue is going to be almost entirely on Patti Smith I understand, which should be good as a primer for those of us who have fallen behind on our punk rock history, (heratary?). When I read S.N. #1 I was so happy. Laura used to live in Eugene and she tells great stories and it looks cool too. This is a queer girl zine as well as a girl zine. try and get it dude.

HOLY TITCLAMPS- P.O. Box 3054 Minneapolis, MN 55403

A boy named Larry-Bob makes this fanzine and it is a cool zine cuz it is real inclusive on issues of gender, has lots of contributors, as well as lots of writers (and I assume readers) in prisons. He is also real nice. We are kind of pen pals.

CHAINSAB-

Chainsaw is a true inspiration. I feel dumb talking about it. It is Donna's "homo-dork-girl-freak-queer-punk type fanzine thing". It is rad. it is real.

JIGSAW- 3217 19th St. NW Wash. D.C. 20010

If I prayed I would pray that I will see a copy of Jigsaw in my hands cuz I dont know where they go. If you want to, write Tobl and ask her about it. Some day they will be available. Back issues and all, I have some weird faith or something. I'll try and be patient. you too, just don't forget that it does exist, and people still contribute. it's actually kind of phenomenal.

SIMPLE MACHINES- 3510 N. 8th st., Arlington, VA 22201

In case you missed July SASSY, there was a little bit of information on how to get a booklet that Jenny And Kristin put out on how to start and maintain record companies. Simple Machines, their record company is forging onward at full speed with the recent release of Screw with Jawbox, Velocity Girl, GEEK, and Candymachine. It's really great. They also have released the first TSUNAMI single with 5 songs on it. A total bargain at \$3 dollars I'm sure. Get their catalog & if you want the booklet send two extra stamps or .50c.

SLUMBERLAND RECORDS- P.O. Box 2741; College Pk., MD 20740

I believe this address has changed, but it's the only one I could find. Slumberland is Archie from Velocity Girl record releasing scene, although I think others are involved too. There are about 7 records in their catalog now so write and get it. I haven't actually heard it, but I understand the Black Tambourine single is major.

TEENBEAT RECORDS- P.O. BOX 50373, Wash., d.c. 20091

one monkey dont stop no teenbeat!

FADE OUT

Natasia J. Chan, a 21 year old American woman of Chinese descent currently resides in Portland, Oregon. She is

- working on her screenwriting portfolio
- planning super-8 documentaries in her head about Chinese-American culture
- on sabbatical
- an unemployed University of Oregon graduate.

While living in Northwest middle-class limbo this summer, Natasia is striving to learn how to be a perfect radical, a need brought on by frustrations with "pseudo-hippies" she met in Eugene and with the growing awareness of hate crimes in the state of Oregon through racist incidents caused by skinheads and the costumed racist (ie. those in suits, blouses, jeans, dresses, etc).

Through her work, Natasia plans to discuss these issues while still trying to have fun. Alas, someday....



Maybe you should take all this

Do you know what it is like
to walk down the street at night?
Do you know what it is like to feel the threat
The threat that fills the streets as the sun goes down?
THREATENING, THREATENING, THREATENING

My aloneness has become an isolation
An isolation that is nothing but fear
Fear of who might be out there
Fear of becoming the next statistic
Streets that seem so safe at day
At night take on a meaning I've learned to hate
All the bushes, shadows, and people seem so

Threatening...

Now my anger and fear has a new meaning
As my power grows stronger w/ those who care
It's finally time to stop the vilolence
Time for us to take back the night
Bushes seem so...Threatening
Shadows seem so...Threatening
People seem so...Threatening

Night time is so threatening.

Do you know what it's like
To walk down the street at night?
Do you know what it's like to feel the threat?
A threat that fills the streets as the sun goes down?

It's just so...threatening.
-SPITBOY

Ways to reduce your exposure

— A knee-length skirt is a
safe bet.

Keep in
mind that men can be fragile creatures
when it comes to medical situations:

They aren't as accustomed as you are to
trotting into a doctor's office to have their
nether regions poked and prodded.





... Garbo was not accidental 1931

She was a waitress. I thought I was in love with her. Nights I drank root beer floats and watched her like a flamingo take orders and deliver food. She would ask him what the fuck did he think he was doing smoking cigars in the non-smoking section. Each night he asked for a table in the non-smoking section because it was her section and he smoked-cloves, cigars, banana peels-he smoked and blew smoke rings at her butt when she turned her back after asking him what the fuck did he think he was doing. He ate pie. He ate steak and eggs and wiped drool from his mouth. She became a frustrated waitress and no longer looked at me when she took my order.

Then he threw a pipe at her pretty face and babbled, ranted about his right to smoke in the non-smoking section as long as there were people in the smoking section who weren't smoking. He babbled and brown drool formed on his lips. He tore the fake plants from the fake dirt from the planters that separated the two sections.

A truck driver pulled him up by the shirt, asked him who the fuck did he think he was hurting a woman ain't no real man that'll hurt a woman.

The frustrated waitress cried, rushing to the restroom. The tired elderly manager along with the truck driver threw the ranting man out and he shook his fists for a he, too, was frustrated and he too was in love with the waitress. I paid for my root beer float and left into the night. I picked up the pipe from the floor before I stepped out, stuffed it down in my purse. It smelled of vanilla and warmth.

I walked home to my room of similar fragrances, passing bus stops, litter, free newspaper stands, trying to remember the color of the waitress's eyes.

-Annie Lalania.

What am i talking about?... What are you talking about? What are we talking about? What are we sposed to be talking about?
Are we reallyeven talking with each other-- or is it at each other?
Or right through each other? Is there any dialogue? Or is this some sort of BIGword game show?

Are my words unclear? Or are they just incorrect? Or is my terminology fucked because we're playing on your terms? Are my gut feelings invalidated by your extensive vocabulary?

COULD BLOOD AND VOMIT EVER MEASURE UP TO YOUR SLICK DEFINITIONS ?

Do you see how privilege affects speech and even the power of your speech over me? Why do you annihilate my "broad sweeping statement" with your own brand of broadsweepingstatements?

Do you question the very forms of communication we're using

รบริกรวทออกแบบแนวเนมแพชั่น

right now

บักกับ แนวต่างฯ มาโดยตลอด

in debating terminology? Can you feel the chains of our conversation's power structure? ARE YOU REALLY LISTENING TO ME ?

จากการพิจารณาคัดเลือกผลงาน

ARE YOU REALLY LISTENING TO ME ?

แล้วนำไปตัดเย็บเป็นชุดจริง จัด

--Or have you been waiting all week to lecture this opinion of yours?

Did it occur to you that i can't really articulate on your terms-- that i shouldn't have to articulate on your terms?

Are you seeing how scared i am to be in public disagreement with you??

Do you realize how important is the standard you set for WHAT'S COOL ?

ทุนอบรมงานด้านแพชั่นดีไซเนอร์

DO YOU WONDER WHY MY MOUTH IS BETTER OFF SHUT ?

50,000.-บาท ผลงานของดีไซเนอร์

Do i shut my own mouth, or is there a cock down my throat ?

And do i simultaneously have my cock down someone else's throat?

Do i ?

Do you ?

ารมยมรับ จากวงการแพชั่นไทย

WAIT-- WHAT AM I TALKING ABOUT ??

ที่มาโดยตลอด สำหรับปีนี้ ทาง

รบบบ... ซึ่งบบบบว่าบบบบ... บบบบ



Molly Billy Kathi

Who's
in
Charge
Here
THE BRAT!

TIGER TROOP



Rose Angela

michellenoel's
good stuff

stand up drummers
rice dream mocha pies
boys in dresses
excedra fanzine
walking in olympia
strawberries
corin
dance parties
fot grrl
lungfish
letters



DESIDERATA are fucking
PUNK DUDE! this is
amanda their singer.
write 40 Dischord.

Molly →



Allison and Molly met in the fall of 1989 in the dorms of the university of oregon. They were next door neighbours. Allison first saw molly when she heard someone screaming from the hall phone: "but.... i love you!". Molly was trying to save her heart long distance style, but Allison was nonetheless understandably startled and somewhat frightened by this display. 3 months later agreeing that the dorms were a lame and unhealthy scene, they decide to move in together after the christmas break. The night before Molly went home for christmas vacation, they both made the hang in the bathroom, hiding out from their respective roommates, dubbing tapes to take home. Somehow, in the process, they decide to be a band called bratmobile. Details on this decision are pretty hazy, although the bratmobile theme song written that very evening remains in Allison's lyric book, too ridiculous to ever perform, record, or even practice.

...so around spring quarter after a couple of women's studies classes, tons of lame punk shows in eugene, some cool punk shows in olympia, and one very essential copy of Jigsaw No. 2, these girls start to get that feeling in their heart; that somethings ~~is~~ not quite right. The amount of girls they see involved in punk and the world in general, and talk begins in some circles about starting a radio station on campus. Allison and Molly want their own show, and bad. They make a demo tape, it goes: "girl rock...in your face!", it has L7, Courtney Love, Salt -n- Pepa, and Patsy Cline. They decide to call the show Girl Germs, after the song Allison wrote in the fall. It could've been the most.

...But pot smoke and lamoes does not a radio show make, even though Molly spent most of the summer making flyers and stationary, as well as buying tons of records with girls on 'em to play. But the dorks in charge wont hear of getting their asses in gear, so the girls begin to look for alternatives, other stations, other formats. They both try to learn guitar, to write, to survive. Everything is hard you know.

...Around october Tobi (cool friend and Jigsaw editor), asks molly : "why don't you do a fanzine?" Hmmm.

...Molly says to Allison: "hey, this radio scene is nowhere'sville. Maybe we should do a fanzine."

Allison says: "O.K."

Molly says: "we can call it girl germs, like the song you know? Like the radio show in print."

Allison says: "O.K. cool, here's some stuff I wrote."

The rest is history baby.

(our vines have grapes)

technical info for girls who want to start a fanzine:

- a) have something to write about. (i'm not sure if this is even essential)
- b) lay it out in a format you like.
- c) print it up.
- d) get people to read it.



← Allison

...and if you have specific questions write us and we'll tell you how we did it and you can either take our suggestions, or throw them out the window; but you know it's mostly a case of trial and error 'cuz mucho trial + mucho error can = mucho fun.

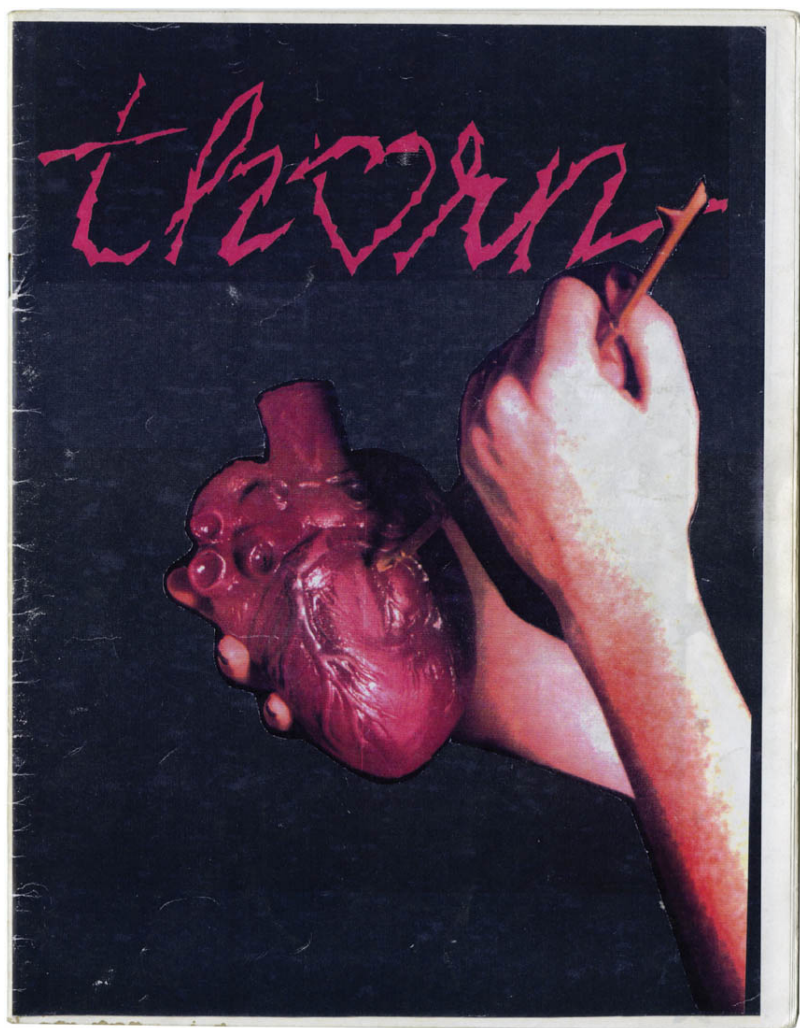
girl germs
P.o. box 1473
Olympia, WA
98507

MASS GIRL GERMS WITH NO RETURNS TO: Tabatha, Kathleen, Kim, Melissa, Ne-sk8, Michelle, Julie, Daisy, Margaret, Donna, Tiffany, Jenny, Kristin, Riot Grrrl, Mark, Juliana, Fugazi, Erin, Chia Pet, Don, Mark E., Tae, Rachel, Torry, Jonny Cohen, N.O.U., Slim, 5th Column, Rebecca, Circus Lupus, Jeffery K., DUG, Sharon, Becky, Jen S., Anna, Lai-Nga, Christina, Bill, Kathi, Lo-lo, Hope, and revolution (summer) riot grrrl d.c. style NOW!

Plus also tons 'o love to Dana (g.g. fiction editor), Jane, Karen, Erika, Laura, + tasha.

my girl Natasia ♥

42





One night I dreamed Jon and I were at a long, thin diner in the desert. We sat side by side in a booth talking about our work, what's important to us. There was a couple of men sitting in the booth in front of us and I could see the man with his back to us, wearing a white t-shirt, was leaning his head back to eavesdrop. After awhile he turned around and with a big smile said, "I've been listening to you and I like what you have to say. I want you to have this." It was a picture of him standing on the hood of his car on a cliff in the desert, krazykat-like mesas in the background. He was looking right into the camera, shading his eyes from the hot sun, and on the back of the photo was writing, a quote from David Wojnarowicz. Straight outta Close to the Knives. The man in the diner was David and he slid in the empty seat across from Jon and I and I took his hand in both of mine and said, "I'm so glad to meet you. You're a hero." and Jon smiling with his face red said not to say that. I woke up with such an immediacy/truth of this dream, sure I'd meet him.

Increased mortality teaches me nothing.

and now he's dead. Immortalized through the nostalgic rustlings of the pages of his books. Makes my breath stop with rage that the reason for this hyperrewinds back to a basic root of genocide from hate of gays. People who stand smugly still in their power to do anything about the terror of AIDS because they are sickened by a sexuality not their own. Angered by the fact that AIDS forces them to confront sexuality of pleasure, an existence outside of the silent squeaking of bedsprings made to creak by the passing of semen to egg. Man to woman, Adam to Eve.

Sexuality defined in images gives me comfort in a hostile world.

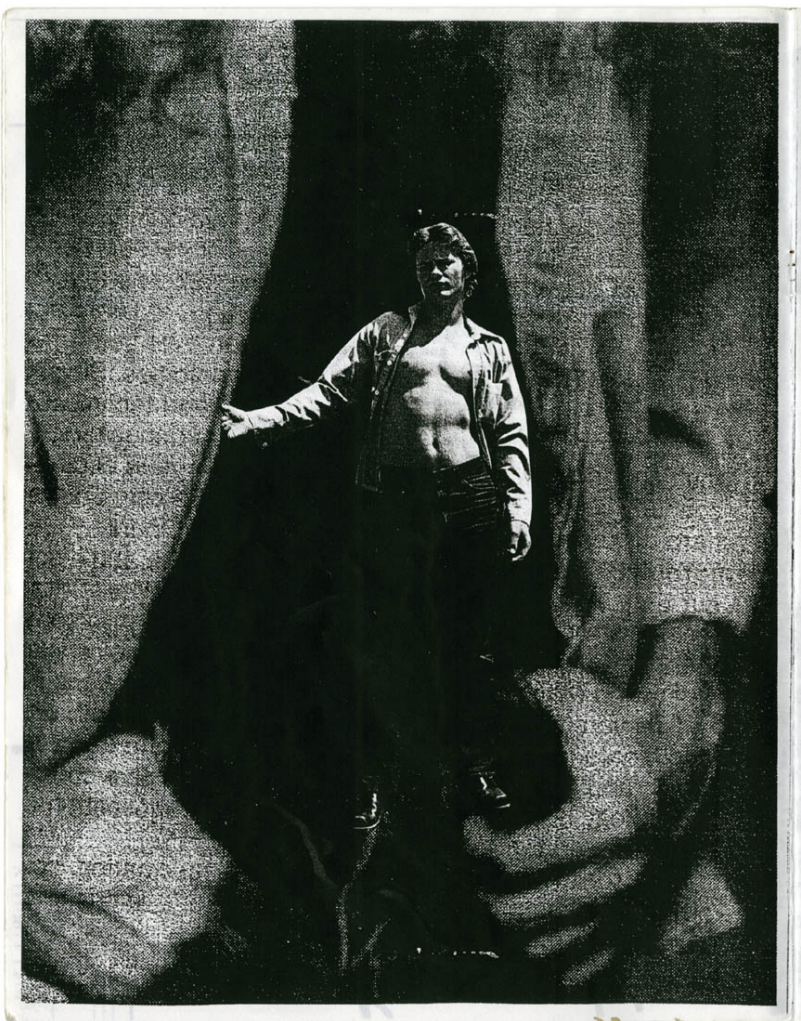
When I was a sixteen year old punk rock virgin in Anchorage Alaska, I was riding bus 45 to downtown, and as we passed a row of 50's type clapboard houses (some of my favorite buildings in this eighties boom town), I saw something which gave me a stir down there, between my legs. The clouds were low, and the light was a silver yellow of storms and it was windy. In an instant that we passed the last house, a muscular man with dirty-blond hair, in jeans and a white tshirt turned the corner heading into the house. He was walking against the wind which plastered his tshirt against his muscly stomach. He had broad shoulders. Left with me a twinge in my pelvis, a desire to know that man with my hands.

At 23, I recall this image as reference to dusty American highways, rundown gas stations and 15cent bottles of cocacola held in the hand of a chevy driving white boy from Grants. A cardboard Levi's ad, which in a creeper moment now surfaces a pair of rough worn hands fumbling at the crotch of his jeans, then callouses against your skin, holding you back against a seat, a wall, a bed, with one hand, while the other rips your shirt and over your breasts. Rush of fury to your panties then thrust grunt as you remain their cursing him softly under your breath alone in helplessness.

Riding

K. Kelly





BUT when I found and read Close to the Knives, this sixteen-year-old found image of body, of desire, suddenly spiralled into a taut muscle of power, reclaiming that seen man as an object of desire from the vantage point of a man. Fantasized about desiring that man, man to man. It felt at home, this idea to read the book like this. It seemed more plausible, more safe to imagine touching him as a him. It might seem crazy, but this is what I love about David's writing, his work—it's so not my experience, but described so beautifully it translated a three second glimpse from ago into cock suck photo of now that turns me on. I imagine myself sitting behind him in the car, yukkin' it up, or ranting about the fucked system, then pulling over at a reststop to watch through a hole in the bathroom as he sucks off some flannel shirt trucker, both of their arms strained, tight muscles and me coming with them. Beautiful, intense eyes.

I'm beginning to believe that one of the last frontiers left for radical gesture is the imagination.

And the rage. Somehow it's connected to my despair at David's death since his character filled me to a just before overflowing brim cup of him with his AIDS rage. Becomes me. The situation becomes me and I shelve his written words/experiences into the swell of my heart. Frantic Fury. Wrap myself deeper in a coat of wrath, which i pump out in fuck. Say it do it until your body becomes it in one ready leap, teeth bared claws out at the throats of those who would lead us to believe that desire and pleasure are unimportant, secondary to eating, shitting, surviving.

The only sense i can make out of the nonsense of David Wojnarowicz' death is the power of the words needed to write your body.

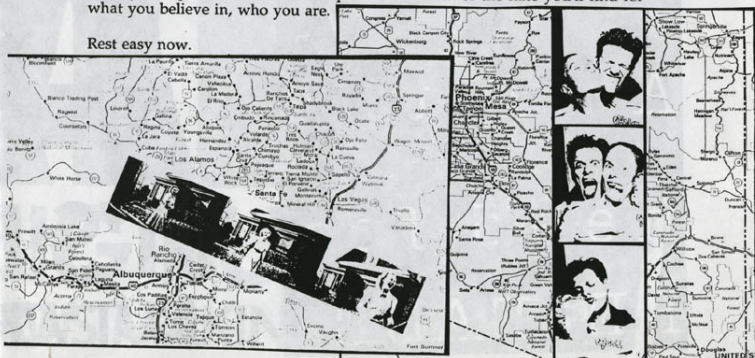
What he showed me.

I really wanted to be his friend.

He was so beatiful.

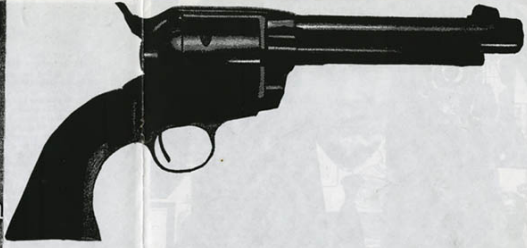
Sew your lips like he to sow the pain of the truth of the hate you'll find for what you believe in, who you are.

Rest easy now.

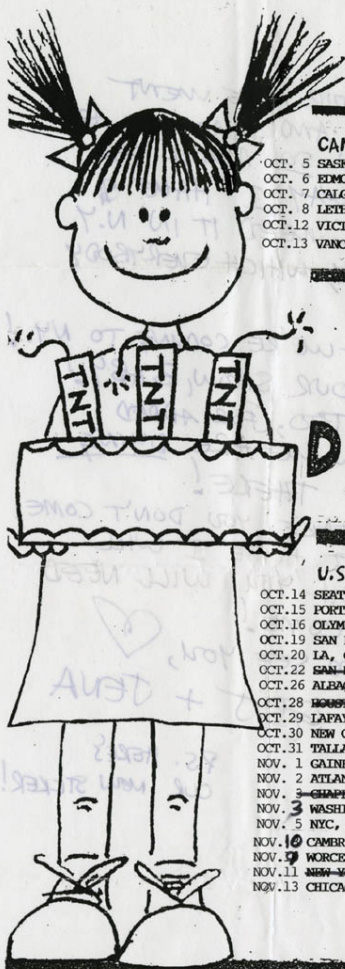


DAVID WOJNAROWICZ, 1954-1992

All I can
feel is the
pressure
And the
need for
RELEASE-



AIDS[®]
IT'S BIG BUSINESS!
(BUT WHO'S MAKING A KILLING?)



FIFTH COLUMN

BLOW UP YOUR TOWN!

CANADA

- | | |
|-----------------------|--|
| OCT. 5 SASKATOON | at "AMIGOS" |
| OCT. 6 EDMONTON | at "REV CAFE" |
| OCT. 7 CALGARY | at "NIGHT GALLERY" |
| OCT. 8 LETHBRIDGE | at "LETHBRIDGE COLLEGE" |
| OCT. 12 VICTORIA, BC | at "HARPOS" w/The Spinanes 385-3100 |
| OCT. 13 VANCOUVER, BC | at "STARFISH LOUNGE" w/The Spinanes 731-4621 |

WHEN & WHERE:

360s OF DYN-O-MITE!

U.S.

- | | |
|-----------------------|--|
| OCT. 14 SEATTLE, WA | at "CROCODILE CAFE" w/The Spinanes 441 5611 |
| OCT. 15 PORTLAND, OR | at "LA LUNA" w/The Spinanes 235-9696 |
| OCT. 16 OLYMPIA, WA | at T.B.A. w/Lois call K Records |
| OCT. 19 SAN FRANCISCO | at T.B.A. BOTTOM OF THE HILL 601-0431 |
| OCT. 20 LA, CA | at "TULA" w/The Spinanes 473-8442 |
| OCT. 22 SAN DIEGO, CA | at "SABRAH" w/The Spinanes 295-5829 JABBERJAW |
| OCT. 26 ALBUQUERQUE | at "GOLDEN WEST" w/Built To Spill 2601064 |
| OCT. 28 HOUSTON, TX | at "HARVARD" AUSTIN @ BLUE FLAMINGO 322-9624 |
| OCT. 29 LAFAYETTE, LA | at "METROPOLIS" 233-6320 |
| OCT. 30 NEW ORLEANS | at "PUSSYCAT CAFE" 943-4904 |
| OCT. 31 TALLAHASSEE | at "COMRAUS" w/Team Dresch 561-6005 |
| NOV. 1 GAINESVILLE | at "COVERED DISH" 377-3334 |
| NOV. 2 ATLANTA, GA | at "MIDTOWN" w/Archers Of Loaf 624-0402 |
| NOV. 3 CHICAGO, ILL. | at "EDGE PARK" 604 2322 |
| NOV. 3 WASHINGTON | at "RIPIN COMIN" 393-3632 AMERICAN LEGION HALL |
| NOV. 5 NYC, NY | at "CONTINENTAL" |
| NOV. 10 CAMBRIDGE, MA | at "MIDDLE EAST" w/Archers Of Loaf 354-9202 |
| NOV. 10 WORCESTER, MA | at "BOWLER'S" w/Pirate Jenny 756-9202 |
| NOV. 11 NEW YORK, NY | at "BROWNIES" PHILADELPHIA @ VILLA NOVA |
| NOV. 13 CHICAGO | at HOMOCORE |

PLUS NOV. 7, N.Y. @ BROWNIE'S
NOV. 8, N.Y. @ CB'S
NOV. 4, BALTIMORE @ MEMORY LANE

TNT

I ♥
AMY
CARTER



★

★

★

★ December 5th, 1992

Dear sweet readers, friends + future dates,

I ♥ (HEART) AMY CARTER has been a long time in the making. The very first issue of this zine came out in the Fall of 86' and despite my good intensions and serious desires and devo-tions to it's existence, I just haven't been able to channel my juices in this direction. As a matter of fact I don't even have a copy of the first (now ancient and historic) zine. So if by chance ~~there's~~ any one out there coveting one of the precious few (there were only 25 of them made) pretty please do send me a copy. Anyways, this time it's going to stick, I mean I feel like I have a lot of AMY STUFF stored up and ready to share. And the other day her name came up on 3 separate occasions, so I figured that somehow, somewhere, someone was trying to tell me something. Maybe even AMY herself. Also there are two other reasons for starting this zine again: 1) I recently moved to southern CAL and I'm feeling isolated, bored, lonely, and wanting to meet rad dorky egg-head kinda girls...2) I moved here for graduate school and I need a solid procrastination project to provide me with an escape, and excuse to not constantly be feeling like all I do is create fodder for the art world (one of my bigger fears). And of course the most important of all reasons is AMY and my commitment to AMYness. More on this later. I would love it if you would send me any AMY STUFF, and I mean anything; sightings, stories, memories, drawings, comix, photos, paraphernalia, ANYTHING.....also if you want you could send me info on your favorite AMY TYPE PERSON - whoever this may be. In general I just love mail. I am a self confessed mail junkie. So until next time.....★ XO Jammy Rae

- world.
- Camp** - verb. To mimic, consciously, or not, the other sex; to be obvious. Adjective - **Campy**; noun - **Camp**.
- Carrying on** - verb. To camp; to have an affair.
- Come** - noun. Semen.
- Coo** - interjection. Derisive signal of recognition of homosexuality.
- Crown jewels** - noun. Drag jewelry, large and ostentatious.
- Cruise** - verb. To look for sex in public places; to flirt with strangers.
- Daisy chain** - noun. Group intercourse. The one on the end is named "Daisy."
- Drag** - noun. Clothing of the opposite sex. Masquerade party involving clothes of the opposite sex.
- Dyke** - noun. A Lesbian.
- Fag** - noun. A male homo. Also **Faggot**.
- Fairy** - noun. A male homo, particularly one addicted to fellatio.
- Finger artist** - noun. Lesbian addicted to manual methods.
- Fish** - noun. A heterosexual addicted to cunnilingus or fellatio.
- Flute** - verb. To perform fellatio. Derogatory noun - **Fluter**.
- Fruit** - derogatory noun. Normal term for a homo. Also **Phony**, **Nance**, **Pansy**.
- Gay** - adjective and noun. Homosexual.
- Get her!** - interjection. (Also "Get him!" and "Get you!") Sign of recognition of gayness. See also **Coo**, **Whoops**, and **Swish**.
- Hustler** - noun. Male homo prostitute.
- Jam** - adjective. Normal. Noun - A normal person.
- Lex** - noun. A Lesbian.
- Look in the mirror** - verb. Female masturbation.
- Luke** - noun. Corruption of leukorrhea. Feminine precoital fluid.
- Maizie** - noun. Name for anybody gay.
- Marge** - noun. The very feminine passive dyke. Adjective - **Feminine**.
- Mintie** - noun. The very masculine aggressive dyke.
- Mother** - noun. One who has "brought out" another. Particularly male. Also **Queen mother**, **Mother Superior**, **Mother Hollyhock**, recognized fag leaders.
- Mustard Pot** - derogatory noun. A passive brownie. Also **Punk**.
- Queen** - noun. Male homo.
- Queer** - adjective. Jam for homo.
- Rim** - verb. Combination of oral and anal eroticism.
- Sew** - verb. Male masturbation.
- Shim** - noun. (rare). A dyke.
- Swing** - verb. Perform fellatio.
- Swish** - interjection, as **Coo**, etc. Noun - An obvious male homo. Adjective - **Feminine**.
- Teagarden** - noun. Restroom.
- Trade** - noun. A passive, non-reciprocal member of intercourse.
- Velvets** - noun. Swish male clothing or drag.
- Whoops** - interjection. (Pronounced with a rising inflection and as if it were spelled "Wool") verb. To signal recognition audibly with **Whoops**, **Coo**, **Swish**, or **Get you**. One can whoops another or be whoopsed.
- Wolf** - noun. An active aggressive pederast.





WHY?!

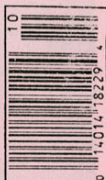
OR BETTER YET, WHY ASK WHY????????????

My interest/obsession/crush/wanna-be complex with AMY CARTER started on my 12th birthday, that was the day Jimmy Carter was sworn into office (Jan. 27th, 1977 to be exact). Well I don't quite know how it happened but something clicked, it was like I had found my new best friend only she didn't know I existed. I guess I had an instant crush on her only the crush had more to do with wanting to be her. Plus she was totally geeky and wore glasses and braids and was an only child. I wrote her letters, I'm not sure how many, I only got one response though and it was a form letter. I saved photos of her and talked about her like the other girls talked about The Bay City Rollers, Marie Osmond, Leif Garret and Micheal Jackson. When your a kid you tend to get really emotionally tied up in these kind of obsessions, they're an escape. The reality of it is that kids have nowhere to run so they often times run away to these safe peaceful people and places inside their heads. Because if someone's fucking with you and you have no means of physical escape you resort to mental +/or emotional escape. Shit this is getting serious, anyways it simply boils down to the fact that I think AMY is this sort of icon cuz she turned out to be a politically active geeky girl artist who makes paintings about race and gender and herself. And yeah, I did want her to be queer, but I guess she's not and that's all I'm gonna say for now, I'll elaborate more on this next time. I do not want to be affiliated with John Hinkley and yes, I probably do have a secret service file.





Ex-President's rebel daughter LOOK AT AMY CARTER NOW



Amy's explanation of her love of painting at the presentation: "It fills the holes in me and gives me back my body parts."

Her paintings also show that she hasn't completely forgotten her life in the limelight. One portrays a group of women passing cake at a tea party—and the White House is the centerpiece in the work.

Another painting, titled *Barbara*, is a dark portrayal of one of her friends who suffered from a mental illness.

Women, black and white, are a recurring theme in Amy's work—and one of the reasons she chose Brown was because it had a strong women's studies program.

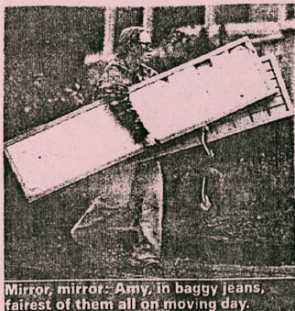
According to one critic, her art is "subtle, yet the colors are vivid and the lines flow. There is also strong symbolism."

"Amy's paintings have an eerie quality about them, sort of like a dream," says K.C. Warren, a public relations official at MCA.

The impish, pigtailed, freckle-faced, little girl with the big glasses who lived in the White House between 1977 and 1981, grew into quite a rebel.

Several years ago she shocked her mom Rosalynn by dyeing her blond hair and eyebrows jet black.

"Why, with her white skin, she looks like a witch," said the former First Lady of her daughter's unusual fashion statement. "It looks as if she put black shoe polish on her head."

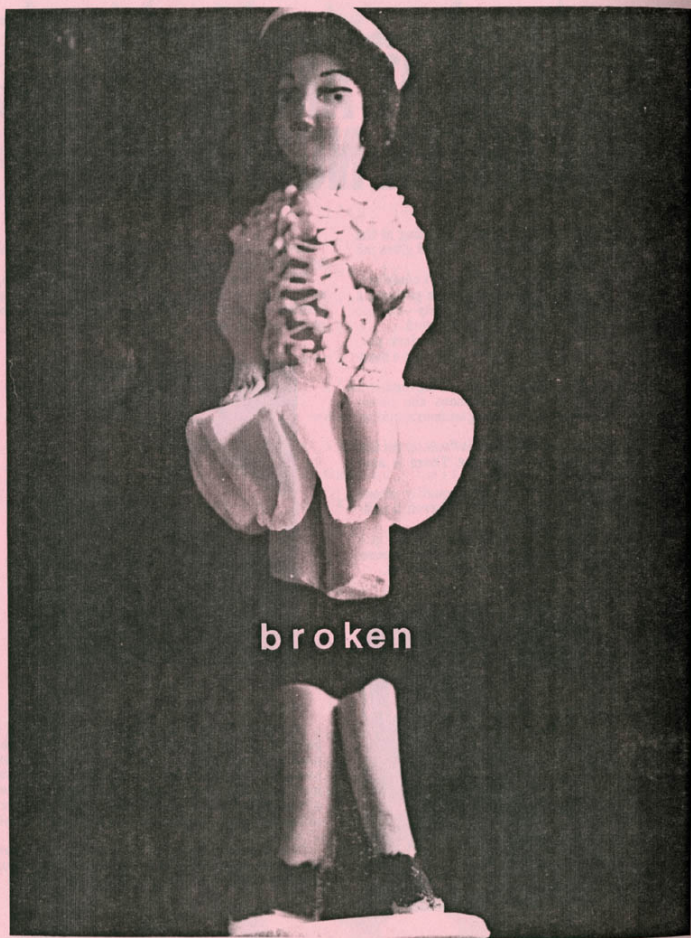


Mirror, mirror: Amy, in baggy jeans, fairest of them all on moving day.



Last year, political activist Amy, who majored in painting at the Tennessee art school, made headlines when she zipped herself up in a body bag and posed for photographers at an anti-Gulf War demonstration in Memphis. But now she says she's determined to stay out of the limelight. "I am a very private person and I want to remain private," Amy tells STAR.

"The reason I don't list my name in the phone book is because I want to be left alone. That should tell everyone I don't want to be contacted."



I did not desire her, I wanted to be her. Not because she was desire but because she was not me.

People would mistake us for sisters.

So much is unsaid and we look to the floor for secret passages.

I like her, I don't know about him.

Perhaps you consider yourself an oracle.

I knew her before I met her.

He said I should go back to being a girl.

In my head is the constant realization of the impossibility of our romance.
It's a disturbing comfort.

I shall never get you put together entirely.

'Empty Nest' star Kristy McNichol in trial marriage — with a woman!

By DOUG and SAMMIE MAYS

"Empty Nest" star Kristy McNichol is in a trial marriage with her longtime datemate Marty — who's a girl!

The 29-year-old actress and pretty blonde Martha "Marty" Allen, 28, recently bought a suburban ranch-style house together and are acting like a married couple, say insiders.

Kristy and Marty are enjoying fixing up their comfy little brown and white home on a quiet street in the San Fernando Valley, revealed a close friend of the couple.

"When they're home, they love snuggling up in front of a warm fire or going for walks in their neighborhood. They spend all their free time together."

"It's obvious Kristy and Marty are in love. They're always hugging and kissing."

Marty has even taken Kristy back to her home in Mississippi to meet her parents — and the girls, who've been dating for 14 months, are talking about getting "married" in a private gay ceremony, according to close sources.

Kristy's girlfriend often visits her on the set. And though producers were furious when they first learned about the relationship last year, now the execs and all of Kristy's coworkers are

Whoa! We're saddled with 65 million horses

Here's the result of the latest "gallup" poll: There are an astounding 65.3 million horses worldwide.

Mongolia, where horses are still used for agriculture, boasts the highest ratio of horses to humans — six steeds for every person.

Although there are 10.7 million horses in the U.S., there's less than one of the hoofbeats for every 20 people, according to data published in the newsletter of Cornell University College of Veterinary Medicine



RANCH-STYLE suburban home where Kristy and Marty are living. Marty's black Volkswagen Cabriolet is in the garage.

welcoming Marty with open arms — making the star's joy complete.

"Kristy and Marty couldn't be happier, and everyone involved with the show is breathing easier," said a series insider. "Now Marty comes to the 'Empty Nest' set regularly and everyone, including star Richard Mulligan, gives her a hello hug."

"Kristy and Marty are treated as if they're a couple of newlyweds."

Said a close source: "Kristy and Marty like to putter around the house on the weekends. Kristy especially likes to tend her garden. They live a very low-key life together."

"They're like any other suburban couple... except they're both women!"

In the mornings Kristy waters the plants and then goes off to the set. Shortly after she leaves, Marty heads off to nearby Encino where she works as an insurance agent.

At night Kristy parks her white convertible Mustang next to Marty's black con-



PRETTY BLONDE Martha Allen has set up house-keeping with "Empty Nest" star Kristy McNichol.

on break for the Christmas holidays. Marty brought Kristy home to Mississippi to meet her parents. The girls shared Marty's old room.

"Marty's father, a doctor, even took them on a tour of the hospital where he works. He says he and his wife feel like Kristy is part of their family."

Marty, who briefly worked as an actress using the name Martha Allen Miles, had previously lived in a rented apartment. But since she and Kristy were spending so much time together, they decided to buy a house, say sources.

Kristy has put her Los Angeles home up for sale for \$575,000.

Though she's happy now, getting others to accept her relationship with Kristy, confided a close friend of the couple, "When 'Empty Nest' went

on with other women, including Liberace's niece Lisa and a fashion model, have been reported in the press."

As *THE ENQUIRER* revealed last June, network executives were up in arms when they learned Kristy was openly escorting Marty to public events. They felt the gay association could hurt the show's popularity.

"Empty Nest" is a show that's big with families and senior citizens," said the insider.

"And after all, Kristy grew up as one of America's little sweethearts, playing Buddy on the late '70s drama series 'Family.'"

But recently Kristy boldly confronted producers and flatly said, "Accept me for what I am," revealed the insider.

"She told them, 'Marty is a big part of my life now, and I hope you all understand that. We love each other. Please treat us like you would any other couple.'"

The star's candor won over producers, and they opened their hearts to her and Marty — as did all the cast and crew.

Now the girls are talking about having a lesbian "marriage," the close source disclosed.

"They're considering having a small ceremony for close friends and family to mark their union as a couple. But so far it's only in the talking stages."

Kristy told a pal: "I love coming to work now. I've got the best of both worlds — a role on one of television's best sitcoms and my true love waiting for me when I come home."

**'They're like
any other
suburban couple
... except
they're women!'**

convertible Volkswagen Cabriolet in the garage.

Marty's parents don't object at all to her lesbian relationship with Kristy, confided a close friend of the couple.

"When 'Empty Nest' went



TV FATHER Richard Mulligan seems upset with Kristy in this scene from the show, but in real life he's accepted her lover Marty with open arms.

Strange town where men aren't wanted



COMMITTED: Karen Bellavance (left) and Beth Grace recently announced their "engagement" in the town's local newspaper.



"DADDY-O"

LESBIANVILLE, U.S.A. — that's what they're calling Northampton, Mass., population 30,000. Some 10,000 gay women live in the area.

Welcome to Lesbianville, U.S.A. — a bizarre town where so many women love women you can even find them cuddling and kissing on Main Street!

The place is listed on maps as Northampton, Mass., but here are just some of the reasons why it got its nickname:

● Some 10,000 gay women live in the town or nearby.

● The newspaper publishes announcements of same-sex engagements and "commitment" ceremonies on the same page as wedding.

● A popular lingerie shop hosts an annual lesbian night.

● One book shop sells "Just Say No to Men" buttons. It also has a lesbian fiction section and a sign telling men to browse elsewhere.

● In bars and restaurants, women hold hands across cozy tables and dance cheek-to-cheek.

● A monthly newspaper lists events such as a lesbian town meeting, plus get-togethers for older lesbians and "Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays."

● About half the town's 240 businesses are owned by women, although not all are lesbians.

● There's a yearly Lesbian Home Show — where men are NOT welcome.

● Even the graffiti is gay! On a railroad overpass near

GAY OL' TIME: Even the graffiti is homosexual. On this railroad overpass, two ladies declare their devotion like love-struck teens.

the center of town someone painted: "Pam & Lisa Love."

Northampton (population 30,000) attracts gay women as permanent residents because many stay after graduating from five local colleges, including two all-female schools — Smith and Mount Holyoke.

"I've heard Northampton called Lesbianville and I

think it's kind of nice," said Beth Grace, whose "engagement" to fellow gay Karen Bellavance was recently announced in the town's Daily Hampshire Gazette.

"I feel lucky to live here and to have found a place where I can feel safe. It seems like the town is very accepting of people, no matter who they are and how they want to live."

But not everyone is so happy.

"I don't want to be a watchdog in people's bedrooms, but this type of behavior is not acceptable," declared Pastor Paul Gattine of the Bible Baptist Church.

And local resident Ernie Perkins insisted:

"I know people have the right to live any way they want, but I wish they'd take their sick lifestyle to San Francisco and leave our town alone!"

"Dykes with guns, that'll scare 'em."
Dorothy Allison



AMY then



holding her pussycat then.....

AMY now



holding her pussy now....

'Roseanne' star Sandra Bernhard bares shocking Madonna stole my

Furious "Roseanne" star Sandra Bernhard has accused Madonna of stealing her lesbian lover and putting erotic photos of the woman in her new "Sex" book to humiliate the comedienne!

That's the shocking secret behind the sensational X-rated book which has sold more than 250,000 copies around the U.S. at \$50 each.

To add insult to injury there are several photos of Madonna kissing Bernhard's ex-pal Ingrid Casaras in "Sex," but there isn't a single photo of Sandra — even though she and Madonna had been boom buddies for years.

The comedienne was so — by this one-two punch, he called it in radio personality Howard Stern's show last month just before "Sex" was released and the flamed Madonna for stealing her pal.

Madonna "is a jerk," howled Bernhard on the air. "She's been so evil with me... I mean a friend is supposed to be your friend, not your lover's friend."

Stern added: "A real friend wouldn't steal your girlfriend." "Yeah," declared Bernhard, who plays Tina Arnold's wife on "Roseanne." "There's loyalty between girlfriends... real girlfriends."

At the center of this cauldron is 25-year-old Ingrid, a dark-haired beauty who appears in the controversial book dressed as a young man being kissed on the lips by Madonna in male drag. "The book is a public slap in Sandra's face," said a friend of Bernhard. "Madonna is flaunting photos of Ingrid and her in the book and Sandra feels it's aimed at her."

Although Madonna states at the beginning of "Sex" that the book is a fantasy and none of it is true, she does include X-rated letters in it about lesbian sex with an Ingrid. And she thanks Ingrid Casaras in the book's acknowledgments.

"I've got Ingrid in the book and that's made Sandra crazy," Madonna told a pal.

Sandra's just blithering because she's out of



SIZZLING SHOTS — taken by Steven Meisel for Madonna's new X-rated book "Sex" — show Madonna kissing Bernhard's ex-pal Ingrid Casaras. The photos licensed the "Roseanne" star.



Material Girl used erotic photos of my gal pal to humiliate me, actress fumes



my life — and good riddance. Bernhard, 37, and Madonna, 34, were once a big part of each other's lives. They became friends in the late 1980s and de-

SMILING SANDRA (left) gets a nibble on the neck from lesbian singer K.d. lang. Right, Madonna and Ingrid go juggling with a personal trainer. lighted in keeping people guessing about their relationship.

They hinted at being lesbian lovers on the David Letterman show and even fondled themselves and ground their bodies together while singing "I Got You

Babe" at a New York benefit in 1989.

But their friendship began to unravel at a party Madonna



threw last New Year's Eve when Sandra introduced Madonna to her friend, Ingrid. "It

was a kinky all-girl party that Madonna hosted topless," revealed a close source. "And when Madonna set eyes on Ingrid, she knew she had to have her for herself."

"Although Ingrid went home with Sandra, Madonna called her the next day, suggesting she and Ingrid get together within weeks she persuaded Ingrid to dump Sandra."

"They've been together ever since."

"When Ingrid is in New York, she stays over at Madonna's apartment. And when they're out together they kiss on the lips and camp it up."

The pair put on a wild show at a party for lesbian singer



secret behind new 'Sex' book . . .

lesbian lover

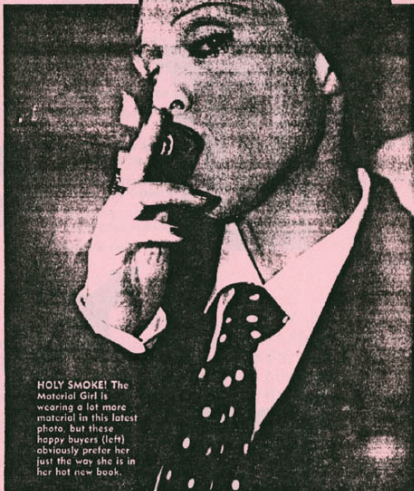
k.d. lang this summer in the Big Apple. Madonna kissed Ingrid on the mouth, and Ingrid fondled Madonna's backside in front of every one present.

They've also been seen together in Ingrid's hometown of Miami, where many of the erotic scenes in "Sex" were shot.

At one time, Ingrid sold sneakers at a Miami store and worked as an aerobics instructor, revealed an insider. But now she's driving around town in a new BMW and she's set to move in with Madonna after the Miami mansion the singer bought is redecorated.

"I should feel badly about what I did to Sandra," Madonna confided to the close source. "But I don't. Ingrid's made me so happy I can't be sorry for what I did."

— JOHN SOUTH,
TONY BERNARD and
LYDIA ENCINAS



HOLY SMOKE! The Material Girl is wearing a lot more material in this latest photo, but these happy havers (left) obviously prefer her just the way she is in her hot new book.



MORGAN: "A fun challenge."

Jilted Sandra finds a new lover on her show — she'll have an affair with Morgan Fairchild!

Sandra Bernhard lost one lesbian lover to Madonna, but she's getting another one on her TV show — Bernhard's character on "Roseanne" will have a lesbian affair with a woman portrayed by Morgan Fairchild!

Bernhard plays Nancy, the wife of Roseanne's real-life hubby Tom Arnold, who left the show last season.

With Tom's character gone, Nancy decides to come out of the closet and shocks her TV pals by announcing her romance with Fairchild.

"I really loved the idea of guessing on the

show in any role," Fairchild told a friend. "But playing a lesbian on TV's No. 1 show makes it not just a challenge — but fun as well."

"I'd love it if my character becomes a regular. What actress wouldn't want to be a part of that wonderful cast?"

Morgan won't play the first gay character on the show though. Martin Mull portrayed a homosexual man last season.

Fairchild, 42, is best known for her many TV movies and a starring role on "Flamingo Road." Her featured episode, entitled "Ladies Choice," airs on ABC November 10.

STYLING: TONYA LEE

T R A S H



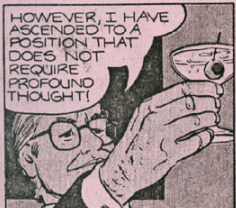
S L U T



I N C E S T



D Y K E



my friend
Terri Lemieux
sent me this
MANY years
ago. XO XO
to her. ↗



Typical Week and a Half

- Mon. Fantasized fucking a woman with a penis and not letting her use her penis on me. No sex today.
- Tues. Dressed in jockey shorts and a long white dress. Looked for a woman or a man dressed as a woman.
- Wed. Made love to a man with a vagina while I fantasized that I was dressed as a man making love to a woman.
- Thurs. Got fucked by a man and loved it. No fantasy.
- Fri. Got eaten by a woman and loved it. No fantasy.
- Sat. Played with myself. Fantasized that I was a woman playing with herself.
- Sun. A man, pretending to be a woman, let me eat him. I fantasized that he was a woman pretending to be a man.
- Mon. While being fucked by a man, I pretended I was fucking him. One of us came.
- Tues. A woman made love to me. After, she told me that she was a man and hated queers. She never undressed.
- Wed. Went looking for a man to fuck me, but changed my mind and went home with someone dressed in pants.
- Thurs. Two people picked me up. One had a penis; the other never undressed. I was satisfied by both.
- Fri. Filled out a sex questionnaire.

Anonymous

IF ANYONE HAS INFORMATION OF ANY KIND ON AILEEN WUORNOS (infamous lesbian "serial killer") or JONI LEIGH PENN (she locked herself in Sharon Gless' house with a gun) PLEASE SHARE WITH ME WHATEVER YOU'VE GOT BECAUSE I NEED IT FOR A PROJECT I'M DOING.
O.K. THANKS



assume

the

position

When rebels dress alike, all conform

Dear Miss Manners: I am a young artist. To fill the gaps, I've worked as a fashion model and I've come to enjoy wearing beautiful clothes, most of which I make myself.

I was raised in a family which believes that gracious manners are meant to put everyone at ease. But when I get dressed up, I wonder if anyone will take me seriously as an artist.

All the young artists I know show up at formal affairs wearing

tear paint-splattered jeans. It's the badge of a "real" artist. Of course, the idea is to be a revolutionary, and artists have been doing it for a long time.

Do you think it is too shocking of me to dress in beautiful, fashionable clothes and use the manners I've been taught? It sounds funny to ask, but I'm serious.

Genie reader: What Miss Manners finds shocking is the rigid conventionalty of the revolutionaries you describe. Why they do not more often rebel against having to wear a drab uniform, in dour conformity with their peers, she cannot imagine.

But, alas, Miss Manners has come to realize that people who most vehemently champion the right to dress as they wish or, in the current term, in what they feel comfortable with, are the first to attack those of us who feel comfortable dressing conventionally. They have been after Miss Manners and her little white gloves for years.

She would therefore encourage you to seize your freedom by embracing propriety. Let us not hear any more nonsense about artists only being real when they have the superficial proof of wearing studio work clothes. She reminds you that the great painters of history were only too delighted to apply their visual sense to their own persons.

As for your manners, of course you should use them. If rudeness were an indication of artistry, this would be the Renaissance.



Judith Martin

what's a guy to do? — Lock Jawed, Nebraska

Dear Lock Jawed: Ladies know that using a rough word or so at work gives them the power big shot guys have — and top psychologists back this up. Don't be so prissy.

I'm in love with a guy — and a gal

Dear Dotti: I met this very good-looking boy and I go to where he hangs out whenever I can. Then my sister saw him with another guy — not just another guy, you know, but a gay guy.

I was going to tell him off, but he hugged me and kissed me and told me he hadn't told me he was bisexual because he didn't think I would accept it.

Well, the average person probably wouldn't accept it, but I am also attracted to the same sex, although I've never been with a girl.

I told him this and he introduced me to his cousin who's bisexual, too. She's very nice looking and 16, my age.

The problem is that I like them both. Should I drop one or the other, or see them both? — Every Which Way, California

Dear Every Which Way: Does your mother know you're out, little girl? You need to be smacked across the

bottom and kept at home until you learn guys are for gals and vice versa.

Confidential



DREW BARRYMORE romances 21-year-old actor Corky Nemec (above) in real life, but she shares her first hotscreen kiss with a girl. Drew, 17, kisses teen sitcom star SARA GILBERT in the movie, *Poison Ivy*. "I took Sara's face in my hands and started licking her lips," says Drew. "Suddenly, she opened her mouth and I stuck my tongue in—a full-tongue major kiss."





IT'S MY ZINE AND I'LL CRY IF I WANT TO



o.k. here's my most recent sob story. my friend kathleen told me that the band fifth column was sure to hit the west coast during their late fall tour of the states. so, needless to say i've been waiting with one eye on the look out. you see i've been a big fan for years, yes years. and also i heard that donna dresch was touring with them, not only is donna THE dorky foxy queer bait rock-n-roll mamma, she is also THE only other utterly devoted AMY CARTER fan/lover/wannabe that i have ever met. so i was hoping to touch base with her and maybe solicit AMY material from her. anyways i went to s.f. for thanksgiving and my first night there i gave my friends the "you've gotta go see fifth column" speech. they were all like, yeah, yeah whatever you say, the next morning another friend informed me that he had gone to see fifth column the previous night, and of course that they rocked and that it was babesville. don't you just hate^x when this kinda stuff happens. my life seems exceptionally prone to these kinda missed moments. and of course by the time I returned to l.a. they had already played here. ohhhhhh welllll....hey donna if this zine finds it's way to you please get in touch with me cuz i would like to do a phone interview with you for the next issue. there are bigger sob stories at stake here though...like the deaths JO SPENCE (photographer) AUDRE LORDE (writer)/DAVID WOJNAROWICZ (artist)/PAUL, DAVE, and ROBERT (all friends of varying degrees and of great importance to me). Issues of wellness and illness have been a big part of the lives of my friends and i'm feeling rather sad/angry about it today. maybe it has a little to do with the olympia like climate that has suddenly swept over southern CAL, it's the first damp grey sky i've experienced since moving here. so, boo-fuckin-hoo.

If you would like copies of this
issue or future issues of I ♥ AMY CARTER
please send \$2.00 per issue, and a couple
of stamps if you've got them. And please
do send contributions and love letters.

A B C

D E F

BEFORE

**Jimmy's
rebel
daughter**

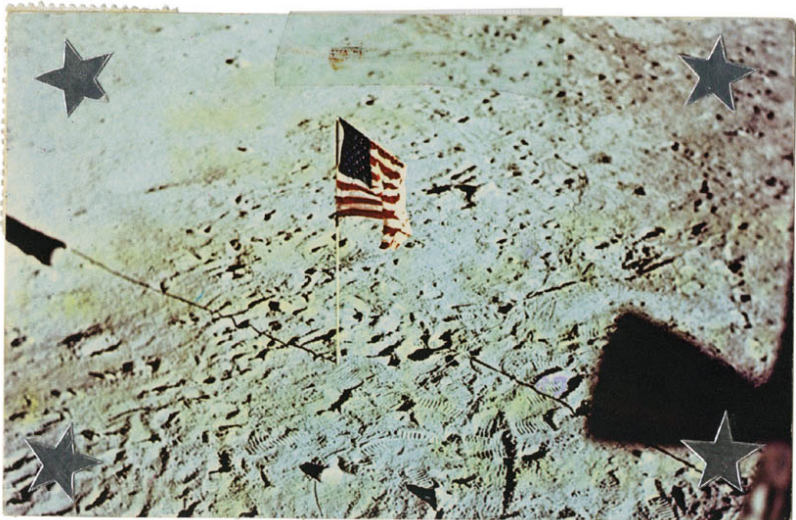
A B C

D E F

AFTER

**I ♥ AMY
CARTER**

♡ c/o Tammy Rae ♡
512 Rose Ave.
LONG BEACH, CA. 90802



Man on the Moon . . .

On July 20th, 1969 A.D. two American astronauts landed on the moon. Neil Armstrong, the first man from planet Earth, set foot on the moon's surface at 9:58 P.M. EST. Astronauts Neil Armstrong and Edwin E. Aldrin Jr. explored the moon for 2 hours and 15 minutes, while the third astronaut, Michael Collins orbited the moon in the command module Columbia. The picture shows the American flag and the Astronauts' footprints in the Sea of Tranquility on the moon.

(Color-photo courtesy of NASA)

Q: do you
wanna know
a secret?



POST C

A: SAYS THE
SOUND of the
SPECTACLE:
"ALL MEN ARE evil,
Boy friend."

Molly Neuman
505 Washington St.
S.E. No. 17
OLYMPIA, WA 98501
love, TORI VAIL



BIKINI KILL

#2



GirlPower



METRO WATCH

The anti-war graffiti was terrible in January and February. So now that the war's over? Don't ask.

On the rise downtown is graffiti most charitably described as anti-male. Some use blunter language.

The most quoted slogan is: DEAD MEN DON'T RAPE. UMBILICAL NOOSE is another. Others: WOMEN FIGHT BACK. GOD IS GAY. ABORT CHRIST. WOMEN REVOLT. And there are lots more, many we can't print in a family newspaper.

For that matter, some of the graffiti doesn't even make sense. One slogan Hutchings says he runs into again and again is: BIKINI KILL. Bikini kill?

Curiouser and curiouser.

Three of my best friends are in the band Bikini Kill and we made this fanzine together. And we all play music together. And sometimes this is all very hard cuz this world doesn't teach us how to be truly cool to each other and so we have to teach each other.

A belief in instant revolution is just what THE POWERS THAT BE want. That way we won't realize that WE ARE THE REVOLUTION. It'll look so hard and instant and far off, someday, someday, that we won't even try to enact it right now.

Cuz we have to fight the powers that be no matter how fucked up we are ourselves. And I guess that's what this fanzine is about. We are trying to figure out how we can do these things, enact the revolution right here and right now, and still survive.

X O X O X O X O X O X O

Cuz we do need music that we understand and we do need friends who love and support us and we do need to have fun. But fun doesn't have to mean denial or escapism, it can mean struggling, confronting, trusting, and being scared sometimes, together instead of always alone.



0069

Tabatha says death to all fuckhead fanzine editors who dare to dis the Bratmobile/Bikini Kill/RGSN/Girl Day/International Pop Underground Revolution Summer 1991 Riot Grrrl Style Now even!!! To so completely miss the whole point of everything, yeah well I'm sure he's a "nice guy" and "harmless" anyways, and besides, I hear he's had a "rough" life---yeah, so have most sexist fuckheads and I feel so badly for them, NOT. But what I'm even more distressed about is that he is a total square, irreconcilably so, and that it is squares like this that seem to have the say so about the current state of "punk rock" and the like: FUCK THE FLIPSIDE FANZINE GUY, and I don't wanna hate the kids which is just to say what to do what to do? about NONREVOLUTIONARIES misrepresenting the underground to hundreds of potential cool kids, we're gonna have to fight, well alright!!! um...it's just unforgivable really,

right in the middle of so many punk rock dreams come true. I'm so sure. (I'm so sure means what the fuck)

Ok and well the Bikini Kill have been out and about, having teenage kick all through the night and all around the world, looking for New! and meeting everybody and let me just say there is so much and as far as the eye can see this Revolution Girl Style Now thing is happening real--"destroying the police and turning coal into diamonds" says our friend the shmada and it's all accross the nation with the Nation--on tour-oh yeah, and the young idea, dc/olympia! from coast to coast with spies in morocco (sending our bass player cool packages and fucked up indecipherable marriage proposals) and contacts and the like in virtually every major u.s. city and all the cool towns in between: the time is now for quitting school and breaking the rules cuz, as we evidenced in a big way throughout the entire summer and especially the I.F. convention, the undeniable genius of this generation has surfaced and it's all about ACTION, no time to decide what's



right what's right what's right, gotta write and everyday its hanging out with all the cool kids in my neighborhood and especially with Kathi Wilcox, girl of style, see cuz we are currently splitting the smallest of apartments here in the Martin(Olympia's one and only nighttime hot spot) on account of that we are on the verge of another tour with the N.O.U. kids and then we are going to D.C. for an indefinite amount of time, so yeah, it is true, the slumber party bunk bed scene, Bikini Kill style now, is full fledged and me and Kathi are making pacts and writing on the walls, running down halls and every night before we go to sleep we faithfully

repeat the mantra "lets go lets go yeah yeah yeah"(this, courtesy of S. GAMBOA) and begin our day with the proverbial MOD jump and 10 push ups each until our departure.

True Love Will Never Die and this I really do believe, despite bitter cries of treason from those closest to my own heart, and alienation becomes fuel for more fire and with this in mind it is my intention to ignite the flame that will burn the walls right down:

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF OUR YOUNG HEARTS ON FIRE MUST NOT BE DOWNPLAYED and this means beware of the girl who falls in love with Ulysses and that there is a New Jigsaw fanzine in the making and it is an attempt at trying to set forth some of the central existential dilemmas of the boy crazy modern girl revolutionaries(which is not to assume that all are boy crazy, most certainly not, but I'm here to say that there are some who most definitely are and we are not apologetic about this in the least) so you should know that I am trying to sort out my jigsaw fanzine mail and that its nearly impossible because I'm about a year behind

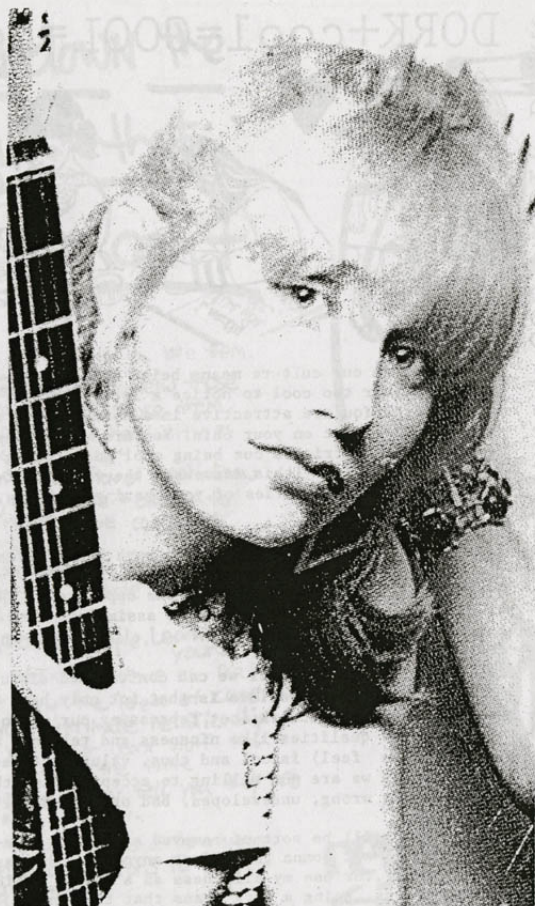
so if you wrote me before and I never wrote
you back you should write again and say
so and I'll try and do better this time,
in fact, what with the new riot grrrl press
scene that's about to start up(see this
fanzine somewhere on another page for
more information on this scene phenomenon)
maybe I'll even get all four issues back
in print, yeah so write me a letter at
the address listed for Riot Grrrl in dc...
and hopefully the number five will be
available soon, although I have my doubts
about this, to tell the truth because
I have been writing letters into infinity
and thinking about all these feminist
theory questions to do with punk rock &

don't feel as if I am making any progress
in sorting any of this out and maybe its
gonna take forever to even formulate the
questions that I want an answer to and
that kind of sucks because I feel as if
things are stagnating which is why its
so important to ask some of those questions
here in the Bikini Kill fanzine number 2,
but before you go on to read the rest of
it...have you noticed that there is this
weird phenomenon that happens to do with
naming something and having it turn into
something else once it's had a chance to
assimilate into understanding---like for
instance hardcore is an example of how
an aesthetic that was originally fierce
and powerful and in the vein of fucking
shit up became the the essence of conform-
ity in punk rock, what with the generic
drum beat/song structure/vocal tricksetc.
not ot mention the rigidity of the style
code of nonconformity and this all becomes
a total end in itself, apart from inciting
any kind of strong revolutionary agenda
that could be happening--or another
example has to do with jokes; things that
start out as a joke become a total end
part of everyday life-like how making

fun of the way someone talks can totally become a real way to talk or even to communicate something entirely separate from it's origin--or the thing of in jokes where it goes on and on and on and nobody remembers where it came from or why but they keep referring to it and it ends up being some kind of weird ritualistic assertion of a group identity that has very little to do with the actual situation from which it stemmed...well anyways, I think that this sort of phenomenon could happen in our fanzines too, self-referencing to the point of absurdity which may or may not be significant--personally it is my total

entertainment scene which I think is entirely valid, politically even--but also, a more serious concern is perhaps at stake here and that is that in this environment it is too easy for our doctrines to turn into dogma and RGSN recitations rather than meaningful interactions is what may become the political terrain: new standards arise when our whole thing was to shatter the old and replace them with action..again with reference to something our good friend the shmada said said to me one day, we must not let the precedents we set our selves distract us from the very things that drove us to set those precedents in the first place and it is with this in mind that I encourage girls everywhere to set forth their own revolutionary agendas from their own place in the world, in relation to thier own scenes or whatever, rather than to simply think about ours

THIS is about making new meanings of what it is to be cool that make real sense to you to do with who you are and what you want in revolution...embrace subjectivity as the only reality there is...context is everything...an idea of aesthetics as subjective truth, more on this next time...action.



Paula Pierce, lead singer and guitar player of the all-girl L.A. based band the Pandoras died of a heart attack last month. She was so cool. I used to listen to the Pandoras in 9th grade. She changed my life and Billy was in love with her. R.I.P.

--Tobi

• LAME LAME

Why're we always explaining ourselves and our projects to boys? I'm serious. I have wasted more time and emotional energy doing this than I even wanna admit. And see, I have come to the conclusion that we are banging our heads against a big wall. We are trying to find that magic word that will change their minds, make them see. We are trying to fit thru the doors of a clubhouse that is smelly and gross inside anyways...we only want in cuz we've been taught to want in...we change ourselves to fit, alter what we say, how we say it, just hoping, hoping they will change their rules...and all the while the clubhouses we could be building are going unbuilt and us girls are knocking one by one, on a door that will never ever open.

We are just keeping ourselves trapped in these nice little boundaries, having these cohesive arguments with boys where we try to explain to them that sexism is real and that we are aware of when it's being acted out around us. If he didn't know anything at all about plumbing and pipes, I doubt he'd go up to a plumber and start asking all this shit about how he knows how to fix a sink better than her/him. So why the hell is he acting like he knows what it's like to grow up female? and why am I answering to him? I mean, you can't dialogue with someone who is kicking you to the ground. Why are you/I/we explaining all this stuff to these boys who really aren't interested in learning and only wanna "win" an argument? And why are we constructing our arguments in this dumb right/wrong, you've gotta be "plausible", back it up with facts, there's only two ways to be, don't contradict yourself, "prove it to me", level???

It is not our responsibility to explain how boys/men are being sexist anymore than it is our responsibility to "prevent ourselves" from getting raped. It is their responsibility Not to Rape Us and it is their responsibility Not to Be Sexist.

no, a big part of feminism (or whatever you wanna call the rejection of the equation, stupid) is the simple assertion that us girls are important. Our bodies/heart/minds are important enough that we will defend them, protect them, ourselves. We don't have five lives that are filled up with events that are really just sentimentalized versions of abuse. We don't wanna live that way and we don't have to. So why are we taking abuse the form of these conversations with boys and/or men? Why are we always making these excuses for them, like, "Oh, but he's got a good heart underneath it all", "He's at really young", or (my personal favorite) "But he really is a nice guy."

SO VERY LAME

An illustration of a too often repeated pattern ↓

A GUY DOES/SAYS/MAKES
SOMETHING SEXIST

"Hey Baby."

A guy you live with buys an album by a dumb cockrock band that has a picture of naked blondes on the front of it. He leaves it lying on the living room floor.

A woman is slapped.

YOU TELL HIM IT'S
SEXIST

"Leave me alone."

You tell him that the record cover pisses you off and that you don't wanna have to look at it.

She puts her hands up to avoid another slap.

THERE IS A LACK OF
RECOGNITION BY
SPECTATORS THAT
ANYTHING IS HAPPENING

People on the street just walk on by.

This is just a friendly disagreement and has nothing to do w/ him maintaining his male privilege. She realizes no one will intervene.

YOUR ARGUMENT IS
INVALIDATED

"I was just trying to be friendly."

He tells you to lighten up. Don't take things so seriously. They only meant the cover as a joke. hahaha

She is slapped again.

YOU RESIST ALL
SEXIST CLAIMS AND
EXERT SELF AS
IMPORTANT AND VALID

"Get the Fuck away
From me!"

You tell him he's being a jerk and that if you think it's sexist then it is.

She fights back.

YOU ARE TOLD OR
MADE TO FEEL LIKE
IT IS YOUR PROBLEM

"What's your problem bitch
are you crazy?"

He tells you that you are causing the problem by making such a big deal over a little thing or he says you are too sexist cuz you are being sexist to him.

She is kicked in the ass.

Well, if he's such a "nice guy", why does he expect you to NOT ONLY bear the brunt of sexist stuff like harassment, belittlement, and the valid fear of rapemurderer BUT ALSO be prepared to have a calm, fact filled discussion with him about something that is more than just a "subject" to you? It is the struggle we engage in everyday by virtue of breathing, everytime we assert our right to exist. Sexism is not a list or something we can prove, it is not a dot on a line and can not be located on a graph or colored in on a chart. It is mapped on the lines of our skin and etched in the deepest reasonings of our hearts. Purple Blue Black, thuds that are like death in the middle of the night. OF COURSE I'M GONNA BE EMOTIONAL WHEN I AM FORCED TO DESCRIBE THE BARS ON THE CAGE THAT I FUCKIN LIVE IN. It is time we stopt describing the bars and time to fucking make our move. We are bustin outta this joint.

But I know it is not so easy. Cuz we live in a world where we are compelled to explain ourselves to men AND we've got to deal with that while at the same time we are trying to create spaces where we are able to breath and we do fit in without trying and belong without explanation. This is especially hard cuz we have internalized sexism to such an extent that it's not just an issue of us explaining to "them" (as if there is a unified "them") but also an issue of us explaining ourselves to ourselves and to each other. And while I think it is high fucking time that we stop explaining ourselves

I think it's important that we are able to recognize certain criticisms for what they are: Lane attempts, by people who're threatened by what the girl revolution brings, to discount and discourage us. Doing this is sort of like untangling ourselves from a big invisible sticker bush.

The same way that rapists and street harassers don't usually come right out and say, "Okay, I'm gonna rape/harass you now." Most men/boys (even the "good ones") don't come right out and say that they are against girls having/redefining power. Thus, in order for them to maintain the unequal power distribution of male over female, without looking like assholes (He agrees with you, he just thinks you are going about IT all wrong) they must find more subtle ways of discounting and discouraging you.

Here are some of my favorites:

1.

YOU TAKE THINGS TOO SERIOUSLY. YOU ARE PARANOID.

1 in 3 of us are gonna get raped in our lifetimes...the threat of rape permeates every centimeter of our bodies and influences where we are able to live, work, walk and what we feel safe saying. Women comprise the majority of people who live in poverty. Women don't make as much money or get the same benefits from work that men do. We also have to deal with sexual harassment, an experience so commonplace, most of us don't even notice it anymore or have desensitized to cuz we know it'll probably never stop and is almost to be expected anyways. And so many of us are single moms too, and our dumb boyfriends and ex-husbands don't pay any child support and say that \$100 a month is just too much. Facts. Facts. Facts. Facts. You want facts, you want it in writing? facts aren't as real as watching your bestfriend cry or seeing a woman who lives in her car, carrying a coat around in the middle of the summer.

Women die. Women die of diseases that never get studied cuz no one gives a shit if we have to get our tits chopped off or are laying in our own blood screaming. AND AND AND the NIH (The National Institute of Health that is supposed to be studying diseases but is really spending poor peoples tax money to torture and mutilate animals in repetitive and non-conclusive tests) uses mostly male bodies and cells to study AIDS and cancer on cuz these men like to act like male and female bodies are the same when it's convenient for them BUT US GIRLS KNOW that its a completely different story when they see us on the street. "Nice tits. Nice legs, Nice ass." And us girls are constantly being told in a million ways that we are shit and that the way we are is somehow wrong and our bodies are dirty and we should hide the fact that we have periods and shit and fart and bleed, bleed, bleed....we should hide the fact that we have desire at all, don't let anyone know that we are not content ("smile baby") to be mindless machines programmed to serve Boy wants and needs and desires.

AND and AND WE are not the ones who're deciding who the "great" artists or writers or philosophers or musicians are either. That's fucking right, We are totally excluded from the REALM OF THE MASTERS (except those few female tokens who accept fascism in return for their entrance into the white boy toyland) and we have not even existed as artists, etc...as far as "history" is concerned.

We are totally discouraged from learning how to play instruments of fix things because in school it is "suggested" that we take Home Ec (instead of Shop) and Chorus (instead of Band) and then we get treated like we are dumb cuz we can't play Stairway to Heaven on the first try or fix our own cars.

But see, a lot of us don't even have our own cars, meaning we have to walk places....and this is horrifying cuz everyone in the world thinks they can judge us like we are in a walking talking Beauty Contest always. they always wanna comment on you, what HE thinks, what HE sees....it makes you never wanna go out and i guess that's the point. Stare Stare Stare at me, at the show, on the street, on the bus, when you pull your dumb red camaro next to my car at the light, at the AA meeting, in the classroom, the board meeting, The Peeping Tom stares in the window of your own house.

But i guess that is not enough cuz our girlsouls are very strong so they have to keep trying to crush them. We are force fed anti-female propaganda via our exclusion and misrepresentation within: Films & videos, texts, novels, discussions, oral histories, music, Tv, newspapers, college boards, classrooms, advertising, etc....We walk into video stores (many of us with our friends who can afford a Tv and VCR) only to see female bodies scantily clad, slashed, gashed, mutilated OR at the very least, clinging to some dumb looking guy, on the covers of nearly every single video.

There is no free childcare in this dumb ass country and almost all health insurance (for those of us who have it) doesn't cover anything to do with reproduction or sexually transmitted diseases. (Its your fault your female) AND even though we are almost the exclusive victims of male crimes like rape, incest and domestic violence WE are also the ones who are trained to make good victims (those highheels look so nice...YOU HAVE GOT TO BE POLITE GIRL) and NOT trained how to defend ourselves via our exclusion from contact sports and self defense in school. AND we are constantly reminded that we had better not speak out about any of thisstuff or SOMETHING BAD IS GONNA HAPPEN TO US...from The Little Red riding Hood story we learn as kids to the 14 women gunned down in Montreal, the message is clear: IF YOU STRAY FROM THE PATH OF SILENCE THE WOLF IS GONNA EAT YOU UP. Or if your a college student, maybe he'll just line you and your girlfriends up against a wall and shoot you.

I guess if i was running around telling people that the sky was falling i could understand them thinking i was being paranoid. But in a world where 4000 women a year are being murdered by the men "who love them" (heart heart heart) I don't think talking about the situation of women and girls is an "over reaction." How in the hell can someone take the severe psychic/emotional/sexual/physical abuse of over half the world, "too seriously?"

2.

YOU ARE EXCLUSIONARY AND ALIENATING TO MEN.

Well excuse me, have i hit a nerve?

I guess its hard for people who have been continually fucking excluded from everything to make their main priority BEING ACCESSIBLE to the very people who perpetuate and profit from their exclusion. Duh.

Men/boys need to open their eyes and realize that their is a severe lack of work in every media and field, made from a female perspective (not that their is one, singular, female perspective) and that it is really important that we start making things that make sense to US and to our friends.

And sure, what we make is gonna be really clouded up with its own shit, sexism, in many cases, translates to self hatred and girl competitions for male approval....and thats gonna show up in our work...as racism, classism, speciesism, heterosexism, ageism, etc....BUT if we don't at least start trying to FUCK WITH THE POWERS THAT BE (outside and inside ourselves) then we are never gonna make it to the world we are struggling so desperately to envision and create.

We have been excluded for fucking ever sa far as i'm concerned. Our voices, no matter how loud or impassioned, are still only muffled whispers as compared to the burly straight white male ones that bellow their stories and opinions into even the smallest crevice of our lives. For men to claim exclusion is totally ridiculous and insulting.

Sure, men and boys who're challenging the fact that their gender roles are sucking them dry of real life and denying them access to our sincerest forms of respect...these men are excluded, like girls/women, from most of what the mainstream and supposedly "counter" culture has to offer them....but these men also recognize our work/experiments as VALID, being our Brothers in Struggle, why would they feel excluded??????

TO THE MEN WHO DO FEEL EXCLUDED/alienated by what the grrrl revolution brings:

If you are not firmly committed to finding a way out of the pit of capitalism and all other "isms", if you are not ready to put the necessary work in, to posit yourself in history and recognize your privileges.....then maybe you feel so excluded because, as one who profits from the lie and denies it, you are excluded from true life and the revolution.....TAKE RESPONSIBILITY, DUDE....go high five your neanderthal brothers on it..... NO ONE EXCLUDED YOU, you X'd yourself.

3. TO "GO BEYOND" SEXISM.

This is the same logic that lets people say, "A woman can't be raped unless she wants to be" OR "I would never allow someone to rape me." As if those of us who've been raped, secretly wanted it, or HAD A CHOICE. As if some of us totally "get off" on being harassed or belittled or denied access to the stuff we need like jobs, etc....is if, some of us enjoy sexism, cuz we "get off" on talking about it (it's so fun afterall) or are so bored that we make this shit up.

A couple of months ago I asked my Mom how the threat of rape affected her life and she said "It Doesn't." And so I said, "Well, what about when you are, like, walking around at night by yourself?" And she replied "I would never do that." [My mother doesn't know what its like to walk down a street when its dark. My mom can't go out and look at the stars]

And Yes, women do have the ability to create environments for them/ourselves where we don't SEE or FEEL sexism as much as we could, but that does not mean that it doesn't exist. The very fact that we avoid certain situations in the first place should tell us how profoundly sexism affects our lives.

And Yes, creating situations (within our bands, our scenes, our fanzines) where we are ACTIVELY DENYING SEXISM just by refusing to accept it or let it stop us....and plowing "Straight on Thru" it, is really really important. BUT by acting like girls/women who are criticquing sexism in different ways than this, are, somehow, NOT ALLOWING THEMSELVES to "go beyond" sexism, we are obscuring the very real financial, emotional, racial, educational and cultural differences that separate us. And these differences have everything to do with what projects we are going to choose and how safe we feel about actualizing them.

Does this make sense? See, a girl who got hit by or emotionally abused by her dad whenever she said something that "upset him", might not be able to confront the sexist shit in her own life as firmly as other girls can. Or like a Woman of Color who doesn't have the same mobility, as far as jobs go, as most whitegirls do, might be a little more leary about plowing right over a sexist boss or co-worker. Maybe she will write about her experiences instead, as a way to get some power and feel in control again. And the last thing she needs is someone telling her "Why don't you just confront the person instead of always writing about it?"

This "Women could transcend sexism if they wanted to" stuff, sounds suspiciously like something a whitebusinesssuitsguy might say. "Blacks are lazy, thats why they don't have jobs. They should just pull themselves up by their bootstraps." Well, that's easy for HIM to say.

What is especially maddening about the underlying assumption that some of us CHOOSE to be affected by sexism (we like it, it gives meaning to our boring uneventful lives) is that it so often puts big rifts between us. This is where the whole "humanist" argument, comes in.

She says: "I consider myself more a Human Being than a Woman."

Its as if those of us who are openly aware of fucked up gender constructs are just "hung up" on the fact that we are female. Its like how Freud (the fucker) said that clitoral orgasms are just this immature stage girls pass thru before getting to the real mature business of heterosexual, vaginal orgasms. HE acted like us concentrating on our lives was immature and just preparation for the real task of fucking with boys....AND it's the same shit I hear in this certain argument....It's crazy that you're afeminist as long as you acknowledge that you are stuck in the past and just going thru a "phase" that will eventually become the bigger and better, more male inclusive stance of popular humanism.

LOOK! We need to trust ~~we~~ each other. We need to trust that each woman and girl is doing what she needs to do. (Even if it seems really lame) Judgements are what the straightwhitecapitalistworld makes ON US, to ignore and silence and ~~we~~ put us down. We don't have to play into it though, WE CAN RESPECT EACH OTHERS STRATEGIES EVEN THOUGH WE MIGHT NOT AGREE.

I mean, even if it is possible to transcend sexist bullshit (if only for a few minutes at a time or within our own imaginations) we cannot turn our backs on the girls/women who don't feel 'transcendence' as a viable option in their own lives.

We need each other. Discouraging words. Belittling other girls in front of boys, laughing looks...Have No Place Here. EX Dialogue Does.

Let's make girl love real, okay???

4. YOU ARE NOT REALLY A FEMINIST BECAUSE....

We live in a completely fucked up society with fucked up rules, and then when we assert the fact that we know it's fucked up and want to change the rules (or destroy them all together) We are, again, handed a whole new set of rules. What it is to be a Real Feminist.

The boys wanna tell us what a real feminist is. The girls wanna tell each other what a real feminist is.

As if we can somehow separate ourselves from the stupid society we live in, and be these perfect feminist entities, in and amongst ourselves.

Dualities. It's a man's world and THUS a feminist is the opposite of that. I, for one, have no interest in defining myself as the opposite of anything. I have been unjustly defined, the opposite of male (active, strong) for my whole life. I don't wanna define myself at all. What do i need a staid and ~~pure~~ identity for anyways?

My ideas are gonna change, my lifestyles gonna change - why can't i say i'm a feminist w/out having it measured against some unchanging thing? How can i be a Politically Correct type feminist when i have to survive in a world that doesn't even acknowledge struggle as real in any way? How can i be a PC feminist (whatever this means) when i have to eat, stay emotionally alive via my connections to other people and get my needs, somehow, met?

I AM A WALKING TALKING CONTRADICTION BECAUSE I LIVE IN A WORLD THAT TELLS ME I DON'T EXIST AND I REFUSE TO BELIEVE THIS. Inside, i know i exist and am important in my own ways but what i see outside does not match up to how i feel inside AND it gets really weird because i have to struggle to keep my insides (my soul/heart/brain) believing that i am good in the midst of all the lies i get told about myself. YOUR LOGIC IS KILLING ME BECAUSE THE ONLY WAY I CAN EXIST IS THRU CONTRADICTION.

And when He/She says that i am not a real feminist because i used to be a stripper, i reply, "Well, motherfucker, this world doesn't make any sense. But i do exist. Deal with it. Deal with my existence."

Cuz my history is more complex than feminist/non-feminist. And my ideas are more pluralistic and complex than just being PRO or ANTI on any given issue. This world is not a place where only two distinctive realities exist. Call it Yin/Yang, Right/Wrong, Male/Female, Feminist/Homemaker....I don't care what you call it. This is the 90's, give it up.

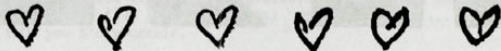
Dualities support hierarchies---which is what sexism, racism, heterosexism, speciesism, classism, etc..are all based on and supported by.

If anyone tells you/me that we are not Really Feminists then they have already missed the point (there is no point ha.ha.ha.) that we don't need anyone telling us what we are or aren't. that we are not playing by white straightboy heirarchical logic/Rules or ideas of LinearPowerControl----

WE ARE what we think we are, what we feel we are when we wake up evryday:
We are FeministSlutWhoreVirginsPsychoTrampHystericalMachoMotherxProstitutes
WithHeartsofGoldTearingDownViolentHateFuckPornographyandthenMasturbatingto
PhotosofOurselvesSittingReadingABookAloneNextToABoyWefuckBUTwhoWEdon'tREALLY
likeFALLINGinLOVEwithOURbestGIRLFRIENDstakingOFFfourCLOTHESandPUTTINGthemBACK
onBEINGquietYELLINGsoLOUDpushingTHEwallsALLdownTILLtheyAREsweatingandbleeding
FEMMEbutchsONmotorscotterHARLEYSscarryingGUNSandBULLETholstersFULLofLIPSTICK
HYPOCRIBRATSthatchooseChooseCHOOSEnotTORuleORMakeRULES,okay?

I am a feminist cuz i know that the soul of every girl matters.

5. YOU'RE JUST BORED. YOU ARE INVENTING THE PROBLEM BY TALKING ABOUT IT SO MUCH.



#1 A lot of really cool punk rock was invented cuz the kids were rebelling against (you guessed it) BOREDOM.

#2 If talking about sexism is making sexism exist- I guess we should close down all the rape relief centers, cuz obviously, they are creating rape. Smart.

#3 A lot of times boys would expect me to give 'em head when we're having sex but then they'd never reciprocate, you know, by going down on me. And this sucks cuz i really like getting oral sex done on me and for years i tried to E.S.P. this message to boys i fucked, but they never got it. There was this whole deal, like, you can't talk about sex cuz it'll ruin it. So then i thought, ruin it? Ruin it for who? By not saying anything i'm not getting what i want AND if me saying "i like it when you lick my pussy" is gonna RUIN sex for them, then obviously, HE doesn't give a shit about me getting pleasure and why would i be having sex with a jerk like that anyways! SO now i tell boys and girls what i want and then i know what's going on with them and they with me. Why would i stop talking about ~~sexism~~ what my needs are, in bed or outta bed? Talking about things doesn't make things worse, only better, i've found.

#4 The Boredoms are a really great band from Japan, check them out.

6 •

YOU ARE JUST TRYING TO BE POLITICAL.

And you, are just trying to be a motherfucker and shut me up. WELL, it's not gonna work, cuz, Number One, what is so bad about being political? And Number two, when you say "trying to be" that implies that i am not really AND who makes you the judge of what is Real and what is Not? And, Number Three, EVERYTHING IS POLITICAL.

Okay, so there is this one person who makes this painting of these pretty flowers and then there's this other person who is female and makes a painting of a big cunt with blood flowing all out of it and at the bottom the words are etched in serafic blood letters "i am prostitute and proud of it." Now when these paintings get hung up next to each other everyone says that the girl who made the cunt painting is "just trying to be political" and they want to know what she thinks shes doing and who the hell she thinks she is AND the problem is that this girl is in the bathroom crying because this image was tied up in her soul and even though she was scared, she put it out anyways and then everyone's all saying how beautiful the guy's dumb flower painting is and giving her dirty looks. WHEN SHE LOOKS AT THE PAINTING OF THE FLOWERS SHE IS REMINDED THAT A LOT OF PEOPLE JUST DON'T CARE THAT WOMEN DIE because she knows that the flower painting is just as "political" as her cunt is, she knows this cuz, hard as it maybe for some people to understand, SHE IS OFFENDED BY APATHY.

See, a lot of us who are into revolution have to tolerate boring Denial laden images and music and words out loud, all the time. BUT as soon as we make anything that is in anyway connected to anything real, as soon as we make something that actually makes some sort of sense besides "nice" sense, "pretty" sense or "hang above your couch" sense, WE are called "political". I guess if your into the existing system and don't give a fuck about the fact that a lot of people are getting seriously fucked with in this world, if you find yourself reinforcing the status quo as a matter of habit, then YOU are considered political and everyone whose a threat to you is, oh no, no, please not that word, political. I guess what you are doing is normal because people smile at you, well, YOUR NORMAL IS NOT OUR NORMAL MR. FLOWER PAINTER, there are so many things to do, you are wasting our time.

How can we not lash out at the anti-change faction??? It's a matter of our survival. How can we pretend we don't live in a society that completely tolerates terrorism, such as rape as a "necessary evil" in order to keep women oppressed and afraid and make things stay the same? How can we pretend that we haven't watched our mothers stifle themselves before they say something that might not fit into Dad's Grand Scheme? How often have we clenched our fists after being harassed on the street and known that their is nothing we can do and that it will never ever stop? MY LIFE IS POLITICAL. To be a person who is unsatisfied and willing to organize around that dissatisfaction, is to be political. To be a girl who knows the word SLUT is a pile of fucking shit, is to be political. To be a kid who cuts school cuz it seems so disconnect and stupid and unreal as compared to REAL LIFE, is to be political.

The revolution is about resistance and imagining a world where resistance is a constant part of life yet largely unnecessary because THERE IS ROOM FOR EVERYONE... this is the way that the band i'm in and the girl who made the flower painting are political. Apathy is just another political choice. So, in essence, saying i'm political is redundant, since everything is political in one or another. And besides you really can't judge me cuz you don't really know me and no one who did would say something so mean cuz i am a really nice person. And And And also....NEXT.

WHAT YOU ARE DOING IS
SEXIST TOWARDS MEN.



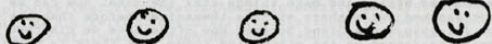
Our culture is based on the idea that there are only two ways to be (in any given situation) IN CONTROL or OUT CONTROL, THE FUCKED or THE FUCKER, person WHO KNOWS WHO THEY ARE or someone in process of AN IDENTITY CRISIS. Our society trains us to be so anti-confrontational cuz we think this means no person (usually the CONFRONTER) is "right" and the other (CONTRONTERD) must be "wrong". We are afraid of arguing cuz we see everything in terms of WINNING/LOSING instead of in terms of understanding each other.

This is where the idea of reverse sexism came from. men get threatened by feminists cuz they think we are accusing them of being "wrong" instead of trying to help them understand how WE feel about things and see our points of view on things. We want them to empathize with us so that they can change those behaviors of theirs that are hurting us. We need to move beyond this archaic concentration on blame and move on, towards change. It seems in most conversations about sexism, men wanna immediately take the focus off of how sexism affects women and put it onto how feminism affects men. And once again, men are placed in the middle of the action, as the central characters, his needs come first, you know? So, essentially, the cry of "reverse sexism" is just another form of sexism. He's making a judgement, he thinks we do everything to affect, offend, push his buttons, never for our own sakes. We are obviously screaming, he thinks, to hurt his ears, not because we are, genuinely, in serious pain.

If a guy starts saying you are reverse sexist, he is obviously threatened by what you are doing. he's threatened cuz he thinks theres only two ways to be, powerful or powerless. He assumes you asserting your right to experiment, fuck around, have fun and scream when you gotta, is an attempt to take power away from him. he assumes you wanna "switch places" with him. he knows you get treated like shit, he knows he gets advantages from your supposed feelings of inferiority (it makes him feel like a big man) he's craving REVENGE, girlfriend. His fear of "reverse sexism" is basically an imitation, on his part, that he knows you get treated like shit and he does not want to switch places with you.

Power+Prejudice=Oppression

It is not possible for oppressed people to turn around and "oppress" cuz we don't have the power, economic power, weapon power, confidence power, media power. And yes we are mad...we have damn good reasons to be mad. But why do so many people assume that people who have lived thru this shit want to turn around and "do it" to them? I mean. is this guilty conscious stuff, what? The assumption that because someone is Pro-girl means that they are anti-male is stupid, insulting and LAME. Why is the emphasis always put on how a feminist feels about men and not on how she feels about herself and other men. We talk about men all the time and the fucking second we start talking about ourselves, it gets turned around on us, and again, we are talking about men. And also, while i'm at it....instead of telling me my anger is a sign of reverse sexism, why not inquire into the larger system which forces us to protect ourselves and thus, be leery of men??? Why not ask WHY DO THEY OPPRESS US instead of always asking WHY DO WE RESIST. Of course we will resist, and of course we are pissed off. Duh.



DON'T WORRY BE HAPPY!!!!!!

Hey little angel, why the long face?
Don't take it so serious, lighten up, you should smile more often, thats right, it'll make you feel better.

You want no reminder that i am sad. that i have damn good reasons to be sad
pissed off scared. My girlfriend is crying cuz you left her for someone
who had a tighter ass, no stretchmarks, was quiet, aqulescent, agreeable.

Thi
li
She
min
it

Don't tell me to be happy motherfucker.

I saw a tee shirt today at the store. It came in large and extra large sizes. There were ten of them, hanging there, dark black with white letters. I imagined some girl's boyfriend coming home in one. SHUT UP BITCH written across each one.

Don't tell me to be happy motherfucker.

I listen to you all the time. Your worries and your troubles are the stuff that is like breathing. The stuff so often repeating that it sounds like a ticking clock or a real live heart. Yet i'm the one who is told i talk to much.

Axl Rose is on MTV. The image is like this: Guns-n-Roses are performing an acoustic set for a gradeschool assembly. Axl is singing these words, "I used to love her, but I had to kill her. I had to put her six feet under." The kids are laughing. Little girls are sitting on the floor at his feet, laughing.

I am making such a big deal outta nothing. I'm sorry. Sorry. Sorry. I'm so sorry.

You never state how you feel and say maybe if i was more like you i would just deal with things "inside" more often, and "by myself". But see, being silent to you means safety, to me it means being gagged.

"Smile princess."

Why do you always ask me why i'm not smiling, you don't really wanna know.

I WANNA KNOW WHY ITS IN YOUR BEST INTEREST THAT I ACT LIKE EVERYTHING IS OKAY. ITS NOT, ITS NOT OKAY. I AM NOT OKAY.

I guess its not enough that i accept the evil sexist dumb commodity bullshit that eats up my true life and threatens to engulf me in fear and drain me of all hope....you want me to TAKE IT WITH A SMILE too.

No.

9.

BUT I KNOW A GIRL WHO LIED ABOUT BEING RAPED....

This is also called 'Passing the exception to the Rule off as The Rule.' Mainstream movies (propaganda) are really good at this one. Take the movie, FATAL ATTRACTION, for example. Okay, so like, 99.9% of all abusers/harassers in heterosexual relationships are male and then this movie comes out where this woman is running around totally scaring this man and wrecking his whole white and married and middle class thing. And like EVERYONE had their fuckin dog goes to see this movie and i am very upset cuz i know it is an evil force in the world and that men are just gonna use it as more fuel. You know, if we don't keep those crazy lying bitches down, look at all the havoc they'll cause.

The Dangerous Woman. We are so evil, oh yea. Well who are the real rapists, child molesters, serial killers and general bullies in our society anyways? Who are the real people in power???

they take the total freak aberration and play it on every channel, Donahue has a special on women who beat up their husbands, cuz there has just gotta be a reason why women are oppressed, cuz guilty conscious' have to go somewhere, cuz men¹⁰ to make themselves afraid of us enough to justify their violence AND there stupid ways of thinking (evil lying women, you just can't trust 'em) cuz without this propaganda it would be harder to not SEE whats really going on.

So, yes, some women have had to 'lie' about rape to save their own asses....like when it was illegal (hangable) to have sex with a Black man and when an interracial affair got caught women would be put in the position of either saying it was rape or getting killed or like, sometimes white men would USE women to get Black guys lynched and FORCE them to tell lies under threats to their own safety. And all this sucks so totally bad BUT these are the exceptions.

A woman or a girl might also 'lie', not about THE FACT that she was raped but about who did it cuz it might be safer to say a stranger did it (the courts understand rape as an aberration where a big scary evil guy comes limping from the darkness to "take" a damsel, okay?) than to tell the truth that it was DAD or uncle henry or joe bob captain of the football team, or the whole football team including the coach or the rich doctor who everyone loves and respects and no one can imagine doing such a thing. (Evil lying whore bitch)

So, yea, when you quote these exceptions to me as reasons why "Maybe i'm going a little overboard with this whole rape thing, afterall women are really bad and fucked up too", ALLS I HAVE TO SAY TO YOU IS THAT WOMEN DON'T LIE ABOUT GETTING RAPED, WE DON'T CALL CRISIS LINES CUZ ITS FUN AND WE DON'T GET OUR JOLLIES BY BEING HUMILIATED BY THE COURT SYSTEM OR SCARY MUSTACHE CPs WHO WANNA MAKE US FEEL LIKE HELPLESS LITTLE VIRGIN GIRLS OR DESRVING WHORES The only reason you would go talking about an exception as if it is the rule is cuz you will look for any thing, anything, anything to support your misogyny and justify YOUR fear/hatred of me and the other girls.

YOUR FEAR, not mine.

COMPLAIN, COMPLAIN, COMPLAIN.....

AT LEAST YOU DON'T HAVE IT AS BAD AS

- 
- a) women used to
 - b) people of color
 - c) women in other countries

I had this job for like 4 years at this LIBeral typy college and when i voiced some anger about getting treated like a lackey all the time and not shown any kind of respect or appreciation, ever....i was told, 'Well in the REAL world you'd be treated much worse, so you should be thankful to even get treated this good.'

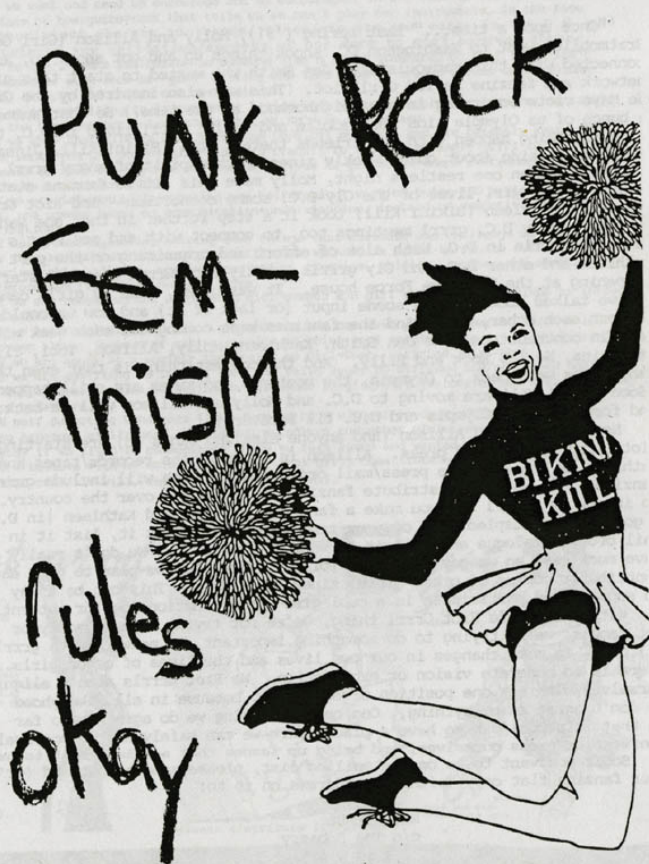
And i was like "God thanks for totally not even listening to me."
Cuz all i was saying was "look you all are hurting my feelings and making me feel bad when i'm at work" and no one could address that, they just defended themselves and ignored what i was really saying.

Its like i am trying to make my life better by sticking up for myself and it gets turned into this thing like, you are being completely self serving, and, at least you don't have a spinal cord injury, at least our not a Black Lesbian in a wheelchair, at least you even have a job.

its like people think of oppression as a test you can either pass or fail. Okay, you get one point for being poor, one more for being female, ut oh no, you score a negative one for being white and able bodied

and.....I'm sorry but it just doesn't work that way. I mean, addi
nice when your counting your fingers or toes but not when your trying
to talk about what it feels like to be hungry or lied to or treated
like shit or beat up. If organizing around my own issues is somehow
wrong cuz there are other people who are in situations that are even
more life damaging then me, then i am wrong.

Cuz, see, i talk/write about girlstuff so much cuz i am a whitegirl
and i am not really into trying to speak for other people or species
although i am becoming a better and better listener. I mean, me writin
about this stuff in this zine doesn't mean i think girl oppression is
any more important or pressing than racial or species or sexual oppres
Its just that i need to organize around what i know and support others
to do the same cuz i can't speak for everyone but i do see all this
shit as connected.



riot grrrrl

RIOT GRRRL... Believe in me!

"Once upon a time..." last spring ('91), Molly and Allison (Girl Germs, Bratmobile) went to Washington DC, shook things up and got shook up, and connected with this radsoulsister Jen Smith who wanted to start this girl network and fanzine called Girl Riot. (This was also inspired by the Cinco de Mayo riots occurring in her neighborhood at the time.) So that summer a bunch of us Olympia kids (Bratmobile and Bikini Kill) lived in D.C. to make something happen with our friends there. Tobi (Bikini Kill, Jigsaw) had been talking about doing weekly zines in the spirit of angry grrrl zine-scene, and then one restless night, Molly made this little fanzine stating vents in the girl lives of the Oly-D.C. scene connection-- and Riot Grrrl as born. Kathleen (Bikini Kill) took it a step further in that she wanted to have weekly D.C. grrrl meetings too, to connect with and see what's up with the grrrls in D.C. With alot of effort and organizing on the part of Kathleen and other D.C. and Oly grrrls, weekly Riot Grrrl meetings started appearing at the Positive Force house. It was great, like 20 girls came and we talked about female scene input (or lack of it) and how we could support each other, etc. And the fanzines kept coming out each week with certain contributors like Jen Smith, Kathleen, Molly, Allison, Tobi, Tiffany, Kristina, Ne Sk8 Rock and Billy. And the coolest thing is that even though any of us went back to Olympia, the meetings and zines are still happening. Soon Bikini Kill are moving to D.C. and Molly and Allison will be back and forth between Olympia and D.C. til forever.)

Now Kathleen and Allison (and anyone else who wants to) are starting Riot Grrrl records and press. Allison is gonna do the records/tapes and Kathleen is gonna do the press/mail order stuff, which will include grrrl fanzines. We want to distribute fanzines by girls all over the country. > if you're a girl and you make a fanzine, you can send Kathleen (in D.C.) a good flat unstapled copy of your zine so she can xerox it, list it in the mail order catalogue and mail it to whoever orders it. We don't really have much cash so we can't pay you for your zine, but we plan to give each contributor copies of other girls' zines. Cool deal. This can be a way to support and participate in a cool girl network nationwide (or interntl?)

With this whole Riot Grrrl thing, we're not trying to make money or get famous; we're trying to do something important, to network with grrrls all over, to make changes in our own lives and the lives of other girls. There is no concrete vision or expectation. We Riot Grrrls aren't aligning ourselves with any one position or consensus, because in all likelihood we don't agree on everything. One concrete thing we do agree on so far is that it's cool/fun to have a place where we can safely and supportively confront, express ourselves, and bring up issues that are important to us.

So if you want to be on the mailing list, please send a postcard (or our fanzine flat copy) with your address on it to:

RIOT GRRRL
c/o The Embassy
3217 19th St. NW
Washington DC 20010

Riot Grrrl is.....

BECAUSE us girls crave records and books and fanzines that speak to US, that WE feel included in and can understand in our own ways.

BECAUSE we wanna make it easier for girls to see/hear each other's work so that we can share strategies and criticize-applaud each other.

BECAUSE we must take over the means of production in order to create our own meanings.

BECAUSE viewing our work as being connected to our girlfriends-politics-real lives is essential if we are gonna figure out how what we are doing impacts, reflects, perpetuates, or DISRUPTS the status quo.

BECAUSE we recognize fantasies of Instant Macho Gun Revolution as impractical lies meant to keep us simply dreaming instead of becoming our dreams AND THUS seek to create revolution in our own lives every single day by envisioning and creating alternatives to the bullshit christian capitalist way of doing things.

BECAUSE we want and need to encourage and be encouraged, in the face of all our own insecurity in the face of beergutboyrock that tells us we can't play our instruments, in the face of "authorities" who say our bands/'zines/etc are the worst in the U.S. and who attribute any validation/success of our work to girl bandwagon hype.

BECAUSE we don't wanna assimilate to someone else's (boy) standards of what is or isn't "good" music or punk rock or "good" writing AND THUS need to create forums where we can recreate, destroy and define our own visions.

BECAUSE we are unwilling to falter under claims that we are reactionary "reverse sexists" and not the truepunkrockscoutcrusaders that WE KNOW we really are.

BECAUSE we know that life is much more than physical survival and are patently aware that the punk rock "you can do anything" idea is crucial to the coming angry grrrl rock revolution which seeks to save the psychic and cultural lives of girls and women everywhere, according to their own terms, not ours.

BECAUSE we are interested in creating non-hierarchical ways of being AND making music, friends, and scenes based on communication+understanding, instead of competition+good/bad categorizations.

BECAUSE doing/reading/seeing/hearing cool things that validate and challenge us can help us gain the strength and sense of community that we need in order to figure out how bullshit like racism, able-bodilism, ageism, speciesism, classism, thinism, sexism, anti-semitism and heterosexism figures in our own lives.

BECAUSE we see fostering and supporting girl scenes and girl artists of all kinds as integral to this process.

BECAUSE we hate capitalism in all its forms and see our main goal as sharing information and staying alive, instead of making profits or being cool according to traditional standards.

BECAUSE we are angry at a society that tells us Girl=Dumb, Girl=Bad, Girl=Weak

BECAUSE we are unwilling to let our real and valid anger be diffused and/or turned against us via the internalization of sexism as witnessed in girl/girl jealousies and self defeating girltype behaviors.

BECAUSE self defeating behaviors (like fucking boys without condoms, drinking to excess, ignoring true-soul girlfriends, belittling ourselves and other girls, etc...) would not be so easy if we lived in communities where we felt loved and wanted and valued.

BECAUSE i believe with my hotheartmindbody that girls constitute a revolutionary soul force that can, and will, change the world for real.

riot grrrl

P.I.
XO XO

JUL 1991

riot grrrl is
a free weekly
mini-zine. please
read and dis-
tribute to your
pals.

XO XO

-XO XO



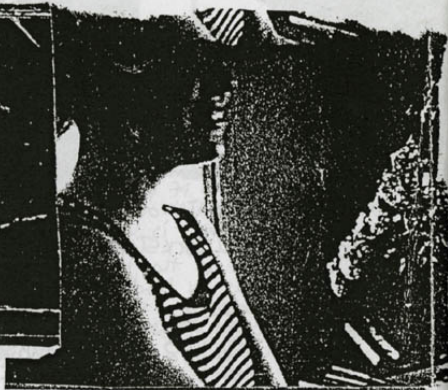
please distribute freely

#3

riot grrrl
a free weekly
mini-zine.

please
read and dis-
tribute to your







LYRICS

Resist Psychic Death

Your world, not mine
Your world, not ours
Your world, not mine
I will resist with every inch
and every breath
I will resist psychic death
I will resist with every inch
and every breath
I will resist psychic death

There's more than two ways of knowing
There's more than one way of thinking
There's more than two ways of being
There's more than four ways of going somewhere

Silence inside of me
Silence inside of me
Silence inside
Inside silence
Silence in me
Silence inside of me
Silence inside

I will resist with every inch
and every breath
I will resist psychic death

Male Approval, NOT

Don't need you to say i'm okay
Don't need you to tell me i'm cool
Don't need you to tell me i'm pretty
I'm no hole for your spoge
Don't need you
Don't need you
Us girls
Don't need you
Don't need you to tell us we're good
Don't need you to say we suck
Don't need you to tell us we're cute
We don't need your dick to fuck

Does it scare you,
That we don't need you,
Does it scare you,
That we don't need you??????

L'il Red Riding Blitch

These are my tits, yeah
And this is my ass
And these are my legs
Watch them walk, fucking, away
These are my long red nails
The better to scratch out your eyes.

(i do know somethings, i do know)

You are not the victim
Tho you'd like to make it that way
Pretty girls all gather round
To hear your side of things

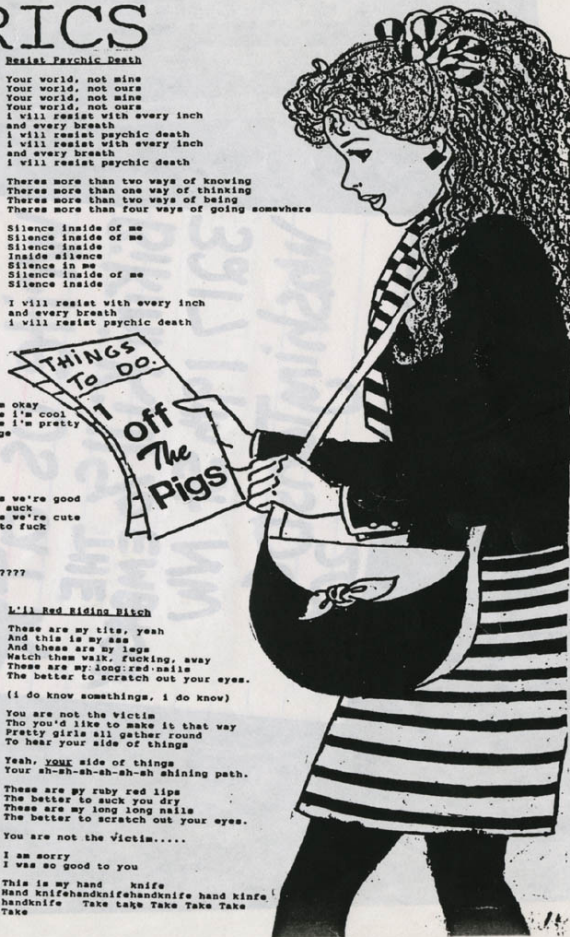
Yeah, YOUR side of things
Your sh-sh-sh-sh-sh shining path.

These are my ruby red lips
The better to suck you dry
These are my long long nails
The better to scratch out your eyes.

You are not the victim.....

I am sorry
I was so good to you

This is my hand knife
Hand knifehandknifehandknife hand knife
handknife Take take Take Take Take
Take



heavens to betsy
p.o. box 7842
olympia, wa 98507



July 4, 1993

hello there this is Corin and you might think it is really lame to be getting a newsletter but we have so much mail we cannot deal. we would have our personal secretary write you a note on our letterhead (ha ha) but instead we spend our time working shitty jobs and being tired and worrying about money and sometimes maybe once a week getting together and actually doing this band thing which is TRULY living. if we don't try and create something better than the shitty jobs or the corporatwhitesupremacist sexistUSA around us then we have nothing but it. THAT is why creating thinking dialogue rock band is life to me. i can't sing and be numb. i can do most other things numb 'cause i have to but not singing creating. so to all the girls out there singing creating and FUCKING SHIT UP -ooooo the letters we have gotten have been inspirational to me. sometimes when we get paid so little (like \$5 for a show) for our work and have so little time and \$ equipment to work with it really makes me want to quit. getting a letter from a girl in whose life we make a small difference makes my day. thank you....

.....so now for the news part of the newsletter....

H2B +HRAT SUMMER TOUR PART TWO XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
July 7 Portland, OR KX-ray cafe
July 8 Olympia, WA Capitol Theatre
July 9 Bellingham, WA
yep, these are our shows. we love to rock you.

*****other things going on with us*****
THESE MONSTERS ARE REAL.... 7" on Kill Rook Stars
four songs three bucks
we are very proud of this
record and we sell it cheap!
you can order it from: Kill Rook Stars!
120 NE State St. #418
Olympia, WA 98501

we have a song on the Yoyo Julep Compilation (number 2)
it's called "she's the one" (our song that is) other bands
include Lync, Brattonville, Tattle T'le, Slant 6 Tiger Trap
and Adickidid...

you can write....

Yoyo Recordings
p.o. box 10081
Olympia, WA 98502
USA

*****more projects*****

WE HAVE T.-shirts!!!! yeah, t-shirts and they have the cool design on the front of this newsletter only the sign from the gun says heavens to betsy. they are way cool. so you can order one for \$5 dollars or if you have a favorite shirt you ~~if~~ want it silkscreened on then you can send us that and \$1111 \$2.50, make checks out to: Corin Tucker. our address: p.o. box 7842 Olympia Wa 98507

something else i (Corin) have made is a film. it's called... "a riot grrrl tells her own story" it's seven minutes long super-8 and audio transferred to video. the film is me talking about riot grrrl, corporate media and racism. you can order it and watch it with your girlfriends, talk about it and tell me what you think. send \$5 dollars and a VHS video tape to Corin Tucker p.o. box 7842. 2-3 weeks delivery

~~~~~next weekend we are recording . hopefully we will have a full-length LP sometime, we'll let you know!

\*\*\*\*\*other things to check out\*\*\*\*\*

riot grrrl & press is soon coming out with a nationwide catalogue of girl fanzines. really amazing. you can write: Erika Feinstein and May Summer p.o. box 1375 Arlington, VA 22210

...numb to nothing is a record label that uses dumpster-dived (dove?) recycled tapes, the tape is a compilation to benefit the Washington Freedom Coalition, which is fighting anti-queer groups like the OCA and the CAN, conservative "citizens alliance" that are queer-hating. The Oca had made it illegal to be gay in Springfield, OR and Wilsonville, OR. FUCK THEM!!!!!! H2B has an ANGEWS live song on this tape along with MANY OTHER RAD BANDS too many to mention. send \$5 dollars to: Dan Hanson and Isaac Brock. p.o. box 7454 Olympia, Wa 98507.

\*\*\*\*\*

thanks again for your letter. i have written fan letters all my life. to get one from a rad girl is a beautiful thing. i don't have any secret revolutionary doctrine or opde language for you. i do think we should try and continue to talk to each f other, and to question the bullshit, the racism, the sexism the corporations around us and especially inside us.

XXXXXXXXXXXX, Corin



# SLUT.

"By sticking together and saying we don't like being called names and shit, we can change things. We can help each other out. If we are willing to take the risk."

"Lots of girls get bad reputations."

✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱

"Remember that bad comments hurt as much or more than getting hit or kicked. Bullies hurt, so do words."

"Think about how you feel about this stuff."

"Talk to your friends about what they think a 'slut' is."

Things you can do:

Usually SLUT is a put down meaning that a girl has sex, likes sex, or has sex with lots of different people.

It is also a very easy way to hurt a girls feelings.



- Why are people afraid that a girl would "like" sex?
- Why is it anyone's business who a girl sleeps with anyways?

## WHY AREN'T BOYS CALLED SLUTS?

I am writing this because I was one of "those girls" (a slut) in high school. I remember living in fear of someone saying "that word" around me, always fearing it, afraid it could be just around the corner.

I got my bad reputation because I told this guy I didn't like him and he wanted to look cool in front of his friends so he told everyone he fucked me and that I was this total sleaze who liked all this weird shit and would "do it" with anyone, etc... REGARDLESS, who gave him the power to MAKE or BREAK my reputation?

## BEFORE YOU USE THE WORD SLUT Think

about a time when someone spread a rumor about you, insulted your body or hurt your feelings. If you're really mad at a girl you could write her a note or tell her **in person**. That is a lot more courageous than stabbing her in the back anyways. Destroying her reputation just feeds into the same system that gives other people the RIGHT to JUDGE you UNFAIRLY.

For more information or to talk to a counselor call Safepac #154-6300

WE ALL HAVE DIFFERENT THINGS WE THINK ABOUT AND NEED TO DEAL WITH. THE PROBLEM IS THAT THERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT PEOPLE DON'T SEEM TO WANT TO HEAR ABOUT. THEY ACT LIKE IF A GIRL TALKS ABOUT CERTAIN THINGS, SHE'S NOT BEING "POLITE". WE WANT TO START A GROUP WHERE GIRLS CAN SAY WHAT EVER THEY WANT. IT WILL BE FREE TO GO TO AND WE'LL PROVIDE BUS \$\$\$ IF ANYONE NEEDS IT. THERE WILL BE WOMEN THERE WHO ARE TRAINED AS COUNSELORS AND KNOW STUFF ABOUT RAPE, EMOTINAL/PHYSICAL VIOLENCE, DECISION MAKING METHODS ETC....THE WOMEN WILL BE THERE TO HELP GET THINGS GOING AT FIRST, BUT THE IDEA IS THAT, ULTIMATELY, THE GIRLS IN THE GROUP WILL MAKE IT THEIR OWN THING. PLEASE COME TO SEE IF YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN HELPING THE GROUP FORM, BRING YOUR IDEAS AND OTHER GIRLS WHO MIGHT WANT TO COME. THANKS

flip me →



★ ★ ★  
MAY 15th

at The Oly. Comm. Center

222 Columbia St.

3-5pm

Room 202

(Next to the downtown fire station)



Girl  
Talk

HAVE YOU SEEN ME?

"What Degenerate Created this Abortion?"





# Gunk is Junk

Aaaaaah!!! it's GUNK.... finally once again in your grubby little hands. So it's taken me a hella long time to put this issue out, seems like a century... What can i say the laziness kicked in. I almost decided that I wasn't gonna do this anymore and i joined briefly with the masses and became a slacker. But, here am up in your face again coming from the stinky filthy depths of suburbia... I've sorta come to the harsh realities that being a 'zinester aint all it's cracked up to be... it gets really annoying and almost haunting especially when I keep getting letters from people requesting 'zines issues that I no longer have. But nonethel it is also totally rewarding, because I get to hear all these good ideas and communicate with all these totally interesting sorts of people who are doing and seeing all kinds of great stuff. I guess alot people inspire me regardless if they know it or not. These people have given me that extra kick in the booty that has kept me working on this issue. If you have been a faithful GUNK reader you will notice GUNK has changed alot since the first issue, which looked like it was put together in about 15 minutes. I love that issue, it cracks me up completely. I was so excited about doing a 'zine that I kinda forget that it also has to be intelligible. But o' well Progression has been on my mind lately and I'm trying to really progress with things I'm doing, so I don't grow bored and dissatisfied... which for me is totally all tooo common.

As you may be able to tell by this issue the genuine feel I've been getting as I've been compiling stuff to put into this issue has been very weird. Alot of unmatched puzzle pieces have been floating around inside my skull and I'm starting to put them together even though I'm sure some of them are mismatched but I've learned that mismatched puzzle pieces are really essential. Maybe you don't understand that comparision... what I'm saying is that it's alright to be a completely at odds with yourself sometimes... it works for me atleast.

SSH! that's me on the front cover when I was about 8 or 9)  
I desperately wanted to be in the Jackson Five

So what's up with the GUNK crew? As you may know this zine was originally gonna be all about skateboarding... But as fate would have it we broadened our horizons. Nana and Stacey Gunk are bein' total and utter slackers not contributing much of any effort into this so what can I tell ya this seems like it's really only me now sitting wasting (?????????) my time. Speaking of time don'tcha just hate it? I'm so glad I don't wear a watch or else I'd be even more of a paranoid schizophrenic... I'm only seventeen and I'm in constant dilemma about how much time I have to do all this stuff. Fuck, it's so stupid the concept of time should be annihilated. The last issue was finished during the summer and alot has gone on since then. The summer was pret-

ty fun, filled with traveling adventures and sun filled days. Now its winter and the weather sucks and skateboarding sessions unfortunately have been at an all time stand still sad... sad... so I want the summer to be here Now!!!! Okay, this intro was way tooo long, but it's saturday night and I don't have anymore friends (becuz I killed them shhh!) and

I'm bored and I want you all to feel really sorry for me. yeah right you will? ? Deep down inside your all a bunch of little apathetic bastards, I can see right through ya, your not fooling me no more sreee bob!

PROGRESSION

love,  
Ramdasha

write to me: Gunk /Ramdasha  
16 lord stirring r.d.  
Basking Ridge N.J.  
07920

Gunk #5 will be \$1.00 and 2 stamps  
(same cost as this issue.)

IN YOUR DREAMS DASHA



I'm laughing so hard it  
doesn't look like I'm  
laughing anymore...

I'm humming really loud  
along with a couple other thousand people,  
I'm trying to drown out the sound  
of myself and everyone else.

I laugh sometimes when  
things aren't very funny, it's a nervous  
laughter because I sometimes don't  
know what else  
to do. When  
situations escape  
me to a point  
where I've lost  
control, I  
laugh. But  
lately, I've  
stopped laugh-  
ing and I'm  
starting to get a  
grip on things.

I  
used to laugh at  
this whole  
white bread  
punk rock  
scene, but now  
I'm not laugh-  
ing as much as  
I'm getting  
more annoyed.  
I swear every  
punk show I go  
to I'm usually the only person of color  
in the joint and nobody seems to even  
question this or even seem to mind. I  
think my friend Beth was telling me that  
somebody said that punks were the  
"white niggers". What exactly does this  
mean? I guess it means that punks, like  
African Americans often reflect what  
a lot of people don't want to see. They  
don't want to see the result of their  
oppressive society. Punks are revolting  
against a society that has repressed per-  
sonal expression, which has intern re-  
sulted in the way of a lot of them (us???)

ress and act etc... Whereas in the case of  
African Americans their (our????) opres-  
sion has resulted in poverty, lack of educa-  
tion, and low self-images. But, what this  
concept of "white nigger" fails to realize is  
that white punks couldn't possibly come  
close to the stigma that is attached and as-  
sociated with African Americans. White  
kids in general regardless if they are punks  
or not can get away with having green mo-  
hawks and pierced lips 'cause no matter  
how much they deviated from the norms of  
society their whiteness always shows

through. For in-  
stance, I'll go  
out somewhere  
with my friends  
who all look  
equally as wierd  
as me, but say  
we get hassled  
by the cops for  
skating or some-  
thing. That cop  
is going to re-  
member my face  
a lot clearer than  
say one of my  
white girl-  
friends. I can  
just hear him  
now... "Yeah  
there was this  
black girl  
w/pink hair and  
two other girls"

An-

other true to life exampl would be when I  
used to be friends with this boy and he  
kinda got a crush on me. He was a white  
boy and his mom was ultra conservative.  
She didn't mind so much that I was friends  
w/him, but as soon as she found out that he  
wanted to be more than friends she immedi-  
ately said: "I don't want you hanging  
around with that BLACK\* girl. (note that  
she didn't say I don't want you hanging  
around that green-haired-shaved-head-too-  
many holes-in-her-ear- girls ... she said  
BLACK\* girl) You see, she could handle  
the way I looked, but she drew the line





when the onset that my "blackness" might get a tad too close to her blond haired- blue-eyed- prize-possession. Well, I'm not friends with this boy anymore.. turns out some how he never got any of my phone calls when his mom answered the telephone and none of my letters seemed to find him either. Go figure. Oh! yeah here's an even better tidbit of informatin, his mother is a teacher at my highschool, so consequently when I pass her in the hallways. she greets me with a big fat guey smile. Ha! Ha! Isn't this so Funny???? -Dash

black /'blæk/ adj [ME *blak*, fr. OE *blac*; prob. akin to OHG *blach*, L *flagrare* to burn, Gk *phlegain*] (bef. 12c) 1 a: of the color black b (1): very dark in color (his face was ~ with rage) (2): having a very deep or low register (a bass with a ~ voice) (3): HEAVY, SERIOUS (the play was a ~ intrigue) 2 a: having dark skin, hair, and eyes; SWARTHY (a ~ Irishman) b (1): of or relating to a group or race characterized by dark pigmentation; esp: of or relating to the Negro race (~ Americans) (2): of or relating to the African American people or culture (~ literature) (~ theater) (~ pride) 3: dressed in black 4: DIRTY, SOILED (hands ~ with grime) 5 a: characterized by the absence of light (a ~ night) b: reflecting or transmitting little or no light (~ water) c: served without milk or cream (~ coffee) 6 a: thoroughly sinister or evil; *black* (a ~ deed) b: indicative of condemnation or discredit (got a ~ mark for being late) 7: connected with or invoking the supernatural and esp. the devil (~ magic) 8 a: a very sad, gloomy, or calamitous (~ despair) b: marked by the occurrence of disaster (~ Friday) 9: characterized by hostility or angry discontent; SULLEN (~ resentment filled his heart) 10 chiefly Brit: subject to boycott by trade-union

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# **MORE SCARY PROOF THAT AMERICANS ARE RACIST\*:**

**62% of non-blacks believe African-Americans are more likely to "prefer to live off welfare."**

**56% of non-blacks believe African-Americans are more violent than whites.**

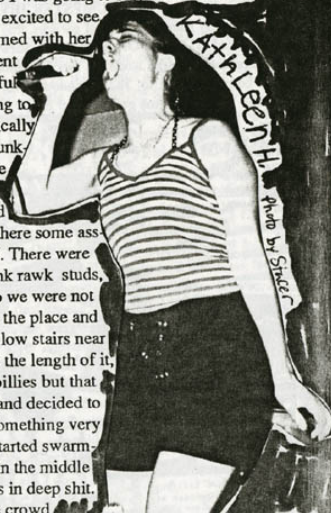
**53% of non-blacks believe African-Americans are less intelligent than whites.**

\*From a survey by the University of Chicago's National Opinion Research Center

# Riot Girl Convention Summer '92

Day #1

So I had heard about this happening for awhile, but I sorta forgot about it until MRR ran the add, it showed that the convention was coming up real soon. At the time I was in Tucson, Arizona being really bored and lonely 'cuz I have no friends there... I called up Stacer Gunk, she recently had been kicked out of her house, so she was staying in Philly w/ her mom. I told her about the convention and she and I concurred that it would be probably a fun thing to go to. Considering my summer had been very unproductive and it was looking like it was gonna be staying that way, I decided to shell out the cash and take a freaking plane to D.C. Stacer took a train. I had called the positive force house a couple days earlier to hook up a place for us to stay. They got us person who was so kind to let us stay with them and eat their food. When I arrived in D.C. I had to take the Metro, which is like a sort of subway system to this place in Maryland which is right out side of D.C. When I got there the girl Sarah who I was going to stay with came and picked me up along with Stacey who I was very excited to see. When Stacey and I got to Sarah's house we jammed with her 'cuz she plays drums (rad!) then later on... we went to this big park thing in D.C. where all these awful live bands were playing and nobody was listening to them. This place gave me the creeps it was basically this huge punk rawk hang-out where all these punks hung out and socialized. Maybe it was all the dumb jocko tough guy punkers and skins who bothered me so. I think Stacey and I both agreed that place was really lame. When we first got there some asshole tough guy threw something at Stacey and I. There were tons of dorky little skinheads and tough guy punk rawk studs, luckily though Stacey had our boards with us so we were not completely dying of boredom. We scoped out the place and found a nice big patch of cement that had some low stairs near it. Stacey did the most awesome manual across the length of it. I was impressed. I managed to pop some nice oillies but that was all. After awhile of skating I took a break and decided to "people watch" for awhile. I started to notice something very strange brewing... all these punx & skinheads started swarming together in a sort of tight huddle. I noticed in the middle of this crowd was some guy who obviously was in deep shit. There was some big argument going on and the crowd of dummies kept getting bigger and closer to where Stacer and I were. When I first realized what was about to happen, I started to tell Stacey that it looks like we better skiddaddle, but even before the words came out of my mouth the swarm of say 30 or 40 started headed toward us kickin' the shit out of this guy who was running away in our direction. Stacer and I wanted to steer clear of this atrocity but there was no where to go except to jump over this very high wall and have the possibility of maybe breaking a few bones. But there was no time to think, Stacer and I hurled our boards over the wall and jumped on over. When finally out of the way we saw this poor fellow get his head slammed into the pavement where we had just been standing. Alas we escaped with only a few minor scrapes and scratches. Not one of the best welcoming parties I have had. Thoughts of "So this is D.C, the way cool scene capital Right??" filled my head. Duh!



KATHLEEN  
Photo by Stacer



## Day #2

This was the first day of the convention... Today's agenda was to go to peace center in D.C. and watch some bands. We had to get up early and catch a ride with this girl Sarah. First we went to the positive force house and sat around and watched people hand screen Riot Grrrl shirts then finally we went off to the peace center and waited till the show started. While we were waiting Stacey and I went and ate the most delicious burritos. When we got back the first band that played was The Pyschic friends, this band consisted of Kathleen (bikini kill) singing, that skinny twerp from N.O.U. on guitar, and this really rad red-headed drummer, I think her name was Laura? Anyway they really impressed me and made me smile. Next up I think was Bratmobile they seemed like they were having a good time and were fun to watch Molly does this cool drum beat, it's very surferish (ala the Go's Go's)! Next up was Bimbo shrineheads they were rad, only had guitar and drums, the guitarist, the Eclectic bitch rocked out hard and was totally tough. During their show I finally got to meet Allison Brat after only corresponding to her and hey wow man she even introduced me to a real live punk rock celeb, Erika Purity, Ian Mackaye. (To Die! To Die!) After Bimbo Shrineheads played Erika Reinstein (fantastic fanzine) gave this totally brave spoken word about her experiences being molested as a little girl. This gave me the chills & made me wanna cry. After this I think we went back to Sarah's house, no actually we went to the all-girl dance party

## Day #3

Today was the day that all the workshops were gonna take place, but Stacey and I previously spoken with Ne "sk8 rock" and decided to go skating at this sk8 park in Maryland called Landsdowne. We went back to the peace center pretty early that morning to hopefully catch a few of the workshops. we arrived there and sat in this room with a bunch of the girls who came down there to attend the onvention. This was very embarrassing 'cuz all of us were sitting in this room in silence. Finally someone suggested we all introduce ourselves. Kinda corny but it atleast it broke the horrid silence. The first workshop was on self defense it was really cool and helpful. But ladies I let ya in on one thing sk8boards are very good weapons which could be another reason why more girls should sk8. Anyways the next work-op was on Sexuality, this one was conducted by Claudia (NYC Riot Grrrl) and a couple others who I don't remember. We had to leave during the middle of this one 'cuz Ne was picking us up. I was kinda bummed about missing the other workshops

I kinda felt kinda bummed about missing them. They had one on Racism and I heard it was 'nt too effective, but really how could it have been if it was filled up with mostly all white girls. One girl I spoke to after the meetings said the Asian girls were blaming all the white girls for racism and that she just "could'nt handle that". Ever heard of the word Guilt??? Anyway, Ne drove us and this woman Lisa who was working on documentary about girl bands and girls fuckin' shit up came along too. When we got there it was beautiful. The park was total



Pyschic friends



the time there wasn't many people there to get in our way. I was having a good time until I took a terrible spill on my skateboard and slightly sprained my wrist. Aw shucks, I was through for the day.

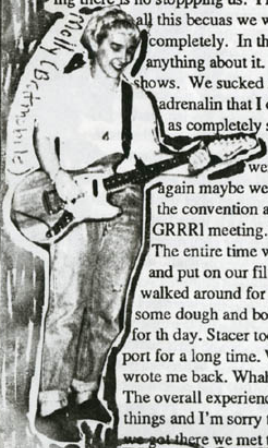
When we got back to D.C. we went to this park called Dupont Circle where there was gonna be this outside show. With a bunch bands and a couple spoken word pieces. It was a beautiful day! A bunch of people had asked if Gunk was gonna play at this show, but considering we had no instruments and no drummer it didn't look to good. But Stacer and I managed to borrow a guitar and bass and instantly Gunk became a Duo. We knew we were gonna play awful considering we hadn't practice in months, hell who gives a shit it's only punk rock. Meanwhile, a bunch of bands played. All the bands were made up of girls and they had so much energy and were just really good. This band Cheesecake played and they looked so cool the singer had this tiny little voice when she spoke but when she started singing it was like a huge semi-truck. One of the other highlights was this band Slant 6, they had hella catchy songs and had this rad stand up drummer. I cannot describe the feeling I had watching all of these women up there, I felt really proud. When some guy says to me you only like a particular band 'cuz they have girls in it, well part of this is true, because they're has been this terrible void, and that void is the lack of women participation. When I see them up there it's like yeah now I know what's been missing and why I was so bored before.

These girls might not be the best musicians but just wait and see at the rate that they were going there is no stopping us. I noticed a few boys there that just didn't know what to make of all this because we were there and in control and it just baffled and terrified them completely. In their heads this couldn't be right... But it was & they couldn't do anything about it. When we played it was in my opinion one of our funnest shows. We sucked so bad, My singing was a nightmare. I was so filled with adrenaline that I couldn't control my voice or my hands. All our songs came off as completely spastic and disjointed, but the funny thing was I think a few people recognized that there was something there. I mean we weren't just standing up there screaming and makin' noise. Then again maybe we were. But it was just Fun! Fun! Fun! This was the last day of the convention and after the show Stacer and I were too tired to go to the Riot GRRR! meeting. We went back to Sarah's house and went to sleep, I think. The entire time we hadn't showered, on the last day there we took a shower and put on our filthy clothes and left Sarah's and took the Metro back to D.C. We walked around for awhile. I out of my good will and guilty conscience scraped up some dough and bought this homeless guy a burrito, thus fulfilling my good deed for the day. Stacer took the Metro back to the Airport with me and we sat in the airport for a long time. We met this really foxy southern boy from Atlanta who never wrote me back. Whah!

The overall experience of the Riot Grrrr convention showed me a lot of different things and I'm sorry to say most of them were not very good ones. On the first day we got there we met this boy who kept suggesting how uncool we were because



Ne Tantillo



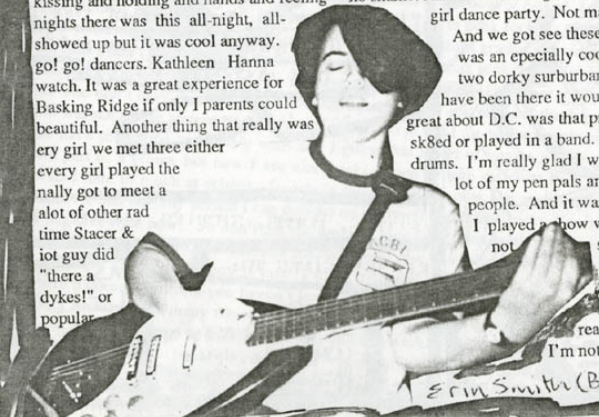


Allison (Bikini Kill)

we hadn't heard of these dumb D.C. bands. He went on to babble about how D.C. was the scene of all scenes and that we were really missing out. Duh! I found out later after this ultra cool guy saw us play at the outside show, he couldn't believe how punk we were. Duh! Duh! Basically alot people in D.C. annoyed me with thier scene antics and they're "way cool man" attitudes. Another reason why I was kinda unhappy about the whole D.C. thing was realization of how.... dare I say "white bread" everyone was. I mean mostly all Riot Grrrls are white and only a few Asians were there. I think I was one of the only 3 black kids there I mean.

Riot Grrrl calls for a change, but I question who it's including. Another thing was that most of the girls there were pretty aware and tough so why did we need to be continually told that we are. I mean it's important but it's kinda like preaching to the choir. I know alot of the "Riot Grrrls" are probably aware of this and it's difficult to come up with the solutions and I certainly don't have them all.

But basically the whole idea of putting a name on this movement is kinda of limiting and excluding. I mean the liberation of women is not just for us it will effect every single aspect of this fucking planet so when we say o' it's the Grrrl movement, it suggests that this is all we care about and this is all we stand for and we only want what we want Mel mel mel is all I hear. This sounds kinda snotty but I see Riot Grrrl growing very closed to a very chosen few i.e. white middle class punk girls. It's like it's some secret society, but then again there are some who feel that a secret society is what we need. I constantly don't feel comfortable with this cuz I know so many girls that need to hear this shit, but weren't there cuz they would feel intimidated 'cuz they don't look punk or they never heard of Bikini Kill. Was this the point? I think Riot Grrrl is filled with positive stuff and as a group I think it give girls a sense of solidarity and self worth to girls in need. But still when you have all your beliefs in one bucket and you say this is all I'm about and I won't change my mind 'cuz I'm a Riot Grrrl and they do this and that and this is how we are suppose to be.... Your digging yourself a serious hole and it's called stagnation. Fuck! I'm not all negative about Riot Grrrl cuz there were so many aspects of this whole convention that were so fuckin rad! Like I was filled with joy to see all these young dyke girls kissing and holding hands and feeling no shame. Also I almost forget on one of the nights there was this all-night, all-showed up but it was cool anyway. go! go! dancers. Kathleen Hanna watch. It was a great experience for Basking Ridge if only I parents could be beautiful. Another thing that really was every girl we met three either every girl played the nally got to meet a alot of other rad time Stacer & iot guy did "there a dykes!" or popular



Erin Smith (Bitch Motel)

girl dance party. Not many people And we got see these great women was an epecially cool danceto two dorky surburban girls from have been there it would have been great about D.C. was that practically ev-sk8ed or played in a band. Seemed like drums. I'm really glad I went 'cuz I f-lot of my pen pals and also meet people. And it was also the first I played a show where some id not scream out bunch of the ever so "they're not a real band!". I'm not to tally dis



# AMERICAN GIRL

A while back I attempted to get a job (big mistake!), anyways after filling out several employment applications from local grocery stores & even a yogurt place & still having no luck I got myself a hand me down job from my sister, 'cuz she was going off to college. The job was to clean up this old womans house, one hour a week in this retirement home that was couple streets away from me. Sounds like a sinch right? Okay so I called the

to her house like lighting on skateboard 'cuz skateboard-

So I get there & I meet

at first. She takes me

maculate I might

clean up job, but

paid right? So

how to clean

dust-free

to go &

other

duty &

come

cle-

t

check

stuff

house.

Anyway

catholic

tures of her

Finally the

paid memy

bike home chirping

ued this routine for

third week the trad-

house as I usually did & I

there anything spec-

sponded this time in a rather ann-

figured maybe her laxitive

ing a hard day, we all have 'em, Right? After about 10 minutes I started to get a little antsy to leave 'cuz she kept following me around while I was cleaning. Finally I just stopped in the middle of cleaning the exterior of her refrigerator & said "Is there something I'm doing wrong?" She looked annoyed & walked away while fidgeting & chewing nervously on her gnarled fingernails. I continued cleaning while she sat & peeked sneakily at me over the edge of the bible shile she pretended to be reading it. At this point all I wanted to do was get my pay check just leave. Right at the moment I was about to tell her I was done she blurted out "why don't you dress like an American Girl"... a wave of "I knew this was coming" came over me & I replied, "I am an American girl". As soon as I said that she immediately started going into hysterics about how I wasn't an American girl & how I just better get out of her house that instant or else she'd call her Son. Now I am not the kinda person who is easily intimidated by a little old woman about to keal over any minute. So I sat down & made myself comfortable in her easy chair & said firmly "Listen I came hear to clean your shitty toilets & get paid not to get a lesson on how to be American just give me my paycheck & I'll leave"...The old hag sat there flabberghasted with her hand over her heart gasping for air like i was causing her a heart attack or something. I suppose she realized I wasn't going anywhere until she wrote me my check. When she handed me my check I hurriedly hopped on

old hag up & told her I was on my way. I rode

my bicycle (note: I didn't ride over on my

ers project negative images. Duh!)

the old woman, she seems okay

into her house, which was im-

add & in no way need of a

who cares I was getting

after she fills me in on

her toilet & dust her

dressers off she leaves

play bridge with some

old ladies. So I did my

waited for her to

back. Since the

job took almost no

the opportunity to

out some of the

she had around her

Talk about boring...

all she was these

ethics books & pic-

ugly grand children.

old lady came back &

\$7.00 check. I road my

I'm in the money!" I contin-

two more weeks until on the

egy unfolded. I came to her

asked in my politest tone was

ial I could 'do for her, she re-

oyed tone "of course not!". Okay so

didn't kick in yet or maybe she's hav-

the photographical collage name

FOR directions call: Dasha (908) 166-9177



riot

riot

girl

girl

press

press

catalogue

(JULY)

RG Press  
PO Box 1375  
Arlington VA 22210

and what's all this about  
a record label? People keep saying  
I should talk to you but then  
acting all weird like it's a deep  
one... are you starting a  
label or what?

☆☆☆

Dear Debbie,  
Here is a list  
of girl powered  
zines that you  
might be interested  
in getting.

Thanks for  
appreciating what  
we do.

LOVE,

Kathleen Hanna

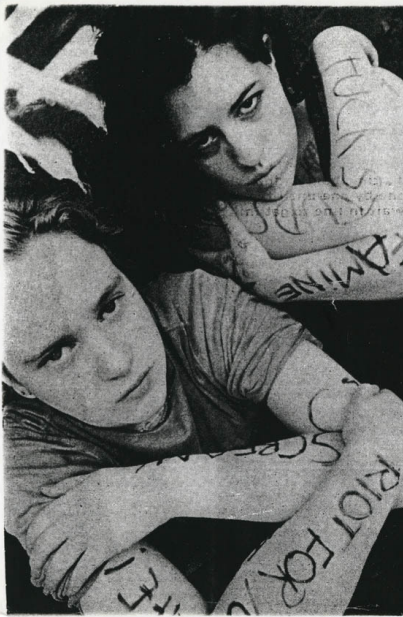
☆☆☆



we're  
selling those for 50¢

Kathleen Hanna  
c/o Kill Rock Stars  
120 NE State #418  
Olympia, WA 98501

if you have any  
good distribution  
ideas let us  
know! also, I'm  
trying to set up  
a busy store show  
for august - any  
suggestions for  
bands? or so here's  
the catalogue, enter



# Sunday, Aug. 2

at Dupont Circle

10:30 - 12:00 girls and boys come together to talk about ending sexism.

12:00 - 6:00 girl powered bands and performers will rock your world



if you wanna do something show up  
we'll try to fit you in! ♪

XOXOXOXO



# go go

The Fur Salon

## Sat. Aug 1

*featuring*

\*Pro-choice style video  
by REPROvision @ 9pm

\*DJ's from Philly's #1  
underground girl dance  
phenomenon, The Fur Salon.

\*Safe Sex Demos

\*Girl go-go dancers

all girl

all night  
dance

Party



at THE Eco-MEDIA warehouse 926 N street

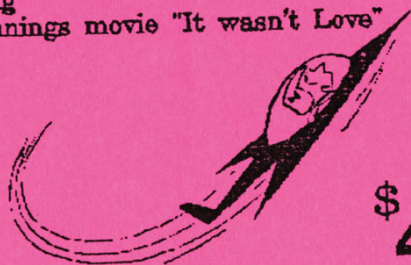
\$5



punk show for

# Girls

With  
Excuse Seventeen  
the Troublemakers  
jody donna kaia scott  
Group Hug  
Sadie Bennings movie "It wasn't Love"  
more.



\$4



at 804 SE 25th (Corner of 25th and Morrison)  
Portland, Oregon

FRIDAY FEB 4

★ the CURSE ★  
presents  
**Troublemakers**

Donna Jody Kaia

FROM  
OLYMPIA:  
PIA: **EXCUSE IT**  
**Group Hug**

plus Sadie Benning's  
video It Wasn't Love  
performance artist MANDY  
— and more —



# ★ Riot Grrrl ★ ♥ Convention



This summer in L.A on

July 29th at The Jabberjaw, 30th  
at the Pomona Veterans Hall, and  
31st at The Jabberjaw.

Several Wonderful bands  
Performing plus : Spoken Word,  
Workshops, Fanzines, Literature,  
Stickers, Booths, ect.....

For more info call: Sam (818) 242-  
9304 or write: 1321 Greenbriar Rd.

Glendale, Ca. 91207



Tickets for the 30th on sale now  
for \$5. Bands performing are: The  
Free to Fight tour which is Lois, 151, Phranc,  
& self defense lessons, and also Nikki McClure,  
Lucid Nation, Sue P. Fox, Bubby Girl, Erin, the  
Fanatics, Girl Jesus, and much more.....

Write to us for tickets A.S.A.P. Or buy them at  
No Life Records on 7209 Santa Monica Blvd. a  
few blocks west of La Brea. (if you are coming from  
out of state and need a place to stay call: Chelsea (213)  
669-8537)



# Riot grrrl

Orange  
County



if You Live in Orange County OR The  
South Bay areas and Want a girl  
Revolution, Come Join us in **Riot**  
**grrrl Orange County** ♥ We'd Love to  
Meet You!!  
xx

Write us at: P.O. Box 5533

OR CALL

IRVINE, Ca. 92716-5533

310-4388790 PLEASE SEND A STAMP  
we're poor!

# WHAT IS RIOT Grrrl

riot grrrl  
is .....

BECAUSE we will never meet the hierarchical  
BOY standards of talented, or cool, or smart.  
They are created to keep us out, and if we  
ever meet them they will change, or we will  
become tokens.

BECAUSE I need laughter and I need girl love.  
We need to build lines of communication so we  
can be more open and accessible to each other.

BECAUSE we are being divided by our labels and  
philosophies, and we need to accept and  
support each other as girls; acknowledging our  
different approaches to life and accepting all  
of them as valid.

BECAUSE in every form of media I see us/myself  
slapped, decapitated, laughed at, objectified,  
raped, trivialized, pushed, ignored, stereo-  
typed, kicked, scorned, molested, silenced,  
invalidated, knifed, shot, choked, and killed

BECAUSE I see the connectedness of all forms  
of oppression and I believe we need to fight  
them with this awareness.

BECAUSE a safe space needs to be created for  
girls where we can open our eyes and reach out  
to each other without being threatened by this  
sexist society and our day to day bullshit.

BECAUSE we need to acknowledge that our blood  
is being spilt; that right now a girl is being  
raped or battered and it might be me or you or  
your mom or the girl you sat next to on the  
bus last Tuesday, and she might be dead by the  
time you finish reading this. I am not making  
this up.

BECAUSE I can't smile when my girlfriends are  
dying inside. We are dying inside and we never  
even touch each other; we are supposed to hate  
each other.

BECAUSE I am still fucked up, I am still deal-  
ing with internalized racism, sexism, classism  
homophobia, etc., and I don't want to do it  
alone.

BECAUSE we need to talk to each other. Commun-  
ication/inclusion is key. We will never know  
if we don't break the code of silence.

BECAUSE we girls want to create mediums that  
speak to US. We are tired of boy band after  
boy band, boy zine after boy zine, boy punk  
after boy punk after boy.

BECAUSE I am tired of these things happening  
to me; I'm not a fuck toy. I'm not a punching  
bag, I'm not a joke.

BECAUSE every time we pick up a pen, or an  
instrument, or get anything done, we are  
creating the revolution. We ARE the revolution.

No we are not paranoid.  
No we are not manhaters.  
No we are not worrying too much.  
No we are not taking it too seriously.



riot



start a  
Fuckin

HELP ME



RIOT Grrrl  
P.O. Box 5533  
IRVINE, CA. 92716-5533  
FOR MORE INFO: PLEASE SEND A STAMP  
(FOR EASY RETURN)



# B I K I N I K I L L T O U R

9/11--morgantown, west virginia. fuzzy: (304) 296-1669.  
(608 elm street)  
9/12--dayton, ohio. frank: (513) 278-2801. also ken gross...  
(Brookwood Hall)  
9/13--cincinnati, ohio. mark shaffer: (513) 681-8358.  
9/14--indianapolis, indiana. steve: (317) 848-5883.  
(also shane/kyle/toni--317-920-8529)  
9/15--off  
9/16--chicago, illinois. casey:  
(czar bar... call us at jeremy's: (312) 243-0818.)  
9/17--off.  
9/18--madison, wisconsin. robin davis: (608) 256-0678.  
(madison punk resistance, basement location)  
9/19--minneapolis, minnesota. shmurtck, shmrstck: (612) 333-0340.  
(loft/party show starting at midnight, also try jay: 612377-8467 or  
jessica from hit it or quit it: (612) 374-5616... her band and god-  
head silo are both playing)  
9/20--st. paul, minnesota. john pucci: 612 647-1561--aces.  
(speedboat gallery with godhead silo and smut)  
9/21--fargo, north dakota. mike kunka's mom: (701) 239-4105.  
(teen dance club with godhead silo)  
9/22--either rapid city or sioux falls, call kunka for info...  
9/23--omaha, nebraska. tim moss: 402-346-8843.  
9/24--lincoln, nebraska. dave rabie: (402) 474-3543 or 475-3524.  
9/25--lawrence, kansas. jeff. fortier: (913) 749-7475.  
(the outhouse)  
9/26--oklahoma city, oklahoma. toby lawrence: (405) 528-8124.  
9/27--either dallas, ft. worth or denton texas... call kelly keys  
during the day at direct hit for information: (214) 826-5222.  
9/28--austin, texas. rick: (512) 478-3060 or 472-4757.  
(the cavity)  
9/29--off.  
9/30--tuscon, arizona. steve eye: (602) 884-0874... also try sara:  
602-881-7462... Downtown Performance Center.  
10/1--phoenix, arizona. greg sage: (602) 968-6955.  
10/2--yuma, arizona. ??? greg sage...  
10/3--san diego, california. crisanta: (619) 755-1897.  
(show at some cafe other than che with heroin: (619) 476-0909)  
10/4--los angeles, california. gary: (818) 899-6598, (213) 732-3463.  
(jabber jaw with pussy willow and oiler)  
10/5--pomona, california. john: (714) 629-3747.  
(munchies with heroin)  
10/6--santa barbara, california. rene: (805) 964-6591.  
(anaconda with red ants and mudwimmin)  
10/7--los angeles, california. gabbie strong: hm-310-397-6912,  
wk-444-6669, sh-825-1958... UCLA with shudder to think.  
10/8--LA. ROCK FOR CHOICE. with firehose and the muffs.  
10/9--san francisco, california. little mike: (415) 648-6826.  
(klub kommotion, partial benefit for filth fanzine with mdc and  
maybe tiger trap on borrowed equipment and films and spaghetti  
and mike proclaimed punk rock kareokee... for real.)  
10/10--GILMAN STREET, CA. mike stand: (510) 678-9656. we're playing  
with pansy division and tribe 8 and pre marital sex and someone  
else i forgot...  
10/11--SF. EPICENTER. w/honey's band... gordon: (415) 431-2725. or matt.

## 1. MOSHING Tips

While enjoying the lovely sounds of ~~the~~ the Bikini Kill  
please remember, things go best when the boys mosh in back!  
The Kills strongly encourage girls/ladies/women to dance up  
front.  
Ultimately, it's up to the audience how this goes.

2. For security reasons, Bikini Kill would like to maintain as much control over the stage during our set, as possible. If you have an announcement to make please tell whoever is working the zine table ... they will try and arrange it with the bands and figure out a good time for ~~XXXXX~~ it happen.

If there is a problem during the show that you and/or yr friends can't/won't/or don't wanna deal with (like someone's fucking with you) again, please tell whoever's working the zine table and they'll tell the show organizers so that something WILL be done.

IF THERE IS AN EMERGENCY please don't hesitate to notify the band on stage, we ask, however, that people reserve this tactic for emergencies only since it's really hard for people on stage to know what's going on in the audience at all times and so having "the band" stop to deal with trouble can often only make things more confused and HEATED...

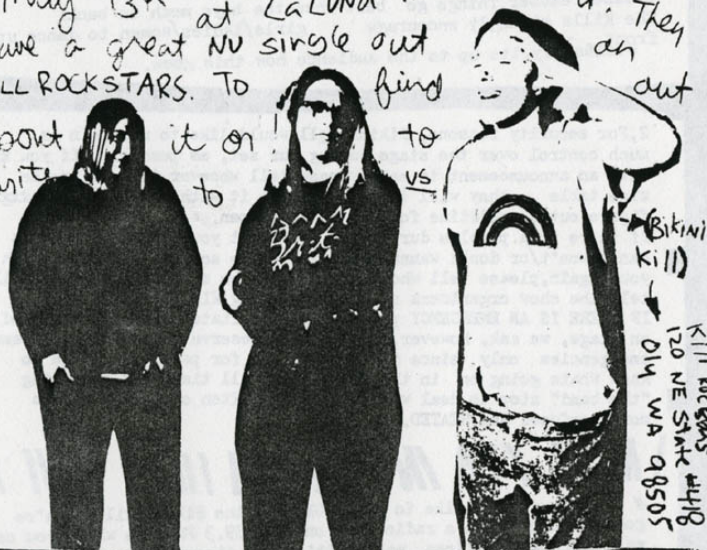
# 3. If you would like to DIALOGUE with the Bikini Kill... we're gonna hopefully do a radio show on KACS 89.3 FM soon where you can call and ask questions, make criticisms, discuss things, get more info, etc... we'll make fliers about this.....

The reason we made this flier is cuz we've had to deal with a lot of violence at our shows and are trying to deal with this better. It takes everyone, not just the people on stage to make for a cool show. thanks for coming.

# I hate danger

This is a picture of TEAM DRESCH

We will be playing w/ them on Friday  
May 13th at LaLUNA in Portland. They  
have a great NU single out an  
KILL ROCKSTARS. To find out  
about it on to  
write to us



You can get back issues of Bikini Kill fanzines (issues #1 and #2) from riot girl press for \$2 each, they are a girl run girl fanzine distribution network, write to them and send them \$1 for their catalog which contains brief descriptions of stuff available thru them as well as info on how to get involved in what they're doing. Please note that these fanzines are way outdated--both were made in 1991 and also that although they both have contributions by other band members most of the stuff in them was written by our singer, Kathleen, this is not to say they aren't informative but rather to make an effort to posit them more exactly with regards to factors of history and subjectivity...r.g.p. pob73308/washington, d.c. 20009

GERILL is another girl run girl fanzine distribution network, this time the word girl stands for 'girls empowered resisting labels and limits' I think, cool stuff and lots of it available from them via their mail order catalog. my fanzine Jigsaw (which has contained contributions from other members of bikini kill in various issues) will hopefully be available from them soon, send one dollar for their catalog...gerill c/o sarah and kelly 656 w. aldrine #3/chicago, il. 60657.



HUGGY BEAR + BIKINI KILL



Also starring  
Witchy Poo

X O X O ...

## WHY?????

Because I am a female performer who has been verbally / and physically assaulted while being on stage and it's really scary when men are taking up the first few rows, to me, I mean.

And also: A lot of times several girls/women will have trouble with the same guy or group of guys BUT cuz the girls don't know each other and are scattered about, we can't warn each other about said jerks presence OR protect each other effectively. If we are in a big gang we are less isolated from each other and more likely to start talking and dancing together and having some FUN

I mean if yr a guy could you just realise for a minute that us girls have no way of knowing if you are a "good boy" or a "bad boy" (as if these distinctions REALLY exist)

And, like, it is not cool or "punk rock" in anyways for guys to smash into us or rub against us while we are trying to watch a show. You know? I am sick of going to shows where I feel completely unwelcomed and banished to the back cuz I just get grossed out by moshing, harrassment, etc ....

### **IT IS NOT SUBVERSIVE TO ACT LIKE YR UNCLE**

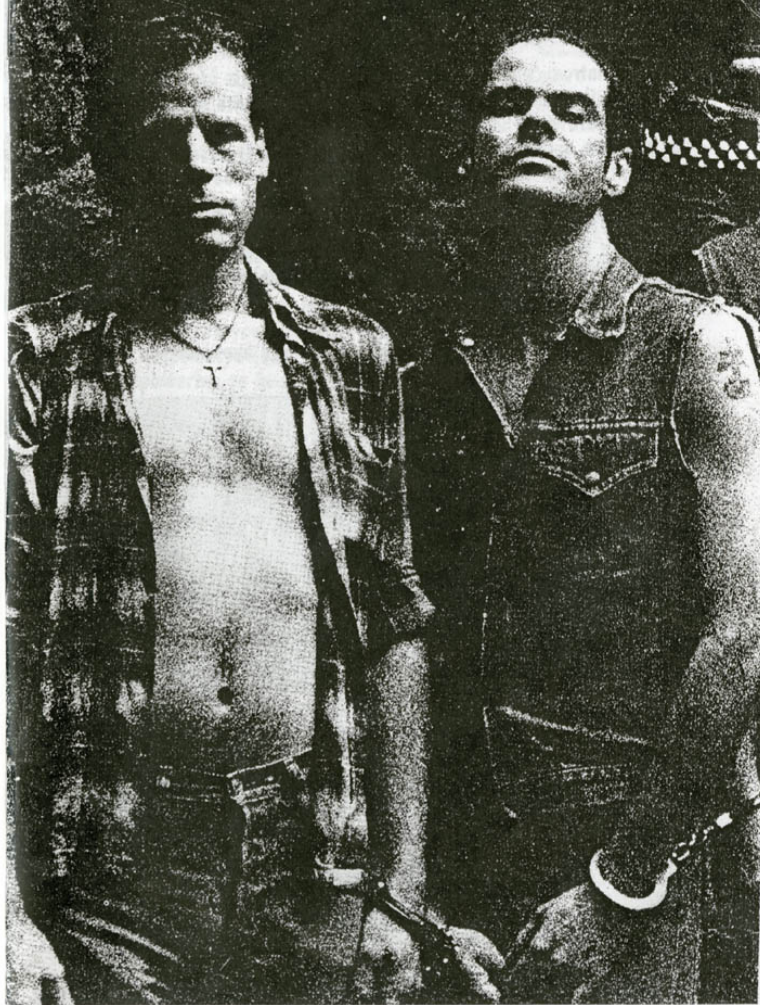
And also, I really wanna look at female faces while I perform. I want HER to know that she is included in this show, that what we are doing is for her to CRITISIZE / LAUGH AT / BE INSPIRED BY / HATE / WHATEVER.... Her opinion is more important to me than some guy from Melody Maker and so I (along with my friends) are gonna make the one for real effort to let her know this.

Because this is our fucking show: the GIRLS the QUEERS, the WIMPS, the OUTCASTS.....

And the kids who wanna act like their PARENTS are the ones who aren't welcome. DIG-

# OUTPUNK

#1  
50¢





**H**is scrotum was  
tender and  
swollen to twice the  
size of a grapefruit.

\$1.00 postpaid, world

P. O. BOX 170501  
SAN FRANCISCO, CA  
94117 U.S.A.

This is an introduction to a zine that changes too fast for me to keep up with. Look at it as a newsletter of sorts, with some other shit thrown in here and there. I guess lots of zines use this space to outline the identity you're supposed to assume if you want to join "the scene". Well, this thing may be opinionated and possibly alienating, but as long as you're being honest and sincere, I won't hold anything against you.

Other than that, in order to be in my club, you must :

- worship the Smiths and Shudder to Think
- date people twice your age
- own a CD player

And, think of yourself as the punkest person you know. If you don't measure up, you lose. So sorry!

COVER:  
Chris D. of the  
Fleshheads (cont.)  
Looking very gay.  
But I'm not implying  
anything now.

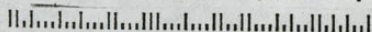


Everything herein was written by Matt unless credited otherwise.  
Dykes - we want your opinions and contributions for future issues-  
please?

20256  
TO THE PARENTS OF  
MATRESSA SMITH  
[redacted]  
SAN FRANCISCO CA  
94117 [redacted]



Feedback is encouraged, but personal replies may be out of the question.





Satan can disguise  
himself. (2 Co 11.14)



### Why Are There So Many Queers In Punk Rock ???

Shit, I don't know, but there are tons. A lot more than I will tell you. And so many more that I just don't know about. So big deal, you're thinking. What does someone's private sexuality mean to anyone else? It means a fuck of a lot, OK? There are a few of us on the front lines who take the heat for everyone, without role models for us to follow and to be empowered (such a great word) by. Yes, dammit, it is empowering to know that someone you respect and admire is queer, too. It makes us feel that much less alone, and the possibilities for a better world that much more plausible.

I'm just going to ramble on without much order; no doubt I'll forget a few on the way. It's a commonly known fact that Darby Crash of the Germs was queer, and that it probably had a lot to do with his suicide. If he was out and learned to deal with it, he would have inspired lots of punk queers later. Like Gary Floyd of the Dicks (now in Sister Double Happiness), or Biscuit of the Big Boys. Or perhaps all three members of Hüsker Dü (Grant Hart, Bob Mould, and the other guy- I hope I'm right on this). And Karen, an out lesbian in the Arizona HC band Conflict. I'm in no way complete - I have a personal list that just keeps growing and growing. Every conversation on the topic just brings up more and more. I would never name anyone who wasn't already completely out and confident in themselves. But there are so many, right now, who are just beginning to come to terms with their sexuality, that we have only witnessed the very tip of the iceberg. In about a year, there will be an explosion. In five years, the punk rock scene will become the underground queer youth support network. The climate is ready, the seeds have been sown, and all factors indicate that something very big is on the horizon. Bet on it.

## THE RECORD LABEL

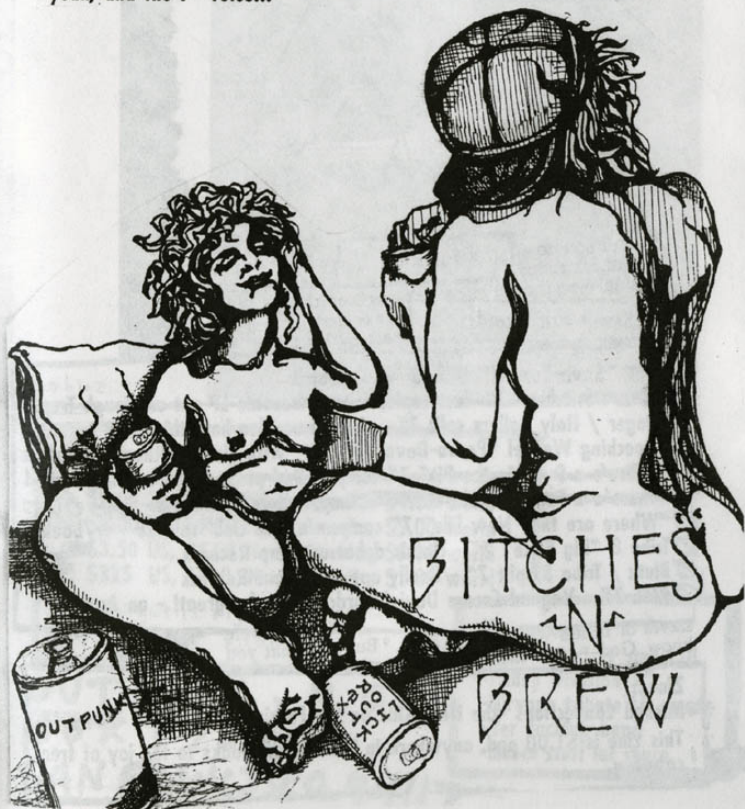
is what this zine is about. Hopefully, with this mag I can make my goals clearer, and it's not like they're that complicated to begin with. They are:

- a. To provide images, role models, information, support, and strength to isolated queer kids who need it.
- b. To give queer kids the tools to cope with and/or change their environments.
- c. to give queer kids options that I never had!

All of this is fueled with no small amount of anger, but even though I am overcome with anger, it is not misplaced aggression. I'm staring my enemies in the face and I know who/what they are. If anyone reading this currently attends high school, drop me a line and maybe I can send you a stack of these for maximum effect. This is most definitely a youth struggle, as we are all but forgotten in this world, except when it comes to using us or fucking us. Sure, you like our pretty bodies, but not enough to include us in your world or take us seriously. So now, I'm getting flooded with mail, and the hype surrounding this stuff is getting bigger. I have a certain reporter who's been calling me and leaving messages trying to get the scoop on what I'm doing. He used to work for the largest gay mag in the country, and even he knew about this stupid zine long before it was out, even though I've only told a few friends. This really scares me, cause I'm a small-town kid and I'm shy, and not used to the attention, and I have tried to remain as low-key as possible to avoid all of the idol-worship and self-promotion that I see all around me. I would do this anonymously, but I have to take credit for my actions. I'm trying to show people that you can speak up, and be out, and you don't have to hide. If that helps anyone, then I'm glad. As a 21-year-old kid, I have been neglected by the community that I'm supposed to be a part of, and abused by the rest. It only makes sense to ignore these institutions like they did to me. So don't look for this stuff in the *Advocate* (unless they can pay me lots of \$\$\$, but get real, now). I keep thinking about how people "slide into the mainstream without doing anything to change the bigotry", and now I know why things still suck so bad after all these years of fighting for "liberation". Sigh.



OK, here's the scoop on the Blatz/Tribe 8 split 7" on Lickout Records. By now, it should be available. There were a few problems, and I'm sick of explaining it again and again, so here's the final word. The 7" was completed months ago, while Tribe 8 was touring in Europe. Upon returning, they freaked out to find a record cover that did not represent them. They disagreed heavily with the cover concept, and were seriously misquoted. It was agreed that the old covers would be scrapped, and new ones made. However, many got out there, no thanks to certain distributors who sold them despite our protest, just to make a quick buck. Everything has been straightened out now, and the new covers are even better than the old ones, if I do say so myself. Any further explanation, ask the bands, cuz I'm tired. Oh yeah, and the 7" rules!!!



**Bikini Kill**

"Suck My Left One"

**Tribe 8**

"Manipulate"



**Lucy Stoners**

"Soiled Princess"

**7 Year Bitch**

"Dead Men Don't Rape"

*Outpunk #5*

**Bikini Kill**

"Suck My Left One"

**Tribe 8**

"Manipulate"

**Lucy Stoners**

"Soiled Princess"

**7 Year Bitch**

"Dead Men Don't Rape"



Distributed by  
Revolver USA

OUTPUNK  
P.O. BOX 170501  
SAN FRANCISCO  
CA 94117 USA

# OUTPUNK

#2

\$1.00





More of my personal opinions- just skip this part -

-There's this weird phenomenon that I've noticed recently. If I'm hanging out with a bunch of women, and there's another guy present, there's often this strange kind of tension. It's like he either condescends me or ignores me completely. It's not as if I really care, but this dumb competition crap is so silly. Stop the J-word, jealousy, from ruining boy love! (please everyone, have a sense of humor now)



-It can really suck trying to date queer in the punk scene. Most guys I date are completely non-punk, and conversation can be difficult. On one hand, it's cool, because it forces you to meet new people, and to try to relate stuff that you're involved in on a bigger scale. But there are also times when I feel like such a misfit, and would die just to be involved with someone who was into the same stuff as me. Unfortunately, your choices of dates in the punk scene are like choices A, B, and C, and that's hardly a choice at all. And then there's always choice D, but chances are, D is totally gorgeous, and completely not interested in you. Figures.

-And on a related note, it seems like the only punks that flirt with me these days are the hetero ones! Actually, any guy who would have sex with me is far from straight, but it can be so annoying for all these blatant heterosexuals to be constantly hitting on me. Well, OK, not constantly, but enough to make me fairly uncomfortable. If they're just coming out, fine, that's understandable. But the underhanded and belittling way in which they flirt with me is just so disgusting. I wonder if that's how they pick up girls. There's no way that shit will fly with me. Just fucking say what you want - don't fuck with my head. You could get lucky - or not.

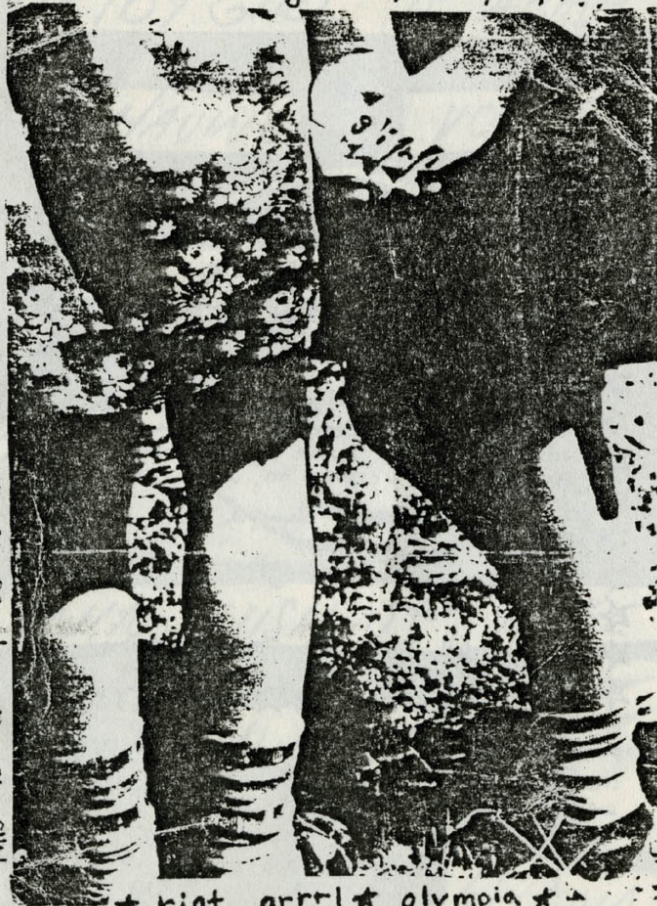
-I totally believe in sexual openness and freedom. I like sex a lot, although it's definitely overrated in some ways. There's a line in this movie "Hippy Porn" that says "sex is overrated, shitting is underrated". Genius or what? What I would like to see is a freedom from sex. There's so much emphasis on having sex in this society. You're made to believe that there's something wrong with you if you don't have an active sex life. Truth is, not everyone likes sex, or can have sex, or can find people to have sex with. I went through hell growing up because I couldn't prove my promiscuity or impress my peers with how much I got laid. Yuck! It was so difficult - I hated it! So I hate to see people being pressured into having sex ("you just need to get laid", as if that will solve all of your problems). As my friend Kim put it, "I masturbate to come, I fuck cause I'm lonely".

-I am so sick of all this anti-Riot Grrl hysteria. People are making such a big deal out of it, like they're so threatened by it. They develop these strange perceptions, as if Riot Grrl is taking over punk and soon the castration squads will be sent in. Not that we couldn't use a few castrations here and there, but get serious everyone. People keep insisting that RG is somehow "separatist" and "sexist to men". First off, what is so wrong with being separatist? Why do you suppose people would behave that way in the first place (duh)? And this "reverse sexism" bullshit is such a load of crap! Sounds like people are so scared of the fact that others are aware of their sexism that they have to invent a scenario that makes them the victim. Untill I see men being treated with the same hatred and oppression as women, I refuse to believe that men are capable of suffering sexism. Seems like every time a women stands up for herself, people get threatened. Riot Grrl tells it like it is, so deal with it.



this is a response to all the people who ask the question

"What is riot grrrl, anyway???"



we are a group of individuals and here are some of our answers...

★ riot grrrl ★ olympia ★



♥  
Riot Grrrl is so many things and has  
so much potential. we are a support &  
open & covert action group for any and all  
girls and womyn. we are coming together  
in full force because we know the  
world treats us like little girls, dumb sluts,  
stupid whores, ugly bitches, old maids, helpless creature  
PROPERTY. and we know what we really are.  
(sometimes). Yes we do work to understand our  
links and differences. we are a collective of  
individuals. we don't have a favorite color.  
we are living our lives through Feeling. our  
life experiences have taught us different  
strategies and we are accepting all of our  
struggles and strategies as real and valid.  
i have heard a lot of people say a lot  
about Riot Grrrl being exclusive. here are  
some things i have NOT heard those same  
people say: - the way i/we speak is  
exclusive ("hey guys, yeah man" etc.) - the way  
i/we write is exclusive - straight edge is  
exclusive - punk rock is exclusive - my  
cool club friends & i are exclusive. - ETC.  
this american society is centered around  
by and for rich straight white males. (duh).

being male is usually enough. so, DON'T  
talk to ME about exclusion. i wish i  
was at a point where i could say it is  
amusing to me that i never heard a  
word about exclusion until there was some  
thing going on that is not about rich  
straight white males. but i'm not. i can't.  
it bums me. boys, what we do is NOT  
about you or your needs/desires/wants.  
Riot Grrrl is not kissing your ass. Riot  
Grrrl is because i was scared walking  
here tonight because a collective that is  
by, for, & about girls & womyn is an  
absolute necessity, because of how beautiful  
and alive and free i can feel in a girl  
environment that is non-competitive and  
supportive and engaging. Riot Grrrl is  
because we need to tear it all apart to  
put ourselves back together again, for  
real this time.

Love,  
angelique 

Riot Grrrl is a girl gang with secret plans to destroy Olympia. you don't have to know me to be in a gang with me. some people think riot grrls are white grrrls with cool glasses and cool shoes. but it's not about fashion or a dress code or a look cuz i don't have it. but i am a tuff grrl, sometimes. maybe you could come to a meeting and i would meet you and you would say i don't want to walk home by myself. so i would walk with you and we would be a gang cuz we are fighting all the time on the streets for our lives so walking together we are a kickass girlgang yea! this one night at a riot grrrl meeting some girls started talking about all these rapes that started happening at the college here. we got so mad at the total way the school and the media ignore sexual abuse and harrasment. and how shitty it is to live in fear. so we made up a secret plan and carried it out that night. we laughed and held hands and ran around in the dark and we were the ones you should be looking out for. in a girl gang i am the nite and i feel i can't be raped and i feel so fuckin' free.



i have only been to one Riot Grrrl meeting, but it was the first time in my life i have had a discussion with a large group of people i didn't know, which didn't involve men trying to force their opinions on me, or laughing at my opinions, or worst of all, not caring about my opinions but laughing at the way i look or the way i sit or my style of dress.

the meeting wasn't terribly personal and it didn't cover any intense or frightening issues, but there was this sense of acceptance which is rarely experienced in the real world. people listened to what other people had to say and they didn't interrupt, or yell and scream, or try to inhibit anyone else in any way.

contrary to popular belief, there was no man-bashing involved at all. the only time men were mentioned at all was when a couple of girls said that they tended to hang out with mostly men and they enjoyed the opportunity to experience an all-female environment.

the only bashing i experienced occurred after the meeting when i told various friends about my enlightening first encounter with Riot Grrrl. The prejudice which was unleashed upon me before i could even explain was unbelievable. the responses ranged from "did you do any man-hating for me?" to "those fuckin' freaks?" this kind of unfounded hatred simply perpetuates itself and i find it very sad that even the minute portion of the population which professes to be "alternative" and open-minded is just as ignorant as the rest of the world.

i don't think that the whole world should agree on everything, or even that all of olympia should, because that would probably get very boring. but a little more listening and tolerance and a little less shouting could only improve the world.

Molly Z.

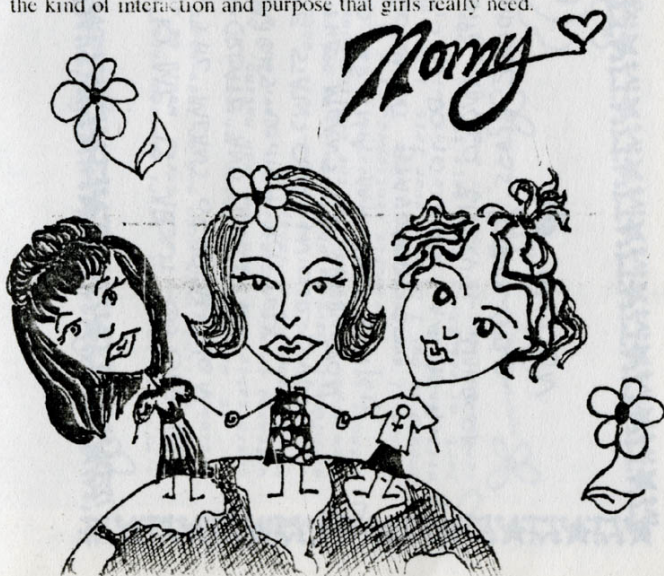
Thus far, I've only been to one Riot Grrrl meeting, so I can't really tell you any history of it, or how it functions, or even what it does, because I don't really know all of that. Instead, I'll tell you why I decided to go to the meeting, and what I thought of it.

I consider myself a feminist. Almost militantly so. I'm in an all-girl band, and I think it's really important that girls have a chance to express themselves in our male-dominated society. I agree with almost everything I've heard from Riot Grrrl, but up until a couple of weeks ago, I was afraid to become involved because it seemed so "cliquish," and I was afraid that if I had differing opinions, I would not fit in. Then one day I was riding the bus with a girl who happens to be involved in Riot Grrrl, and I was telling her about a paper on Feminism that I was writing for my English class. She asked if I'd ever considered going to Riot Grrrl meetings. I kind of cringed and said "Well, yah... but I'm afraid to," and I told her why. To my surprise, she said that she had thought the same things until she started going to meetings, and found that Riot Grrrls were really accepting and very cool. So I thought about it, and talked some of my friends into going with me to a meeting.

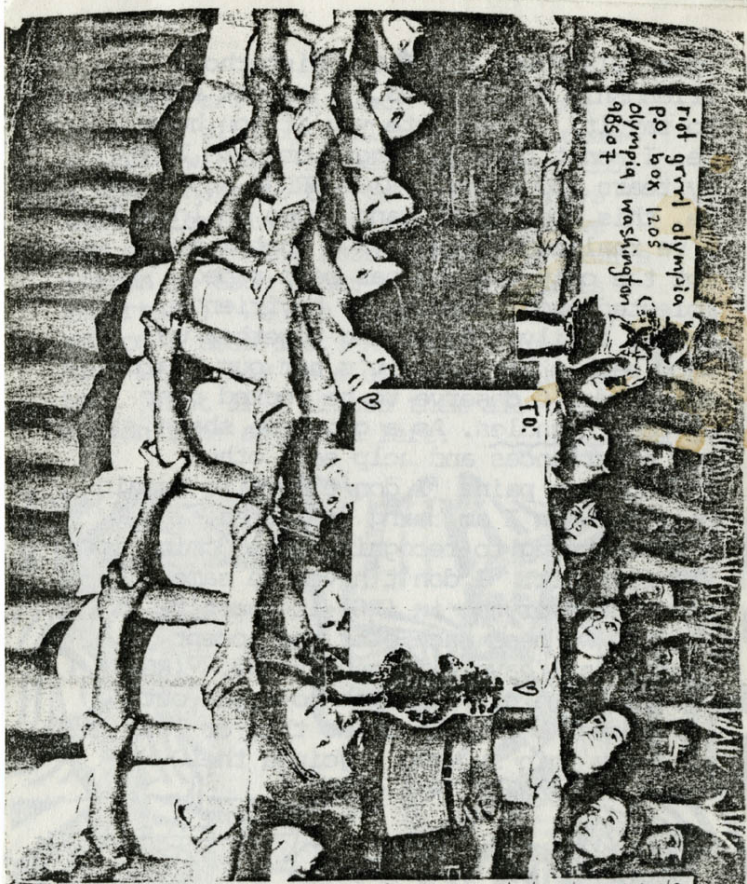
The day that we decided to go was a very emotional day for me. (I got in a super-huge fight with my dad) and I was considering not going, because I didn't know if I could deal with it if it didn't turn out well. My friend talked me into it. When we first got there, I felt really uncomfortable because I didn't really know anybody. My friends and I stood in a little clump and didn't talk to anybody else. But by the end of the meeting, I was so happy that I thought I was going to cry. (This probably had something to do with the amount of crying I'd already done that day--I was crying at the slightest provocation, and I don't usually do that. But really, the meeting made me very happy.) It reminded me of the all-girl slumber parties that my friends and I have been

having for the past two years. I've realized that most of the time (not always, but almost always) I feel much more comfortable and unthreatened around girls than around boys. It's not that I don't like boys, it's just that they're *different*, and there are just some things that they can't relate to. Unfortunately, an all-girl atmosphere is pretty rare.

The meeting wasn't all that personal--we mainly just talked about business things. (At the end of the meeting, everyone agreed that they would like future meetings to be more personal.) But it was business discussed in a different way than I'm used to. There was no hierarchy, no "rules", no condescension, and no boys. All of this, plus, we were united for a Feminist cause! I intend to keep going to Riot Girl meetings, because I really think that this is the kind of interaction and purpose that girls really need.





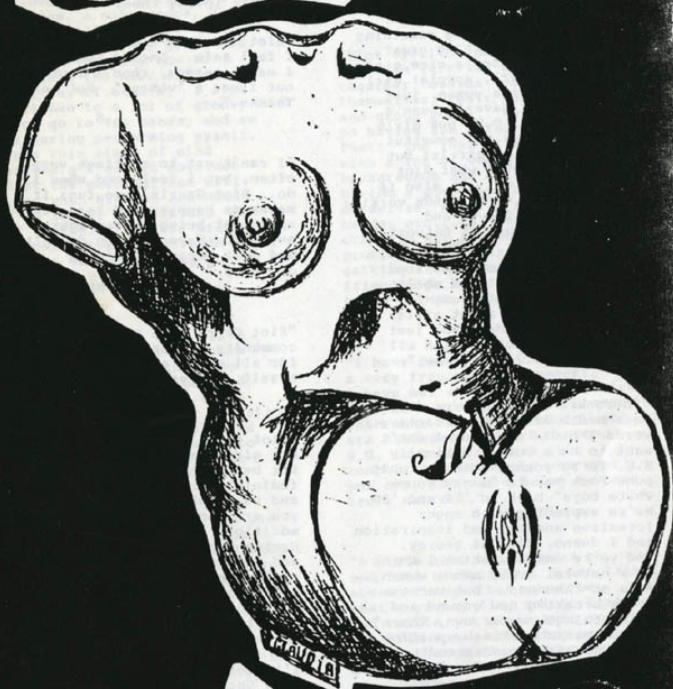


riot girl olympia  
 p.o. box 1205  
 olympia, washington  
 98501

To:

this is a photograph taken by margaret bourne - white  
 of a dance that has a bunch of little girls  
 look/dress the same and react machinery. crazy...

riot



good

## WHAT RIOT GRRRL MEANS TO ME

"Putting the punk back into feminism, and feminism into punk."  
--Liberty

"Riot Grrrl is turning something negative into something great. At work, I'm called a nice girl, what a smart girl, special girl. Not a person or a woman, just a girl, when I haven't been a girl for years. O.K. but girls can be dangerous and powerful. So call us girls (grrrls) but watch out. That's what Riot Grrrl means to me. It also is a gathering of women minds working for us and our issues and interests. A support network."  
--Polly O'

"Riot Grrrl is about how cool it is to be a girl and about how hard it is to be one sometimes. It's about girls with punk rock ideas who just don't want to put up with all of society's crap anymore."

"There are a lot of nice fancy mass media kind of descriptive words I could use, but I don't want to be a bore. Basically R.G. is to young women now what punk rock was to "angry young white boys" back in '79 and '80. We're exploding with anger (creative anger!) and inspiration and I dunno, lots of energy. And we're united, which I think is a natural trait among women, more so than men. But because we're breaking new ground and doing things on our own, there's a huge media backlash, putting us down, being condescending and acting as if we're "rejected cheerleaders" who are cutesy and a little ooh...angry! Look out! Yes, they'd better fuckin' look out because it's not a goddamned straight wealthy white men's world anymore! Not as long as R.G. is around! Fuck yeah. Revolution girl style now! (Ugh!)"

--Alex Progress

"Riot Grrrl is closing the gap. Accepting the differences and finally loving them."

"Riot Grrrl is a place where I feel safe. Once I thought I was a person, then I found out I was a 'woman.' Not here. Thanks."

--S.

"I can't get to meetings very often, but I feel good when I do. Riot Grrrls have fun; it makes me happier and less scared about not being a teen-ager anymore. Here the fun doesn't end just because you're a grown up."

--MEB

"Riot Grrrl is a network, a community, an exploration outward for all of us as women and within myself, as, yes, a woman."

--Sarah L.

"Riot Grrrl is about not being the girlfriend of the band and not being the daughter of the feminist, and all that stuff, and being whatever it is that you are, and not being the addition. Empowerment, I guess. Having fun and making friends and meeting lots of women who are my peers and whom I respect, and well, I think they're cool. I'm sick of boys anyway and I went to a grrrl college and there's boys everywhere and that's all any body thinks about so I'll get my separatist fix here. Riot Grrrls are so RAD."

P.S.- And the Riot Grrrl show was fun too; we should have one every weekend, except some body else could organize it. I didn't even feel like a grrrl, I felt like a person."

--Emma





**Grrrlfriend**

In Charles Aaron's review of *Bikini Kill* ["A Riot of the Mind," February 2], he states: "Of course, like the 'riot grrrl movement' itself... [Kathleen] Hanna's imagined, loud-and-clear moment exists only in the minds of a handful of boho progeny with access to copy machines and feminist reading lists."

Before you can verbalize you have to be able to shout. There are no leaders in Riot Grrrl, only committed, passionate individuals, many of whom are devoted to helping women come out of depression and mental anguish induced by sexual, physical, and verbal abuse. I endured all the above. I thought I was insane until women like Kathleen Hanna stayed up long nights with me

talking me out of suicidal thoughts. Now I have friends in every major city in the U.S. who are active in Riot Grrrl groups. That's real to me.

Claudia von Vacano  
Manhattan

**Jeerleader**

The Year of the Woman, my ass. Deborah Frost's horrifyingly hateful and self-hating attack on Riot Grrrl ["Bondage Up Yours," Pazz & Jop critics' poll, March 2] was more painful and bewildering than the time my father got drunk and felt me up on my Sweet 16. At least I understood my father. I cannot understand Ms. Frost's destructive glee. Oh, look, some young women are encouraging other young women to read Audre Lorde—they must be "an amorphous blob of...cheerleader rejects and unhappy amateur musicians [who] started coagulating near Seattle." And if the "revolution translate[s] into little beyond a rape-free zone," I would dance in the rape-free streets. As it stands, I'm through with your sour, vindictive, conservative wolf-in-progressive-sheep's-clothing newspaper. The *Voice's* response to Black History Month is to pull down Alex Haley, and your response to young women is to ridicule one of this generation's first autonomous self-help groups. FUCK OFF.

G.F.  
Manhattan

**FIGHT****THE****RIOT****GRRRL****BACKLASH**

in the MEDIA, the boy's club called the "punk" or "alternative" scene, schools, etc.

-A.L.

Who Is Choking and Dying? by KAKE

O.K. - I've got a bone to pick with Sassy magazine. Yes, I admit it's a personal grievance, I have had times of low confidence where I felt the only way to insure my happiness was to starve and vomit and try to become one of the females inside a fashion magazine. That's where the trouble begins with Sassy, their format of visuals is the same as all other magazines with a female audience - thin, VERY attractive models AND the "Lose weight so boys will like you" advertisement in the back.

My roommate disagrees with my disgust towards Sassy, she argues that they write good articles about incest survivors, rape, witchcraft, how to make clothes, etc... Alright - all well and good, except the articles are the substance of bubble gum icecream with the cherry being "cute band alert." Yes - too stupid to even MENTION, "cute band alert" degrades any woman who takes her music seriously, except me because I judge a band by their looks and fashion by their lyrics and music.

Perhaps I am in a dream world with my desire to have articles and pictures of the average girl growing up in cheap discount clothes amidst her piles of souvenirs, collectibles, memories, dreams and books that she always carries close to her imagined too large/too small chest.

But that's why Riot Grrrl exists - so all that our grandmothers, mothers, sisters, aunts, friends and selves have fought and suffered through will not be compacted into easily digested bullshit bits of information. I just hope that as individuals females will start and continue to follow their inner soul to create a world where - well - whatever wonderful we want can happen.



"Riot Grrrl is subversive activity. I came to make new friends and to find a type of activism that would have tangible results for me. This is working to promote expression in a community of cooperative young women."

--Sandra

"At first when I heard about Riot Grrrl I thought it was something really great that I couldn't be a part of. When I finally decided to go to a meeting I really felt like not only could I be a part of R.G., but I could get involved in something that could really affect me and other people."

--Zoe

"There are so many ways to criticize feminism and everything else that women work on together-- Riot Grrrl is the first thing I've found that totally says 'fuck you' to all the excuses-- it's way more emotional, which to me is real."

--Joanna





# Fembot



50

cents



Hi this is FEMBOT and it's about digging girls who are in bands or bands with girls in them and this is from a queer point of view if ya need to know. But it's not completely about bands of girls cause I like alot of other stuff too but mostly it's gurls ok? Chyks, Wymyn yeah cool. Even bands that are one woman and 3 guys count except Throwing Muses and Talking Heads, they bug the shit out of me and are the only bands I know of from Rhode Island, maybe that's why. Please don't think I'm objectifying women or anything, I kinda feel like I identify with them more than I do guys singing, that's all, even more than other sissies especially Morrissey who's a dildo anyway. Sometimes I think maybe I am a closet transgender person or something or at least I should do drag once in awhile to be in touch with my feminine side but I haven't gotten around to it. Even though I just got a free groovy dress - maxi. I had a dream once where I was having sex with a woman as a man with a penis then I had breasts and was a she-male then I was a complete woman with a vagina and I was really startled and puzzled so I got wondering about all this stuff. But I dig being a guy and having sex with other guys and that wasn't in the dream at all but it was just a dream - right? Anyway I just want to say I support the revolution of girl style now maybe you don't want my support or think it's weird after you read this but that's for you to decide. Oups I didn't write much about ~~punks~~ **punk rock** this time but next time I will - I SWEAR!

FEMBOT is sponsored by: Summer's Eve

"I'm dreaming of Summer,  
cool breezes fresh air  
when I want that feeling  
Summer's Eve takes me there  
That clean Fresh feeling keeps the good times  
on my mind  
Summer's Eve brings back freshness anytime"  
AND BY...





**My life with**

**Evan Dando**



**Popstar**

**by Kathleen hanna**



cuz he's a rock-

I fell in love with Evan because it seemed like the worst thing i could do at the time. I fell in love with Evan because it was totally uncool and pathetic which is how i felt inside. I fell in love with Evan because the band i am in started getting all this weird attention and i felt like he was the only one who would understand. I fell in love with Evan because sometimes i wish i was a boy and that the worst thing that ever happened to me was having too many girls like me. I fell in love with Evan because i wanted him to die and thought if i could get him to love me i would show him what a broken heart really was. I fell in love with Evan because he is a total slut and everyone thinks its very cute, unlike when i was in jr hi and high school and the word "slut" followed me everywhere at arms length. I fell in love with Evan because i don't do drugs and so i need other destructive pasttimes. I fell in love with Evan because i can't deal with real boys barely at all and yet am wildly attracted attracted their flat chests and strait hips (sometimes) ~~and Evan is my perfect boyfriend because i am allowed to invent him all by myself.~~



Evan is so cool.

GENUINE

Dando, the son  
of a lawyer father

a classical-  
ly handsome, Boston-bred  
preppy. Blessed with  
beach-smooth features,

MASTER

i must

kill you.

FUKER

cuz he's a rock-  
star and yr not.



specail,  
yeah, oh yeah.

Hey, Evan, how are you doing?  
ed: I'm doing really well, man.

Being white and male doesn't hurt

(vrooom, vrooom)

This is biological determinism.

REAL / FAKE

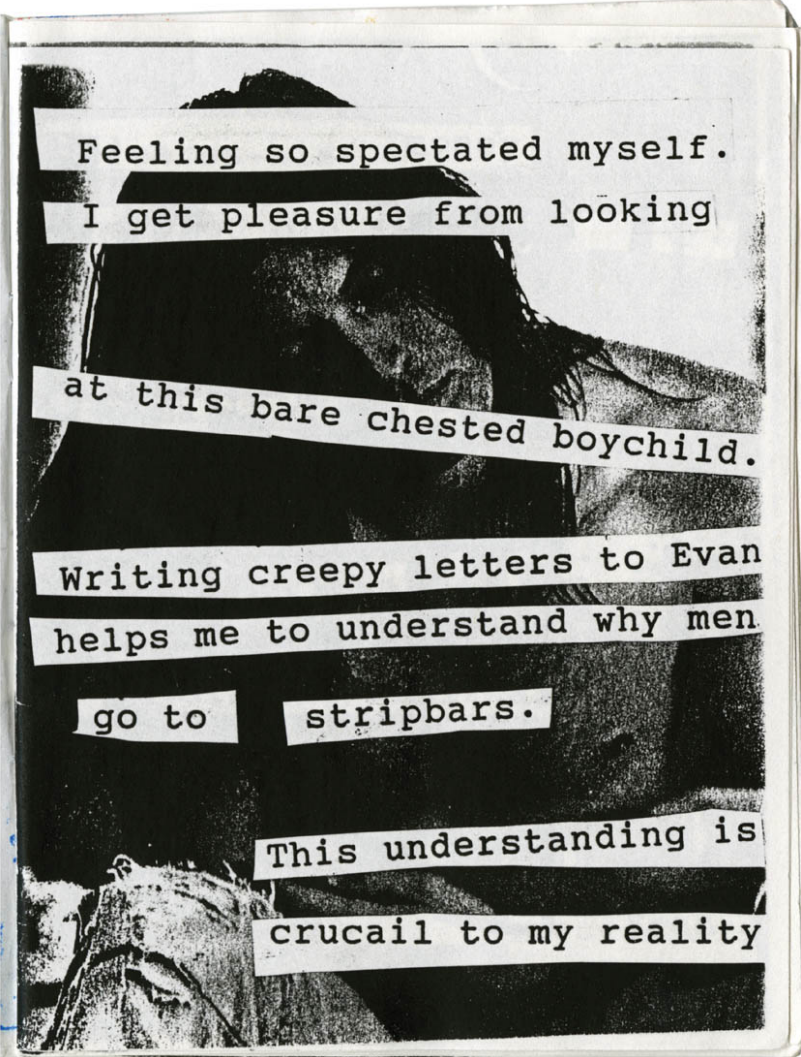
~~break~~ vs with

truth / Lie

FRED vs. ~~with~~

Fiction [NON-Fiction]





Feeling so spectated myself.

I get pleasure from looking

at this bare chested boychild.

Writing creepy letters to Evan  
helps me to understand why men

go to

stripbars.

This understanding is

cruail to my reality

I WAS  
I WAS  
HILL

He earns his money

the good old fashioned way.

He takes it from

sexually repressed

little kids.....

in return for their allowances,

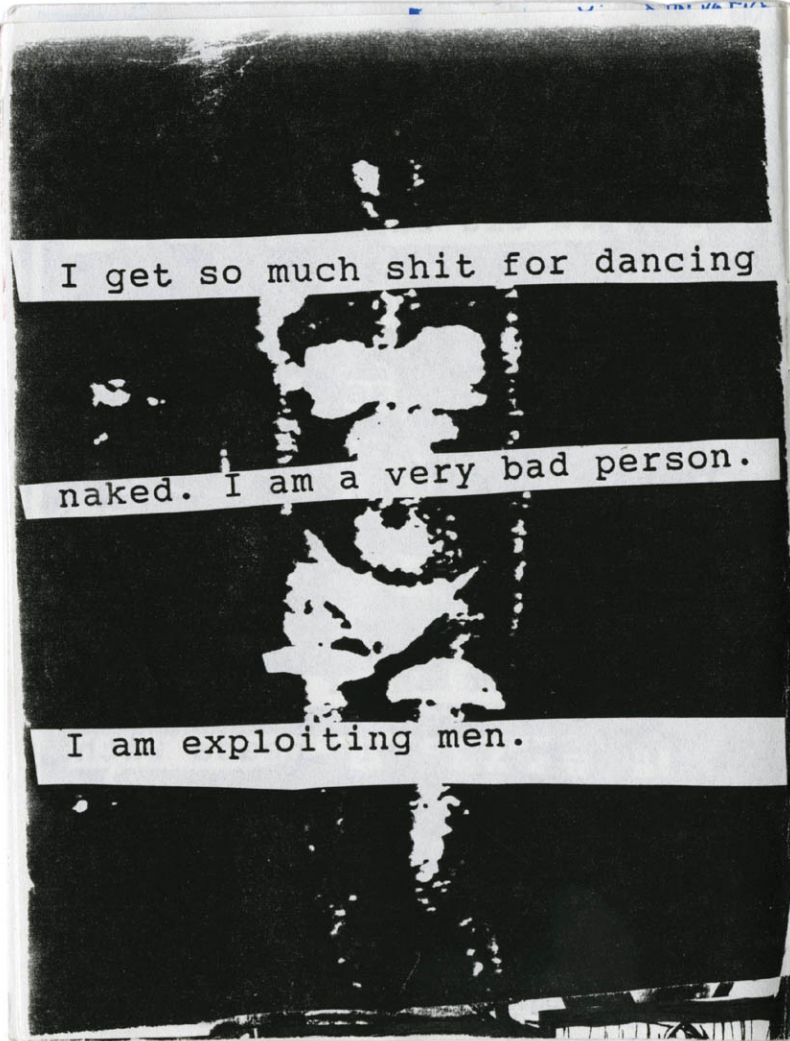
he fills their heads with

meaning-

popsongs.

Yeah.





I get so much shit for dancing

naked. I am a very bad person.

I am exploiting men.



I am as evil





Evan writes songs about stuff  
and someone decides they are  
good songs and that everyone  
should like them. No one tells  
me why they are good songs.  
Just that they are.

Neutrality <sup>WEARS</sup> ~~has~~ a happy smiling face.

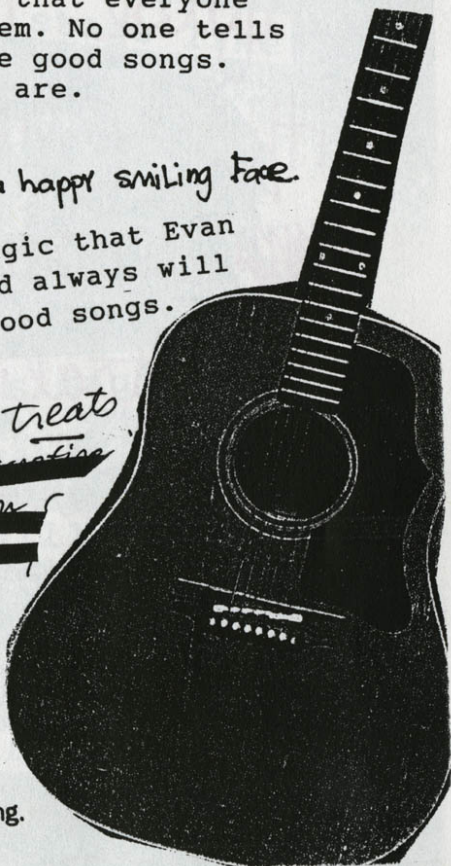
It must be magic that Evan  
always has, and always will  
write these good songs.

Evan takes the treats  
~~to put the treats~~  
~~to put the treats~~  
~~to put the treats~~

He is specail

Who's this?

It's Evan Dando talking.



Confuse "truth"  
with fiction  
~~attempt~~ attempt to  
de-centralize the  
manufacturing of  
"truth".

use Language as a weapon.

— you have to choose if there's only two choices.

He is on stage like

it is magic

and no one will tell you that

you are magic too.



Dear Evan Dando - I have decided to make you my Life. This is because as a marginalized person i MUST HAVE A ROLE MODEL [identity politics + control question here] AND this ROLE MODEL has got to be ME and not You. You are an insipid pop star who believes in ideas of transcendence in art OR ELSE you are a tortured artist whose work is becoming assembly line monotony, you hate yourself and need someone to save you. (ME will rescue you)

I am screaming yr name, yr dick size, MY LOVE all over town. "It's a long way to the top if you wanna Rock n' Roll" Evan, baby.

So the deal is i feel powerful tuning the wild man. Being so colonized myself (heart-brain gut cunt) i am filled w/a long-is for some controlled. Being exploited/distorted - YES I DO WANNA CHANGE THINGS - I WANNA CHALLENGE NOTIONS OF HIERARCHY MY POWER + CONTROL But, I NEED A FIX!  
o feel like i am sliding off of the earth.

Dear Evan

I am what is not supposed to be - a female stalker.

AMY + NANCY WILSON FROM HEART got 2 or 3 stalkers a year.... And Joan from Jett gets crazy people following her too. I NO WANT THIS TO HAPPEN TO ME. (did i mention i am a punk \*?) My picture was in NEWSWEEK magazine i have a bikini on and my FULL NAME is followed by the words "feminist" "stripper" and "incest victim". I am going to the store to buy a shirt that says KILL ME on it.

They say the 11 women who got murdered in Montreal were just getting punished for being feminist (chatting men) ONLY I KNOW they got kilt for breathing. For existing. Please remember this. Please Remember this.

I will become the murderer if there's only two choices.  
I am mass murdering all rockstars in my head. I like  
to kill pretty boys by fucking them and then rolling  
over like nothing happened. They wanna hold me and pretend  
we are in love only i will not engage in any Lying  
Behavior w/ them. "You were just a fuck" i say. My barefoot  
like the kitchen door and the sand of the popstar finding  
his shoes. Goodbye.

I have to remember that THE MAN (who shall remain nameless  
cuz HE doesn't matter anyway, fucker) kill THEM Not cuz of  
ANYTHING they did but cuz HE felt att'a control and  
needed some way to feel IN CONTROL.

This is what i am doing only i am justified.  
Besides i'm only murdering in my head.

I hate pretty boys cuz they got all the good parts  
of being female (clothes, jewelry, hair, makeup) ONLY none  
of the bad ones (rape, murder, poverty) I hate Evan Dando cuz  
he's so much prettier than me. Because I hate him my cunt  
is uncontrollably wet.

Marc Lepine, the guy who killed the 14 women in Montreal  
(I am always going back on my word) is cloned. He is  
generic "CRAZY GUY". I love ~~the~~ isolated crazy guy killer  
theories cuz it makes it seem so easy. Ted Bundy's  
dead, and so, ALL MY PROBLEMS ARE NOW OVER. h.h.h.h.

I am a punk star who is a slutty feminist bitch and  
we are going to play the big rock show in Los Angeles  
that the money goes to keep abortion legal. OF course.

Isolated crazy Marc Lepine guy goes to the show. He is  
In Love/Hate with me and he has a gun. I look  
like i have good ~~to~~ muscles in my legs. Evan, who  
doesn't know me yet, is excusing the muscles in my legs.

I am singing songs about an elusive society that  
is fucking me over into an expensive microphone.  
I am doing the lowest common denominator thing or  
am singing to a bunch of rich people who i hate.

I am convinced the rich people will slowly  
starve me to death if they think I am talking  
serious shit on them and/or having fun.

Marc Lepine is a retard. (Not like being retarded is  
wrong or bad... i am guilty.... i am guilty) He has no friends  
and no one likes him but he is not cool. He's into the  
rogged individualist thing. He hates women OR allows his  
self hate to manifest itself as that word, MISOGYNY. He's got  
his hands on the trigger of some gun.

Evan looks just like this one boy who tore my guts out and  
displayed me as a public humiliation. He should be happy i have  
chosen him to stalk. He asked for it by looking like he  
does. Like the "beautiful" victim who finds fame in death  
(yeah, right) he wants to be my victim.

You think i am crazy and you can just fuck yourself cuz just  
coz i am wordplay Reversing i am all true + personal  
and you can't imagine this is art and not autobiography.

Evan has long hair like a girl. The synapses in his  
brain are farty from drugs. He searches thru a bag that  
only has a shirt in it for the other thing (cigarettes) even  
though they are laying right next to him. This kind of stupidity



Is supposed to be cute. I want to slap his little behind  
As a punishment only he is sitting on it. cute.cute.cute.

Marc Lepine is ~~so~~ so uncool that he doesn't even know  
how boring i am. You don't stop Revolution by killing  
bank tellars you know.

So, Evan is a hot babe, i'll admit to this. Not like a 13  
Year old virgin. He knows nothing. I am wondering on the  
size of his cock. I ♥ Tall Boys. Tall boys, oh yeah.  
Evan's got eyes that squint in the sun when he talks about  
surfing.

Grass.

I know why Valerie Solanas shot Warhol and not the  
President - cuz everyone knows politicians're corrupt BUT ~~Warhol~~  
was trying to act like he was questioning notions of time  
art (transcendence biological determinism) thru the admission of  
Mechanical Reproduction [the destruction of the ~~master artist~~]

**ONLY** Warhol was FOR REAL exploiting certain people  
(workers) AND certain Revolutionary conceptions IN  
**ORDER TO** Buy himself two thousand dollar "Marilyn" cocaine  
jars.

Valerie Solanas ~~shot~~ shot Warhol to stop co-optation  
and also to be funny.

On the magazine HE (reunited, solan) reclines, the picture is like  
he just fucked you and then he's rolling over to ask you if  
you wanna smoke another joint with him, "OR what," he says,  
"OR what." ~~Warhol is not a dick, he's a pussy for real~~

Marc Lepine raises the gun above his head. No one hears  
it go off except the people standing right next to  
him. Who may or may not have SEEN the gun. Evan is  
in the front row staring at me when the bullet shoots  
straight thru my head.

Marc Leprie is trying to escape the building. He's actually being smart by trying to LOOK Natural. Everyone is running or trying to run for the door.  
No one who SAW the gun will stop Marc Leprie for fear of getting shot.

Evan is lying over me.

"I don't even know you"

~~"You remind me of my ex-boyfriend"~~

"I love you and don't want you to die"

~~"I wish it could fuck on, I am bleeding"~~

The version in the papers has Evan's hippy hair all caked in blood as he peers into the ambulance.

I am in a band ( a musical expressive group) where we are three women and one boy  
And in this band

we are routinely spit on and/or beat up.

The question from the interview guy goes :

1. "Why do you hate all men?"
2. "Why are you a stripper/whore for your job?"
3. "Who the fuck do you think you are anyways?"
4. "Tell me what yr Daddy did to you in graphic detail, now."
5. "Maybe i would rape you and beat you up if i had the chance only I am positing myself as a neutral reporter just now at this moment."

The question that is never asked or maybe even thought has to do with the fact that there are movies about girls getting murdered being played out all over my body PLUS i have been told to my face that i am a worthless human cunt who deserves to die and so why would i be anything but completely afraid???? Why would i wanna sit in the room with the journalist man ???AND why would i be thinking about Evan Dando at all????

~~My~~ Fear of death is pushed behind my desire to  
Fuck Evan Dando.

A NOTE ON THE NATURE OF HISTORY OR HISTORICAL REMEMBERING.

Valerie Solanas and Jacques Cousteau died in the same week. Jacques, being Rich, died a rich man's death. Valerie, however, died of starvation on the street as a bag lady. Since they both died in the same week everyone got confused. THEREFORE, I was told that Jacques Cousteau died of starvation on the street in some big city. Valerie Solanas was not even mentioned.

Everything is completely arbitrary.

Even Dando is staring at me off of the cover of a Magazine. He is better at being a woman than I am. He doesn't have to deal with the shit that I do, either. I wanna see if he still feels as happy about being a bare chested woman in front of everyone after I shove a coke bottle up his ass.

I wanna know HOW MUCH he wants to be a woman.

I hate Evan for taking the treats that I can not take because I am a MARTYR WHORE who cannot except pleasure when I am too afraid of RAZORS to feel my own cunt.

I WILL NOT LET JACQUES COUSTEAU TAKE CREDIT FOR VALERIE SOLANAS' DECREPID DEATH.

I will not let Evan Dando be pricier than me.

Yours,  
Kathleen





I am as evil

as any rapist

stripbar customer,

which doesn't mean

i am any less

pissed off

than i was before

romanticism

Write + Live + be

yeah, yeah, oh yeah.



a problematic survivor



I hate the stripbar customer who jacks off under the table and then gives me 50 bucks for it LESS THAN i hate the guy on the bus who jacks off under his Reader's Digest bookbag and then pays me nothing for it.

It is never a matter of  
which man I LOVE MOST,  
but, which man I HATE  
LEAST.



Every woman is a vessel

Every woman is a vessel

Evan Dando is a vessel

Evan Dando is my vessel



XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

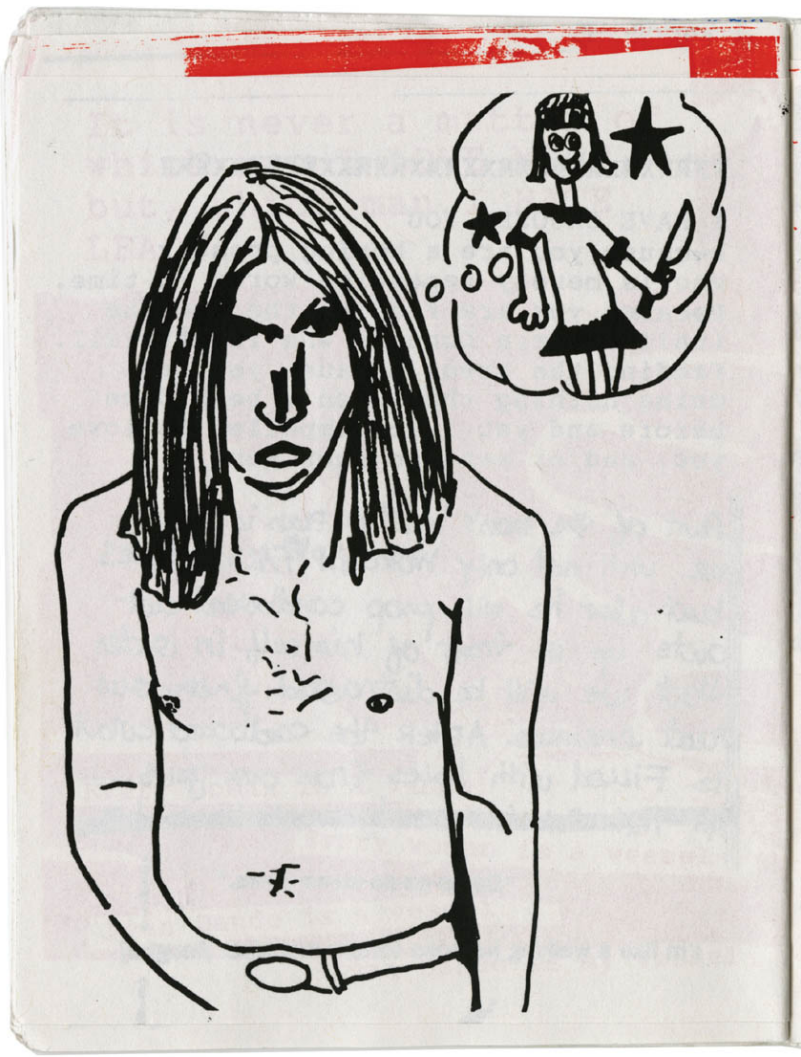
I HAVE CHOSEN YOU  
because you are a boring popstar  
who is merely repeating words in time.  
Because you are feeding the machine  
(unlike Tanya Donnelly who is, after all,  
feeding the tree) Because you are  
doing nothing that hasn't been done  
before and yet i am compelled to love  
you, and/or want to fuck you

Part of the man's master plan is that  
we will not only WORSHIP FALSE IDOLS  
but also he will prop cardboard cut-  
outs up in front of himself in order  
that we will be distracted from our  
real enemies. AFTER the cardboard cutout  
is filled with holes from our guns....

~~All that remains is to wait for her~~

"Da-na-na-na-na-na-na-na."

I'm like a walking karaoke torture machine. [laughs]

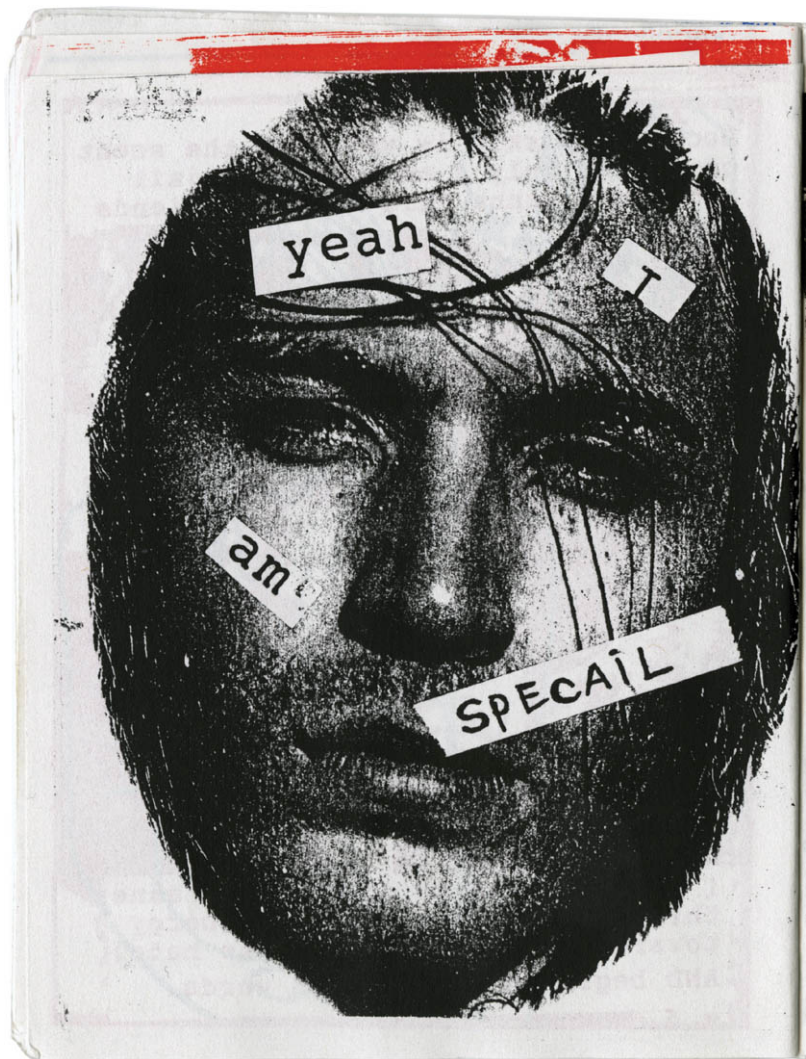


Becasue my skin is wet with the scent  
of murder only i am afraid of jail  
and don't wanna kill my real friends



i have decided to do the only sane  
thing: Direct all negative energy  
towards you (telepathic hate hate)  
AND begin to murder with words.





Let the Lemonheads help you to live in  
a chronic state of forgetfulness....

A couple of years ago, I started  
thinking, I would love to make people happy with my  
music. That would be the best thing.

Yeah. You can afford to be neutral, man.

(white, male, pseudo liberal, promulgat-  
ing the myth of the transcendent artist)



The silent subtext always reads. We all  
have the same access to everything



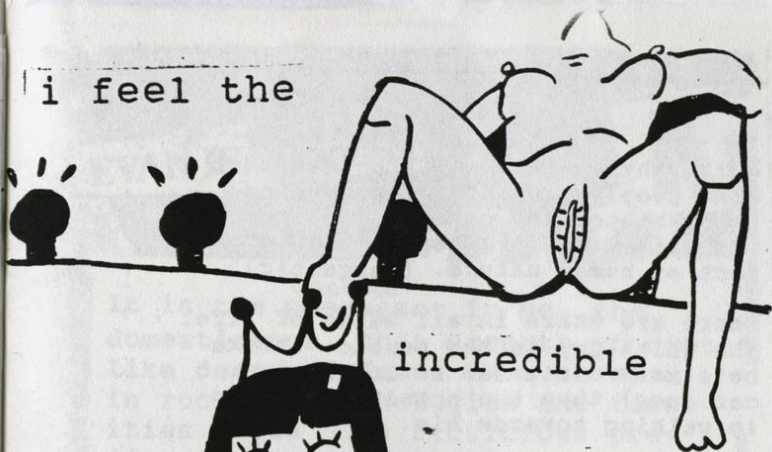
stripbar

customer





i feel the



incredible

desire



**ALL  
dOLLED  
UP.**

for revenge

Heirarchy is based on the idea that some people are naturally inclined to be on top and others to be on the bottom. this is an immutable fact of human nature. (sarcastic)

There are stars in all walks of life. The white guy in the porsche thinks he's more a star (as he locks his car door) than the homeless guy who is walking towards him.

Because i am closer to the thin, white, small nosed idea that advertising racists shove down our throats. I am more of a star than the big girl at the party. I wanna believe i deserve the attention i get but i know that what is considered "pretty" at any given time has everything to do with economics and maintaining groups of low paying workers.

By keeping certain groups of people feeling like shit and like they don't deserve good housing or healthcare or respect or sexy points, the machine churns on, benefitting elites, and tearing the arms off of any<sub>on</sub>e who won't go along.

## EVAN IS SO INTENSE

It is the <sup>asshole</sup> ~~depressor~~ in me, the domesticator, that accepts concepts like deserved fame. That revels in rockstar mythologies and identities based on a fictitious predisposition for genius.

If anyone could be me,  
then i am nothing.

really shouldn't ignore Salano's supposed romance with fellow bombshell of the alternative scene, Evan Dando, who nowadays seems to very much enjoy displaying great sections of his leg to the world.

"NO, I wouldn't go so far as to say we were romantically attached."



displaying great  
world.

IN A GREAT BOX IT  
CONTAINS 10-15 T  
WHICH ALSO HAS  
STU

3 Alls it takes is good promotion  
4 and major label backing plus  
1 'right time at right place'  
c status, to buy anyone the  
label "genius".

the Dancin' method

skin as Evan does  
portable doing that

Dippy Dancin'

Evan will never tell you this  
cuz his whole thing is based  
on being recognized as star  
material.

he could be a guy wif a scary mustache

over the  
low that  
re eventually

There is a part of me  
that buys this logic



He will die old and alone. Hated.

With no friends maybe a wife that hates  
him

I want to save him



but I can't.



I fell in love with Evan because it kept my mind off of the REAL people who were hurting me. I fell in love with Evan cuz i never wanna take my clothes off for money again and i was thinking he might take care of me financially. I fell in love with Evan because i gave myself permission to find out what gross cheesy smells lurk inside my mind. I fell in love with Evan cuz its easier to project all my coolness onto some lame-ass boy than to risk being called selfish or vain by loving myself. I fell in love with Evan cuz i am guessing that he has a big dick. I fell in love with Evan cuz he just happened to be there on the day i went completely insane.

+ 0 X 0 X

## kathleen plus Evan forever.

8. Write stories that complicate the idea of "the other". Portray the so-called "marginals" as central, uglybeautiful, and complex.

9. Attempt to confuse the line that separates truth from fiction and, therefore, decentralize the manufacturing of truth/authenticity.

10. Challenge obsessive "product" making by publishing both prepared and unprepared work (journal pages and letters). Allow both "the finished" and the "unfinished" to occupy the same space successfully.

11. Write whatever you want because writing is sexy and terrorists deserve art.

~~12. Expect to be paid for yr writing.~~

13. Choose who will have access to yr work based on issues of safety and need, as opposed to clever marketing strategies..

Admit to yr subjectivity.



He is ~~really~~  
cooler than you, he  
can drive and he



1. Write about all the bad people who have power and why i hate them. (but i do not believe in good/bad anymore)

2. Write a letter to a person who has exploited me and ~~exploited~~ <sup>they are suckers.</sup> ~~they are suckers.~~ <sup>but then i am just supporting the idea that</sup> ~~their action is even important as i am getting them to react~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~from my resistance might take, ie, reactionary instead of actionary)~~

3. Write a letter to a person who has abused me only it doesn't make sense in terms of traditional logic. Don't even send it.

4. Write something about killing people i hate that makes me feel powerful.

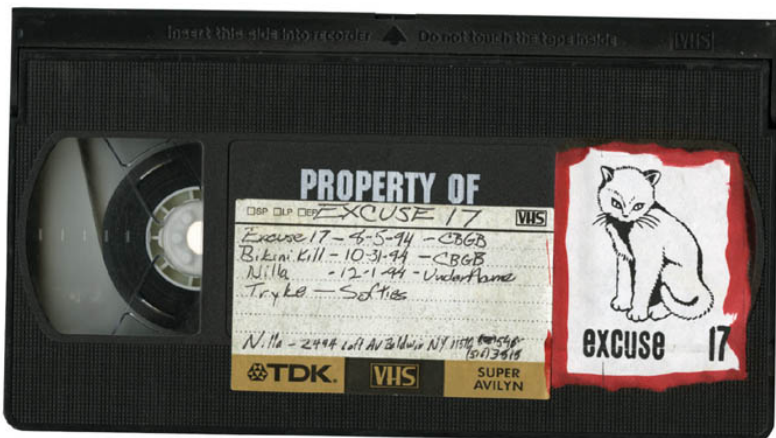
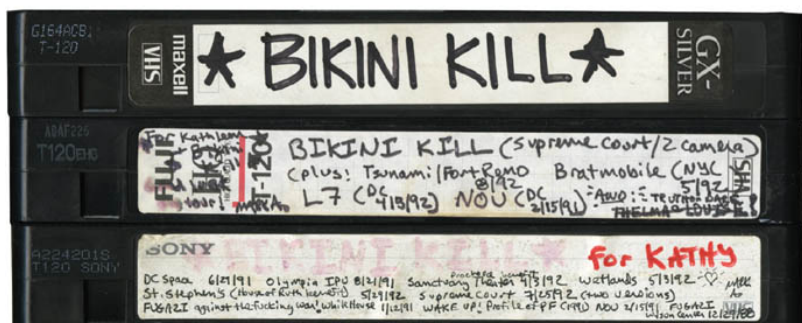
5. Write about fucking.

akes someone who looks power (myself) look real



and besides i am way  
punker than juliana hatfield





3 11/7/94



heavens  
to

betsy



Running  
with:



e 17

Spoken word by  
erika reinstein



spring tour



1994

lyrics

listen up.

hi there  
it's been two years since  
we toured so here we are  
ready to rock n' roll.  
because seventeen is an  
incredible band and we  
are setting out for adventure.  
watch out! xoxo Corin

mr. landlord says  
hey girls the rent is due  
it's time to pay up  
mr. landlord he  
owns the record co.  
he owns the machines that we want

i know what to think  
i know what you want from me  
i know who i trust  
and who i don't

i know what to confront you about

mr. landlord  
he wears a new suit  
it's made from my words  
mr. landlord  
he beats his girlfriend  
and i know that you know

he owns most everything  
but mr. landlord  
you don't own me

mr. landlord says  
hey girls the rent is due  
it's time to pay up  
mr. landlord  
we'll tear the building down  
and we'll throw you out





DEDICATED

it is so frustrating to be girls in a puke rock band and to keep banging our heads against the walls of the "alternative" scene. what is so alternative? everything in punk and alternative scenes is still owned by white men and so many of the same racist and sexist structures still exist. is it really alternative to use a racist objectifying national geographic picture as a joke on your way cool punk record? i feel like a dialogue does not exist for people to talk or deal with anything. i mean, i think some people in the punk rock community really would like to talk to each other but the way in which to do it is really complicated.

discussions in Olympia did happen in Oly riot grrrl. riot grrrl in Olympia doesn't happen anymore for so many reasons. riot grrrl Oly had a lot of the same problems going on as many white middle class feminist movements have always had. we often centered on white middle class sexism

and white middle class girls and therefore excluded women of color and white working class women's issues from our discussions. i think our discussions about racism and white privilege were important but we had a long way to go. and also, the bombardment of media attention on riot grrrl made everybody crazy and took away our control of so many things. our image was sold and sold and sold until we didn't even know what we looked like anymore. these things are very difficult and there was so much tension and it was like we all broke up. the thing that sucks is that although i recognize that there was a lot of racism and fucked up things going on in riot grrrl, there is now no organized way for women and girls to talk to each other in Olympia. and although this might be good in some ways, i feel like girls hardly get to talk to each other anymore.

so i guess this is a challenge to girls, women, men who don't talk very much to look at the ways in which we live and work. i would really like to see a girl-run collective where women produce their own records, shows, discussions, artwork, everything... i want to work on building a community that is not male-controlled, that deals with racism and sexism and where people are not too afraid of not being cool to talk about the work they produce. i want the resources right now right now right now. don't settle for anything less.



*you can write to us at:*  
*PLEASE NO POSTAGE*  
P.O. Box 7842  
Olympia, WA 98507

And no I don't believe  
that cool is the answer  
but style isn't the

opposite either at all

Do you believe  
there's anything beyond  
mom + dad reality  
I wanna know

I believe in the  
radical possibilities  
inherent in  
pleasure

Is it so hard to feel okay  
Is being happy  
What I'm afraid of?

~~I'm not~~ <sup>being in control</sup> ~~safe~~ was denied to me  
But ~~now~~ I don't wanna  
die from ~~a~~ being a control freak

Just cuz i can have it  
Doesn't wish it away  
I'm not the opposite of what i hate

Because my world  
is so full of rage  
does that mean that sex  
isn't okay

Since the man eats  
should we starve ourselves  
Since he uses his strength  
to knock me down  
Should I neglect my health?

No No No No No No No No



im so fucking  
beautiful  
#2





hello again friends!

you are about to read issue #2  
of i'm so fucking beautiful!  
i am nomy and i am nervous.

I AM NERVOUS CUZ I'M IN  
COMPETITION WITH MYSELF. I'M  
AFRAID I WON'T LIVE UP TO  
WHAT I'VE DONE BEFORE.

that's why  
it's taken me almost a year to  
come out with a second issue.

okay, if you haven't read  
ISFB#1 then you really  
should, cuz i'm not gonna  
explain everything all over  
again in here. send me  
35¢ + 1 stamp & i'll send it  
to you.

that brings me to a  
subject that seems to have  
caused a lot of confusion: my  
address. i have people  
writing to me at three  
different addresses. so i'm  
gonna clear it up once and for  
all. you can write me at this  
address until june, when i'll  
be moving:

4221 indian pipe lp. nw  
tesc p107  
olympia, wa 98505



← aren't i cute?



this is my parents' address,  
which you can write to me at  
forever and always, and i'll  
be sure to get it. (it just  
may take a little longer.)



1505 nw groves ave  
olympia, wa 98502

## REMEMBER: FAT OPPRESSION IS A FORM OF INSTITUTIONALIZED OPPRESSION

a quick list of rules  
for you to keep in mind:

1. fat is not ugly
2. fat people do not lack control
3. fat people do not need to lose weight
4. we do not make "fat jokes"
5. fat is punk rock *yee haw!*
6. you do not call yourself "fat" if you're not.  
learn the difference.
7. diets are 20 times more unhealthy than being fat
8. i am not ashamed of my body
9. i am susceptible to pain. don't try to hurt me.
10. if you consider me a threat, if you  
fear me now, then just wait. the fat  
grrrl revolution has begun.

(THE REST IS ALL QUESTIONS...)

# FAT GRRRL = PUNK FUKIN' REBEL

okay, in case you're having trouble figuring it out--i'm fat and this zine is all about fat oppression. in the past year i have made a lot of progress with myself and my body image. when i first started doing zines i was too ashamed of my body to even say that i was fat. although i wanted my zines to be personal i couldn't bring myself to talk about my body because the only thing i could even think to say was "why can't i lose weight?" by the time i wrote isfb #1 i had realized that i didn't have to hate my body, that i could be proud of my body, that i could be sexy, beautiful, *and* fat (not a contradiction). i am still not at a point where i can say that i always love my body, that i never wish that i was thin... but i have come a long way. as i've said before, i'm always in process, i'm constantly learning. i really truly do love my body i do i do i love my fat and i'm not the only one. i've realized that it's not just me against the world (although it often feels that way) i do have support there are people out there doing the same kind of work that i am, there are people out there who aren't totally oblivious to this fucked up media brainwashing that's going on everywhere allthetime.

xo  nomy





i've been feeling...um...SEXY lately. i'm not exactly sure why, but these are the reasons i've been able to come up with:

- 1) i have this neat purple sweatshirt that i wear a lot, and for some reason i always feel attractive when i wear it-- even though i don't usually think that i look particularly stunning in it. funny how that works.
- 2) i've been doing a lot of naked-in-front-of-the-mirror assessments lately, and i'm getting more and more comfortable with my body.
- 3) a while ago i was at a party where we all took turns saying who in the room we had been attracted to at some time. all of the boys said they had been attracted to me at some point, which i really wasn't expecting. (well actually every boy there had been attracted to every girl there. surprising?) it sounds silly, but it was kinda a nice ego-booster.
- 4) okay, this reason is really sick. i haven't had much money lately, so i've been really low on food. consequently, i'm hungry almost all of the time.  
feeling hungry makes me feel sexy.  
this is the kind of thing that i thought i was beyond, but apparently it's still affecting me. it's not something that i usually even recognize, i mean it's totally subconscious. i have been conditioned to believe that when i'm hungry i'm well on my way to being thin, which of course means more attractive.

what does it mean to "feel sexy"? is feeling sexy synonymous with feeling *thin*? cuz i know that even with all the work i do with fat oppression and body image, i still feel more attractive on "thinner days" and uglier on "fatter days." i know that i'm never gonna be thin, and i don't want to be thin (usually), but i still have this thing like "well maybe if i were just a little bit smaller then not only would i just be able to accept my body, i'd be able to really really love it!" and no matter how much i say that fat is totally awesome and that we should revel in our fatness, i don't think i'd want to be any fatter than i am now. so what if i do get fatter? what if i gain 50 pounds in the next year or so? will i then like my body less? will it then be less okay for me to embrace myself and my fatness?

and this is so fucked up, cuz it means that i'm still operating under this hierarchy of thinness. like i'm more able to accept being fat than someone who's fatter than me, and girls who aren't as fat as me are a little more revolutionary or something cuz fat oppression has not had the same stifling effects on them as on me. (so their work is more effective, right?)

AND SELF-ESTEEM IS ALWAYS  
INVERSELY PROPORTIONAL TO  
BODY SIZE, ISN'T IT?

and by the way, exactly what counts as being fat? i've had girls write to me and say "i'm 5'3" and i weigh 145 pounds, so i know exactly where you're coming from." and i read this and think *this person has no idea where i'm coming from. this person does not know what it's like to be fat. how dare she undermine my struggle!?!?*

ARE YOU 5'3" 145 lb. GIRLS FEELING  
RELIEVED NOW CUZ I SAID YOU'RE NOT  
FAT? DON'T FEEL RELIEVED. THIN ≠ COMPLIMENT  
FAT ≠ INSULT.

but then i have  
to wonder, isn't there something fucked  
up in the fact that even girls who i  
see as being thin still think that they  
are fat? isn't there something fucked  
up in the fact that these girls can  
relate to what i'm saying? because the  
truth is that i know of maybe 5 girls who do  
not feel fat. compare this with the fact  
that i know maybe five girls who actually are  
fat. but then, that's fat according to my  
definition--and what the hell is my  
definition? does "fat" mean "bigger than or  
the same size as me"? because that's totally  
fucked up. that's me putting myself right at  
the cut-off line for fatness, therefore  
making myself right on the verge of being

thin. which i know is not true. i  
don't feel good about deciding who has the  
right to define themselves as fat. the  
fat grrrrl revolution does  
not belong to me. but at the same  
time, i don't think that it's fair for people  
who aren't fat to say that they are. this  
is something that happens a lot, and all it  
does is reinforce the idea that fat is this  
horrible thing that we all must dread and fight  
against, cuz it's ready to swallow us whole at  
any moment. in other words, your mistaken  
identity adds to my oppression.





"and i do believe you are me.  
yes i do believe you are me.  
whoever you may be..."

FAT GIRL LOOK ME IN THE EYE  
I SEE YOU AND WE DON'T HAVE TO  
RESENT EACH OTHER'S RECOGNITION.  
WHEN I SMILE AT YOU  
ARE YOU HATING ME FOR THE FACT THAT  
I'M ACKNOWLEDGING OUR BOND?  
ARE YOU HATING THE FACT THAT  
YOU & I HAVE A COMMON EXPERIENCE?  
AND MAYBE YOU'RE ON A DIET  
SO YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY TO  
DISASSOCIATING YOURSELF FROM ME.  
OR MAYBE YOU USED TO BE THIN  
AND YOU CAN'T ACCEPT YOUR  
NEW-FOUND FLESH.

THAT'S NOT THE  
REAL YOU," IS IT? xo

no

no we can't look each other  
in the eye  
CUZ THAT WOULD MEAN ACKNOWLEDGING  
SOMETHING FAR WORSE THAN  
EACH OTHER'S VALIDITY.  
THAT WOULD MEAN ACKNOWLEDGING  
OUR OWN BODIES.

YES I AM FAT.

YES YOU ARE FAT.

BUT I'M RUDE TO RECOGNIZE THAT.  
FAT GIRL, WE CAN BE SISTERS.  
AS SOON AS WE STOP RESISTING  
EACH OTHER

WE CAN START RESISTING  
THIS THING THAT KEEPS US

xo      a p a r t      xo

in a recent interview with me in mrr about isfb#1, they said that my zine was about a "seemingly superfluous subject." (they then went on to say that my zine convinced them that it wasn't. this isn't an attack on carrie from mrr.) the idea that fat oppression was a "superfluous subject" kind of surprised me. i'd never thought of it in that way before, and it got me wondering if maybe other people think it is superfluous. (read: no big deal compared to other forms of oppression.) like maybe it's not important enough or political enough to dedicate an entire zine to. so now i feel i have to justify it or something.

okay, first of all, just the fact that we all deal with body image problems, we all have fucked up ideas associated with fat, makes it important enough. i don't know of anyone who can't relate to this.

secondly, i think it's important that people realize that fat is definitely a political issue. fat oppression is an institutionalized form of oppression, just as racism, sexism, classism, homophobia, able-bodyism, ageism, etc. are deeply rooted in, and in fact create the foundation of, Capitalist Amerika. our minds are totally colonized with lies about fat. (sound familiar?) i recently read the beauty myth and reread shadow on a tightrope, so i have a lot of facts fresh in my mind.

for one thing, like all other forms of oppression, fat-hating is not just a personal choice made by an individual. "i don't have a problem with other people being fat, i just don't like it on myself--it's a personal thing," is bullshit. capitalism needs people to hate fat in order to sustain itself. without fat-hate, the \$33,000,000,000 a year diet industry would collapse. despite substantial medical evidence that fat is not caused by overeating and that only 1-10% of all fat people who go on reducing diets will be capable of keeping off the weight, we are still told to "keep on trying." (of course this medical information is largely kept secret, because who knows what revolution might occur if people knew the truth? we wouldn't want that, would we?) every year or so, the government issues



"new findings" on obesity--facts that are meant to "prove" that fat people are much more unhealthy and have shorter life expectancies than thin people. however, these reports fail to mention that these studies are conducted on people who have most likely been dieting for most of their lives. is it any news to you that people who endure long-term starvation are going to be unhealthy? also, these studies do not take into account the physical toll of living in constant oppression. in an essay titled "the fat illusion" (from shadow on a tightrope), vivian f. mayer points out that "the handful of studies existing on non-persecuted fat people suggests that they are quite healthy, whereas studies of persecuted groups other than fat people, such as black people, show these groups to suffer from many of the diseases 'characteristic' of fat people." and regarding the shorter life expectancy of fat people--these statistics include early deaths of fat people due to dieting and reduction surgery. (an estimated one out of ten people who undergo intestinal bypass die.) so these crimes that are committed against fat people are then thrown back in our faces--"we've killed you, how dare you die!"

the result of fat-hating propaganda is that fat people are told to either lose weight, or keep out of the public eye. shape up or ship out. since the odds of losing weight are significantly slanted against us, most fat people tend towards the latter. even if we don't want to, we often are given no choice. fat people are ridiculed for eating in public, and ridiculed for exercising in public. even if a fat person wanted to go swimming in public, they would have a hell of a time finding a swimsuit to fit. in fact, it's difficult for a fat person to find clothes in general, and when they (we) do, they cost considerably more than smaller sizes. the justification for overcharging an oppressed group of people, who are traditionally in a lower economic class in the first place, is that larger sizes cost more to make because they require more material. "that'sbullshit. if they're selling 100 of

this item in sizes under a certain size and five or ten over that size, they could divide the extra cost of material between the 110 people and it would be only a few more cents for everybody. instead, i have to spend five dollars more. it feels punitive... i'm being punished for being fat." (from an interview with judy freespirit, shadow on a tightrope.)

women are often kept out of the job market for being fat. there are many ways that this is done. as would be expected, there are many many cases of women being discriminated against and not given jobs simply because they are fat. sometimes the reason is that "fat people are sick more often." (a lie. duh.) sometimes the reason is some "professional beauty qualification," as in modeling, stripping, etc. but the professional beauty qualification is actually much more widespread than that. being told that you "don't have the right image" is pretty much the same as being told you just aren't pretty enough. then there are even more subtle reasons that fat women are kept out of the work place. okay, since fat women have a harder time getting a job in the first place (and what is available is usually menial low-paying work) they are going to have less money. in order to get a good job you must dress "professionally." women in general may have a difficult time finding professional looking clothing for a reasonable price, but for fat women it is nearly impossible. so it becomes this vicious cycle: fat women need jobs in order to have money, need money in order to buy decent clothing, need decent clothing in order to find a job. and the fatter the woman, the more difficult it's going to be to fulfill any of these requirements. i was unemployed for two years, and although i went to several interviews and know that i was qualified, i didn't get the jobs. part of this may have been because i am fat, part of this may have been because my clothing wasn't professional enough. my parents would always bug me about how i needed to get nicer clothes if i wanted a job, but they weren't supplying me that money. the clothes i have come from thrift stores and free boxes, and it's pretty damn rare that



i find anything "presentable" in those places. and i think that when i went to interviews i looked pretty conservative--i didn't have any piercings or tattoos at the time, i didn't have really weird hair (it was black), and my clothes were the best that i could do. still i never got the jobs. i now have a job that i got over the phone, and it was just because i have work-study. i have a huge fear of trying to find a job in the real job market.

fat people are also greatly oppressed by the medical industry. i've always dreaded going to the doctor because i knew that i would be weighed. and after the weigh-in i would be told that i was "overweight" (so there's a certain weight that it's not okay to be over...) and that i needed to go on a diet. then of course there are those fabulous medical diets where you starve yourself for the good of your own health. then there is reduction surgery and all of that. then there is the fact that medical research has proven that all these justifications for fat-hating are lies, yet that information is withheld from us. but one of the worst things is that fat people are often even refused medical service. for one thing, fat people are usually unable to find medical insurance that will cover them, because they are "health risks." then, even if they are able to afford going to a doctor, whatever medical problem they have is blamed on their "obesity." my father was once very sick and was told that in order for him to even be diagnosed he had to lose weight because "the things in his blood that could be causing the illness were identical to the things in his blood that were caused by being fat." this is such complete BULLSHIT!!!! even if this was true, which i seriously doubt, medical science does have the technology for figuring out how to diagnose despite this problem. they just don't *bother* to figure it out. i don't remember whether or not i talked to my dad about how stupid this was. if i did i'm sure it didn't make any difference to him. it's incomprehensible to most people that, yes, **doctors lie**. most people in our society will do anything they can to perpetuate the



myths about fat. doctors, being in a position of authority, are a prime resource for keeping fat oppression as a fully functional tool of our abusive society. doctors are so convinced that fat is bad that they will do anything to get people to lose weight, even if it means lying. cuz in the long run those gluttonous slobs will be better off, right? fuck doctors. but in reality, even if my dad had realized that he was being lied to, it wouldn't have done any good because the doctor still wouldn't have diagnosed him unless he lost weight. i once went to the doctor (a woman doctor who i'd been told was really great) because of period problems and was told that she couldn't tell anything from the examination because i was too fat. and once again, even if this is true, there should be resources available so that they can tell.

i think i've made it pretty obvious that sizeism is not just a matter of body-image. fat oppression is literally everywhere. yes, even within our punk-feminist community. one example of this can be found in just about any feminist zine. the assumption that all women have to deal with sexual harassment, have to deal with being told we're sexy, every day, is extremely sizeist. that is not my biggest problem, and i think it's really exclusive of other women to assume that it is. and i hope that you realize that i'm not discounting sexual harassment as an extremely important issue, i just think it's also important to recognize that not all women are considered societally "beautiful," and our experiences are just as valid.

anyway, i feel like this whole piece about fat oppression being institutionalized and political sounds like a fucking college essay or something. i hope that it wasn't too boring for you, but i do think the information is really important so i hope you read the whole thing. and forgive me if i'm not a skillful enough writer to be able to write about "intellectual" things without sounding like a textbook. i'm working on it.

♥NOMY



## more fun things about fat

(continued from last issue)

1. fat floats, so i don't have to worry as much about drowning!

2. i guess my fat hides my muscles, so boys are just that much more surprised when i beat them at arm wrestling! nanny nanny boo boo.

3. my shoulders are really comfy to lean on.

4. oh, i just want to reiterate just how much fun fat is to suck on. if you haven't tried this, you must! \*

5. if yer gonna have a tummy slappin' party, be sure to get some fat people to go so that you get a variety of tones. (fat bellies tend to have a higher pitch, i think.)

and, oh yeah i almost forgot:

6. "two hard bodles don't feel as good." this wonderfully enlightened and liberated insight was given to me by one of my dear readers. so remember boys, when yer lookin' fer good sex, you know who to call! (fuck you.)

\*warning: if you don't have enough fat to try this on yourself, be sure to get permission before trying it on someone else.

Xo

Xo

i've been doing some performing lately and i **always end up talking about fat oppression.** i'm getting sick of it. there are a million other things that i could talk about, but i feel like i have to talk about it or something. i'm afraid that if i'm not talking about it, if i'm not calling it to people's attention constantly, then they'll just sit there and think "she's fat" instead of listening to me. **no matter what** it's an issue.

when i was thirteen i choreographed this dance to the song "macavity" from cats. i showed it to my dad, and the whole time he just sat there and when i was done he just nodded and when i asked him what he thought he said "oh, it was fine." i felt really shitty about it and i didn't understand why he didn't like it, cuz i'd worked really hard on it and i thought it was really good. later my mom told me that the reason he didn't like it was that i "looked fat" while i was dancing. **i looked fat while i was dancing...** so what i got from that experience was that fat people do not dance, because we don't want to call attention to our fatness. **fat people do not perform.** we sit in the corner and hope that nobody will notice our bodies, and we can't wait till we lose weight cuz then it'll be **us** up there on the stage. then **we'll** be the sexy performers. then **we'll** have men drooling at our feet. i am a good performer, but i'm not allowed to show that unless i'm thin.

do i have to be especially good in order for my performance to be valid? if i were thin would my performance be **more enjoyable for you?** if i talk about **sex** are you wondering who in their right minds would have **sex** with me? ...or maybe you're just thinking that you'd never have **sex** with me... when you watch fat people perform, what are you thinking?

**what are you thinking?**

are you thinking that their weight is an issue that they should address? are you (like me) wondering if they've been "educated" about fat oppression?

Xo

Xo



Xo see this is something i think about a lot. Xo  
sometimes i am afraid to perform because i don't want to deal with fat oppression. and what if i'm in a situation where i'm talking to people who are still operating under the assumption that fat is **bad** (as if anyone in our society has really escaped that assumption... yeah, even me)--like if i'm talking to a group of people who aren't "punk" or whatever, who i haven't ever performed for before, do i have to start at the beginning for them or just perform and not give a fuck? cuz

it's really important to me that i be taken seriously. okay but then i feel like even at "punk" shows a lot of people don't get it, like it doesn't really sink in, they're just clapping so they can be fucking *v a l i d a t e d* or something. like "oh, wow, that white emo boy is so supportive and sensitive. *look at how he's supporting that fat girl.*"

**(am i wasting my time?)**

i don't want to think about it like that cuz i know that there are a lot of people out there doing the same kind of work as me and there are a lot of people out there who support us (yeah even white emo boys) and i don't want to invalidate them or myself.

okay well i wanna talk about exercise, cuz i think that performance and exercise are really connected. there's this whole double standard when it comes to fat people and exercise, cuz it's like "well, no wonder she's fat, she never exercises." but at the same time, people totally make fun of people who exercise. "oh, watch out, i can feel the

ground shaking!" **ha ha ha.** when people exercise, they become showpieces. there is no fucking way that i'm gonna put on a bathing suit and go swimming, put on a pair of shorts and go jogging...

well actually i've just started doing some exercise-- i'm going to the weight room at evergreen every week to lift weights and stuff, cuz i wanna be stronger. but when i do this, there are two fucked-up things that i have to think about. 1) of course i'm afraid that people are gonna be laughing at me cuz i'm a wimp and i'm fat and i get out of

Xo

Xo

breath and tired after even walking up the stairs. 2) i don't want people to think that i'm exercising to lose weight. i'm not gonna give people that satisfaction. i should make a shirt that says "NO I'M NOT TRYING TO LOSE WEIGHT, AND IF YOU SAY 'BOOM BABBA BOOM' THEN ONCE I GET BIG MUSCLE-Y ARMS I'M GONNA BEAT YOU UP." (my sister rose gave me that idea.) this is off the subject, but when i drink diet sodas i have the same dilemma. i like the taste of diet colas better, **really honestly i do** (probably just cuz that's what i'm used to, my parents being on perma-diets and all), but i hate buying them cuz i know that people will think that i'm on a diet, and besides **i don't want to support the diet industry.**

X O X O



What are you Thinking?

nomy lamm  
4221 indian pipe lp.  
fesc p107  
olympia, wa 98505

there are three reasons why i'm doing this zine.

- 1) as a personal outlet and a way to express myself creatively and get rid of some shit at the same time.
- 2) to try to help other people learn to love their bodies, because a big part of all of this is how we view ourselves.
- 3) because fat politics are not just a personal thing. it's important that we deconstruct the myths that we are fed from birth regarding fat vs. beauty, fat vs. health, etc. we need to not only accept our own bodies, we need to accept (love) other people's bodies too.

yr \$  
goes  
here

i'm in love with...

you + me = Revolution X0



Interviews with Citi Club Owner (NYC's longest running dyke club) and fellow Pinay multi-talented Julie Tolentino. Iraya from Outpunk band Sto-Prest! on girls who pretend to be oppressed to be "cool", all-girl rocker/funkers from Japan - Super Junky Monkey, and an old interview from the dusty cobwebs of my brain with Front 242 (no estrogen-like post interviewees, but they rock my world!)



Martial Arts to Protect the Fairer (?) and more Attacked Sex / Alibata - Ancient Filipino Script / More Harassment in Corporate AmeriKKKa / More Info on Great Resources for Chicks of the Shade, More Angst, Ranting & Raving, Weird Filipino shit, music & zine reviews! (And - ooh - sexy special anniversary cover! enjoy it while it lasts bukkas...)

**1st Anniversary Issue!**

**\$2**

Welcome to the 1st Anniversary Issue of *Bambuu Girl!*

# MAGANDANG

## apaw!

I've been asked a couple times why I bothered to do this zine, so I figured it would be pretty appropriate to explain why in this 1st Anniversary Issue:

Sometime early last year, I became increasingly frustrated with not being able to find any publications that spoke about MY issues, which were mainly ones on being mixed blood (in addition to that of the Filipina kind, I'm Spanish & Irish/Scottish, with some Chinese), what my issues were, what having a voice meant for me, and to dispel the bewilderment at not being able to find anything on the anti-racist/-sexist/-homophobic bend of things. At the time, I was hearing a lot of "Don't do this," "Don't be too loud," "Why don't you try out for a beauty pageant?" (If you're Filipina, you know why that thought makes me wretch), and mostly, "Why don't you try to be more **NORMAL**!?" Now these aren't things people would outrightly say, but it was evident in the way I was treated, talked to, and interacted with, and especially from the point of view of an Asian mixed chick who likes to wear whatever the fuck and have whatever the fuck like tattoos & piercings (although these 2 aspects are as common as pig beatings by now you'd think people would stop having a cow over it). loud opinions, whatever, on me — let's just say there was a lot going on, and no way to get it out of my system.

I was also emerging out of a place where I was refusing to be victimized anymore, where it was time for me to break out of the mold of thinking in the "safe" ways I was used to (although I had always been trying to break out of it, this has always been a struggle). For instance, there was a lot of left over rage I had towards the racism in the boonies that I grew up in, and seeing too many "people of color" trying to be "white" to fit in, and ending up denying where they came from. Also, there was much physical violence bullshit going on in my house, earlier on towards my ma, but later

on, mostly towards me. It shaped what I thought of women, and specifically, of Asian/Filipina

women. I didn't want to be weak like my mom, and I wanted to stop my silence, as I was not allowed to open my mouth or show emotion at all, stoic if you will — I didn't know what it meant to defend myself. Being that I was pretty much an emotional time bomb by that time, I eventually exploded and took my anger as high as I could. That got me punching morons I didn't even know, if they were giving me unwanted physical advances, as well as getting into fights with people who even hinted at putting me into a sexist context.

The punk and hardcore music/culture helped a lot with helping me to further form my issues, and also gave me the validation I needed for not being the beautiful petite Asian flower all my friends were — that I was in fact a girl with a lot on her mind, that I knew by such a small age that I was Queer without knowing the word for it, that I was angrier than the rest of my peers, that I was some kind of over achiever, and perhaps thought too much about serious things that always made me look older than I was.

One day, I finally got some kind of a grip; all my random thoughts became more focused, and it hit me like a ton of bricks. After getting help and happy pills to balance out some mental shit, life got better. My close friend, Jewgirl (who does Plotz), finally said one day "If you can't find something to read, why don't you make it!" I was like "Forget it" but obviously, I finally took her suggestion.

So now I'm here owning my space again. *Bambuu Girl* is like a big FUCK YOU and validation for myself, and other girls, who have found it a bitch to get to the point where they believe they're worth it. And this time, I AM NOT BEING QUIET ABOUT IT! This is my personal experience, but I know I'm not the only one who's had it. This is my chance to slap people back and say, "I'm not your fucking geisha!"

That pretty much says it all.



It's always interesting to hear what readers like the most about the zine. It tends to be things like the "Tagalog for the Novice" and the fucked up Filipino mythology shit. Then it's also the Angst (pretty much everything in the zine), and also the angles on being a fierce Asian and/or fierce girl, whether they be of color or not.

Thanks for all the feedback! After reading my hospital madness in my previous issue, many letter pals shared with me their hospital/medical horror stories, which made me feel not so slapped with bad luck. Maraming salamat! Did you know that people from past relationships who I don't even talk to anymore called me or my parents up (if they didn't know I moved to New York) right after it happened because they had a dream I was calling out to them? Pretty fuckin' freaky...

To update y'all on the Raw Like Sushi: An In-Your-Face Collection on Identity by Young Women of Color anthology thang I'm doing, I've gotten many entries and am now in the mode of compiling all of it. I'll let you know what's next...

#### WHAT'S HAPPENED IN MY WORLD LATELY:

° I've told you guys about my fucked up corporate job. Because of it, I've actually gotten attitude from "friends" because they think it's a sell-out. My answer: blow me. People who think it's easy to survive

NYC need to get a reality check about life and stop living with their parents. Anyways, some shit hit the fan where I was passed up for a promotion because I happen to not have a dick. Sex discrimination from the suits, what a surprise. But this is a warning to all of yunz. I wrote about it in this issue. Now I have a new job & I'm suing the blasted corporation (Yeah. Wish me luck!)

° I am no longer homeless, as I've found a

place to live.

It's no longer in the city, which is OK, because now my space is bigger and cheaper. I had some fun planting "little treasures," as my shrink calls them, all over my ex-roomie's apartment: Cut up some Barbie doll parts and put leg parts, feet, hands, and decapitated heads all over his room and in his clothes. I also left a head floating in the toilet plunger basin. Peppered the place with egg and cheese to give him something to look forward to when he comes back from Spain after the hot summer. Last but not least, I stuck a rubber eyeball and rubber cockroach in his ice cube tray, for when he entertains guests. I hope he appreciates all the trouble I went through for him. The bastard threw me out because of my near-death-sent-to-the-hospital incident — I lost some work days, which meant I lost rent money, so I was late on payment. I told him what happened, and he just said, "Yes, I understand, but I just need someone more financially stable. I need the money!" Then I find out that he's not getting a roommate yet and he's going to Spain. Gee, I wish I was THAT poor. Motherfucker. Whatever. Had a little fun going out...

° Julie, from the Clit Club here in NYC (the longest running girl bar/club in NYC), decided to have a Pinay-theme night. Before hand, I asked some questions about dancing there. Before you know it, I'm taking the stage the night of Pinay-ness! I was pretty overdressed for your usual dancer, as I had a t-shirt on, as well as my *malong* (tube of fabric) wrapped around my waist and *tubau* (piece of fabric that is wrapped around the head). Gigi the topless drummer was goin' at it, and I just went with it, using the tribal Filipino dance forms that I knew. My friend Eleanor, who dances with a Filipina Indigenous dance troupe, said I was great and that I had unknowingly gone through all the tribal forms/styles in the Philippines, ranging from the Northern styles, to the Southern. I was stokin! Later, I donned the leather bondage garb and traipsed on the bar. It was fun!

° I took part in the Mix 96: Gay & Lesbian





# The Most Frequently Asked Questions/Comments "Girls of Color" Are Assaulted With & The Responses (Including the "Nice N' Usual" Answer vs. the BG Answer)

1. "Where are you from? REALLY from?"

"NICE N' USUAL" ANSWER: "Oh, my parents are from (put your parents' country(ies) here , but I was born in the States."

BG ANSWER: "From New York, idiot! Where are YOU from? Besides from under a rock? ", or if you have light skin: "Zimbabwe.", or if you have dark skin: "Ireland."

2. "Why is your skin that color?"

"NICE N' USUAL" ANSWER: "What do you mean? Well, people from where my parents were born are usually this skin tone."

BG ANSWER: "Our peoples' skin always turns this color when we are about to tear apart the bones of foreign devils."

3. "Why is your nose so flat/big/flared/(nonAnglo)?"

"NICE N' USUAL" ANSWER: "People come from many different backgrounds, and they each have their own characteristics."

BG ANSWER: "Why is yours so pointy/small/pug/(nonEthnic)?"

4. "You must be Asian, I can tell because of your eyes."

"NICE N' USUAL" ANSWER: "You're right.", or "Actually, I'm not."

BG ANSWER: "You must be an assuming asshole, I can tell because of your racist jackoff assumptions."

5. "Since you're Asian/Black/Ethnic, you must know Martial Arts..."

"NICE N' USUAL" ANSWER: "Actually, I don't. That's just a popular misconception." or "In fact, I do."

BG ANSWER: "Yeah, I do. Wanna spar?"

6. "By the way, I really think Connie Chung/Ethnic Flava of the Month is so beautiful!"

"NICE N' USUAL" ANSWER: "Yes, she is." or "Thanks for sharing that with me. That's nice to know."

BG ANSWER: "So what the FUCK does that have to do with me?"

7. "I heard your kind is really good in bed."

"NICE N' USUAL" ANSWER: (laughing nervously) "He he, actually, that is another popular stereotype that is not so positive for Asian women in general, or men for that matter."

BG ANSWER: "Well this chick's pussy's got teeth. Wanna give it a whiff!?"

8. "Why is your hair so straight/kinky? I thought all people from put your ethnic makeup

country(ies) here\_\_\_ have kinky/straight hair?"

"NICE N' USUAL" ANSWER: "Au contraire, not all people born in these countries have the same type of hair. Especially if their ethnic makeup is made up of more than one homeland"

BG ANSWER: "Because your forefathers raped my foremothers, which begat — me."

Yes, I agree, some of the BG Answers may be harsh, but they are the responses that are secretly hiding in the back of many a rainbow-colored girl's mind, under all that guilt we were taught to have towards not being the standard "white issue", and plus, they're sure to stop bubbly conversation in its tracks.

So, remember girls! Whenever you are asked stupid racist and/or sexist questions, do stand up for yourself. Have fun with it! Just make sure you don't rip your lovely manicure in the process of gouging their eyes out.



## MARTIAL ARTS:

# HARRASSMENT ON THE STREETs

Yes, I've gotten shit by some men who claim that I take things "too seriously" or that "I think too much" when I get angry about being harrassed in the streets. You know what I say? Damn straight! I mean, I have a lot of male friends who get angry for me or really try to sympathize, but you know what? You don't know it until you're in it. Often I'm advised to "let it go," "try not to be so hard on the ignorant suckers," or "take it easy." Take it easy? YOU want ME to take it easy?!

Let me tell you the kind of things that happen to me EVERY FUCKING DAY when I go to or from work (I used to work in Midtown Manhattan, and now work in Chelsea - the latter has not posed as much a problem for me), or when I hang out with friends (in the Lower East Side). It ranges from the myriads of cat calls, "Oooh, baby, like dem Chinas!", "I wanna put you between two pieces of bread and lick in between!", "Love your legs!", to things that are just irritating, like "Smile" (like women are not allowed to look like they're thinking and are only there to look pleasant?), getting grabbed by the arm by total strangers because they're intrigued with my tattoos "Oh COOL! Did that hurt?", "Hey baby," or the always ambiguous but annoying "MMM, nice..." Or sometimes a guy passes by me at close range and grabs my thigh. I get this every day. Sometimes it's mild, sometimes it's unbearable. Either way, IT SUCKS and after a while, it gets old real quick.



Don't tell me that if you get this every day, you're gonna sit back in your seat on the train comfortably and not try to close your legs together more tightly than usual? Or that you won't get just a little fed up? Or how about actually SPEAKING UP for yourself? That would be a big deal, now, wouldn't it?

I guess you can tell what kind of reaction I would have in instances like these. I DO speak up, I DO tell them that I don't appreciate it, that it's rude to stare, and if I need to, I yell back. One thing my martial arts teacher told me rings true, "If you defend an attack, the person usually doesn't expect it. They just expect you to take it and not retaliate." It's true. You can defend yourself in many ways when you are being harrassed, attacked verbally, or if you even fear for your life:

1. Tell them that you don't appreciate being stared at, talked to like that, touched like that. I know that sounds corny, but no guy ever expects that you'll use your voice on them, so it usually

Kick to outside of  
knee, from *Master*  
Series, Jan. '83.



blows them away (they'll pretend they're cool, but they'll shrink away from you REAL quick.)

2. Yell. It's always scary to hear a woman yell. You can just go off, or shout "fire!", since unfortunately, "rape!" and "help me!" usually doesn't get you much of a response.

3. If you're attacked physically, always know that you have OPTIONS: use mace (which is became legal at 12midnight on Halloween in NYC), yell, kick, scream, and it never fails to strike the butt of your palm into their face. Anywhere on the face, a strike stuns them for a little while and can help you escape from a tight grasp. And no matter how big the guy is, he is gonna freak if you jab your straightened fingers into the throat in one hit.

4. Another option if you're attacked: sweep their feet from under them using a scooping motion behind the ankles with your feet. Another way to get them on the ground is to whip yourself behind them, grab their shoulders, and push either foot into the back of their knee. Once you get them on the ground, use what women do when they train in Model Mugging: hold the assailant down with one leg, and kick like hell with the other one — on any part of their body you can strike. Scream while you do it. They ain't gonna feel good, that's for sure. Then you can make your escape.

5. If someone tries to grab your thigh (this is a popular one that happens to me), you can: strike the face, grab the guy's hand and twist it towards the outside using both hands (this KILLS like a mother!), or yell "Get your hand off me FUCKER!" Embarrassing the hell out of them works wonders in public places. They usually start laughing nervously, try to look cool, while looking around to make sure they've protected their rep.

6. It helps to carry a piece. If you don't have one, or don't feel comfortable with one, always know that you have weapons in everyday things: pens (to the eyes, nose, throat), books (same targets), even knapsacks and heavy things in your pockets. Those chain wallets are great! You can choke people with that shit.

7. You can always try to educate, although from personal experience, this is not usually an option, as most harassers don't get it or are too stupid to care.

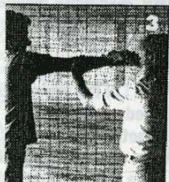
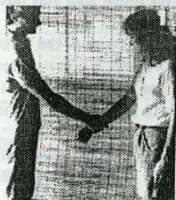
These are just some pointers that may help you feel more empowered. Essentially, the main thing is to keep in mind that you should not let yourself be victimized, and once you speak up and simply tell the person you don't appreciate what they're doing, you'll find out who you're dealing with: an innocently harmless person, educatable asshole, clueless jerkoff, or all out psycho. Everybody has their own personal likes and dislikes when finding out what they're comfortable with in situations like these. But always remember that you don't have to take it, and to SPEAK UP!

THE FOLLOWING ARE FROM AN ISSUE OF INSIDE KUNG FU, MAY 1978. THE GARB IS TOTALLY DATED AND ENTERTAINING (HEY MY DAD USED TO WEAR SHIT LIKE THAT!), AND IT GIVES YOU SOME STARTERS ON THE LAYWOMAN'S APPROACH TO SELF-DEFENSE. (The only fucked up thing is that the perpetrator is Asian attacking a White female. Horror of horrors!)





HERE ARE SOME PICTURES FROM A MORE RECENT ARTICLE ON SELF-DEFENSE FOR WOMEN (MASTER SERIES, JANUARY 1993).



## "Ye Olde Question: Who's Punkier Than Thou?"

### [Ka-lawang Parte (Part II)]

I got many responses to my article of the same name in my last zine, I decided to make a Part II, and include some thoughts by people who wrote.

My Vietnamese friend Paul Tran, formerly of the band NAM, sent me a shit load of stuff from his abode in San Francisco: some tapes, some publications. One of them, Bam, dated Feb. 9, 1990, featured an article "Anti-Heroes: California Punx Past + Present." He underlined various lines, that I think are really important to point out for those who may not know:

"...[T]he punk explosion of the late '70s and early '80s was one of the three or four most important turning points in rock 'n' roll history...

Spiritually, if not musically, the original punk explosion was responsible for many of today's most challenging rock acts, from the Replacements to the Jesus and Mary Chain."

"Punk also helped pave the way for the inclusion of more female band members in rock. Exene Cervenka of X, Dianne Chai of the AlleyCats, and Kira Roesler of Black Flag were but a few of the women who found equal footing in the punk movement.

'Before punk there really weren't many women, especially young women, who were representing [rock],' observes Penelope Houston, former singer for San Francisco's Avengers. 'There was a sense of being out there without many comrades. But as far as the small community we moved in, people treated me like any other Avenger. There was no sense of sexism or division. You were a punk before you were male or female. Looking back on it, I think punk rock did a lot for women in rock.'"

Shawn Stern, the former singer-guitarist for the LA band Youth Brigade, mentions in the article, "There were certain people who got into hardcore and started imposing their viewpoint on what a band should sound like and what it should look like. I suppose people inevitably start creating roles, but punk rock was supposed to exist to break down the rules." (GOT THAT pseudoass fashionpunks?)

Check out the letter (see "Letters") by Jonny Mayo of the band Li'l Big Head (MD) -- he goes into how he discovered punk, but also states that he acknowledges that he will "not say I'm punker than thou because I was in the scene fairly early and got a black eye and hit with flying jello and peas because of my clothes." As a straight white male, he also talks about how he "can never understand the feelings that minorities have and the abuse that they suffer, nor am I trying to compare my drunken little foray into punk fashion to being a real

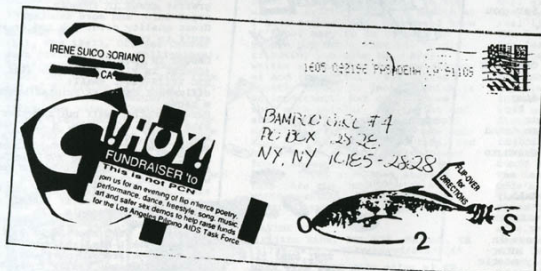


minority in this country..."

Straight white males, Asian men, and others wrote to tell me their stories and how they see punk and that it's meant something more to them than the little fashion freaks that are "dressing" the part nowadays to be "hip & NOW!" Most, if not all, expressed that punk hasn't been just looking the part, although they recall the ostracizing effect of their clothes that were considered strange at the time; to them, and to me, it's been a whole attitude and going against the grain thing that's supposed to be a constant challenge.

So, I think this brings up some relevant points, and helps me solidify what I said in the last issue about what being punk, or being in the punk community, means to me -- and evidently to many people who actually took part in the bands that played a role in the whole scene.

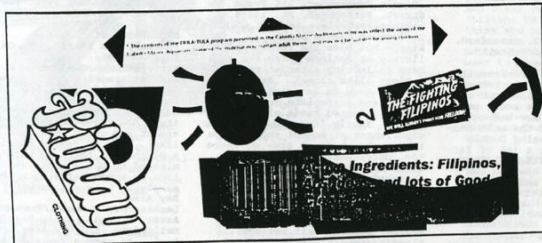
An actual envelope sent to me by CA reader friend Irene. Cool, huh?



Fucked up  
Vaseline skin care  
kit pamphlet copy  
courtesy of  
Robynn  
Takayama@Static

#### Factoid

Pale is back...pale skin.  
In vogue during the  
Victorian era, it took  
ages, but this time for  
different reasons. Gone  
are the days when skin  
color was a status symbol  
— and only laborers were  
tanned. Today, as the  
incidence of skin cancer  
continues to rise, sun  
bath is now a matter of  
healthy living. High powered  
sunscreens now  
replace the sun-melting  
parade of days past, but  
with the same goal in  
mind — healthy, young-  
looking, radiant skin.





\*photo booth\*  
toolbox\*\*\*\*\*

this past month i decided to call my long distance grrrl stars and what i found was that my "scene" is not boound by geographical boundaries ~~xxxxxx~~ my scene is not defined ~~x~~ by image. it empowers me that there are other girls working towards the same goals as i am. that i'm not ~~x~~ trying to change things in vain. i know that i have people there to support me. especially when no one here will. lately i've been on this whole revolutionary trip and it's so easy to think that i hve this all figured out and that i always know what i am talking about. it's so easy to forget ~~xxx~~ that i am still learning.

i'm in the process of s h a r i n g ideas and am working to be able to change my conditioning

i'm trying to incorperate the idea that communication is the way for revolution into my life. i'm trying to understand other people's perspectives and i'm learnign to be an active listener.

i'm trying to get past image and this whole

hierarchy that i've become a part of.

i don't want to restrict my encounters with people because they don't look the way i think

a 'revolutionary' should look like.

i'm learning to understand my past and the decisions that i made and the end results.

i'm learnign to ~~x~~ go on my gut ~~x~~ instinct and

becoming a believer in the idea that everything happens for a reason.

i'm learnign to love myself and take care of my health and my body. i'm working on building

self respect and i'm learning to ask for help.

what i'm especially working hard on is trying

not to alienate people who may not appear to

be my allie but infact are. and i am learning

that people do change , no one ever really stays

the same. and i'm learning to believe in myself

and realize my talents and my faults.

\*\*\*\*\*







just leave...  
i want you  
to leave now.  
I'M NOT LETTING  
YOU BACK IN.  
AND i'm not  
speaking  
metaphorically  
h e e e

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

1 - 2 - 3 - 4  
that was just  
a  
t e s t

today some dumb boy tried to intimidate  
me. today some dumb boy didn't get his  
wish. the dumb boy thought that he could  
take what i've faught so hard for.

he thought that i would be his next  
victim but what he didn't know is that

i refuse to be anyone's victim.

I AM NOT YR V I C T I M. *did you hear that*

today amber dawn gave me her mace.

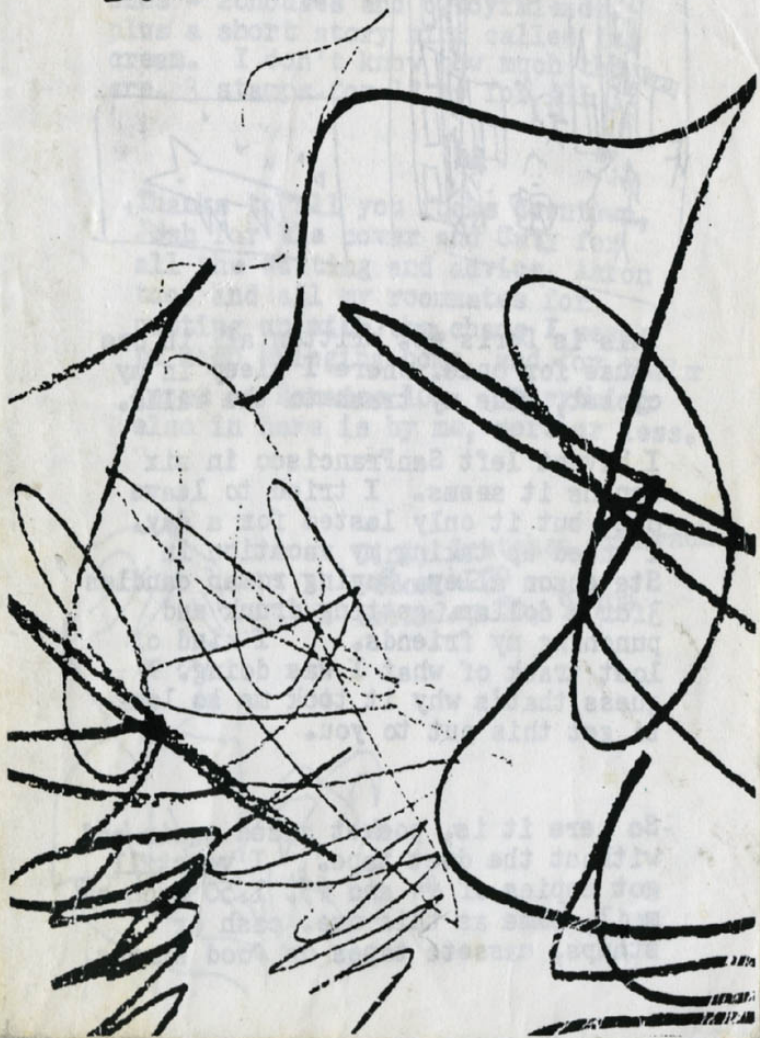
today there is a killer stalking  
womyn. today i don't want to be  
anywhere alone because he wants me  
to become his next trophy, his  
next vixtim. they all want me to  
be dead for them. i'm not yr  
prey. i'm not yr prey ill make  
you die. I'LL MAKE YOU DIE.

i'm fighting a war every daya war she  
denies and a war that he's helped  
create. every daythey try to take  
away the dignity that we've worked

i'm not

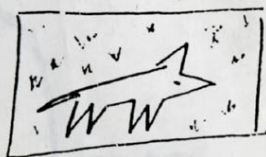
so hard to rebuilddestroy letting you  
this

DORIS #6





start



This is Doris #6. Written all in one house for once. where I sleep in my closet, glue my trash to the walls.

I havent left SanFrancisco in six months it seems. I tried to leave once but it only lasted for a day. I ended up taking my vacation in Stevenson alley. Buying roman candles 3 for a dollar. getting drunk and punching my friends. I kind of lost track of what I was doing. I guess that's why it took me so long to get this out to you.

So here it is, pocket sized again and without the duct tape. I've still got copies of #4 and #5. 1.50 each by mail, same as this one. cash or stamps, cassette tapes or food stamps.



I made some mini magazines. 2 comic  
ones - 28houses and 67boyfriends.  
plus a short story mini called ice  
cream. I don't know how much they  
are. 3 stamps-for 1? 4½ for all 3?

Thanks to all you fucks downtown,  
Josh for the cover and Caty for  
all the editing and advice. Aaron  
too. and all my roommates for  
putting up with the chaos I seem  
to keep bringing home, and for their  
input on Romance 101. Everything  
else in here is by me, more or less.

Cindy Gretchen Ovenrack  
POBox 4279  
Berkeley Ca, 94704



# bugs



Lately I've been itching to stop harrassment. I walk the dark side streets looking for Natashas van to sleep in. Looking for Colby and his loud little dog. I stop in intersections and scratch at my ankles. If someone's walking up, I grimace and itch my head. If they think I have bugs, maybe they won't bother me. I know it's a rediculous idea.



But truth is, I'm use to being bothered and I take it pretty well these days. I use to carry a switchblade around with me and in my head I dared anyone to come near. I was angry enough already. I wouldnt mind feeling someone else's blood.

And then with Anna I owned the streets. People crossed to the other side when they saw my big dog.



And now, I don't know, I'm not scared anymore. Maybe that's stupid, but it's true. The guy outside the hotel says- How about it baby? and I look at him weary, simpathetic and shake my head. It's that 'I know your situation bpt I'm not your girl' look. More understanding, way more, than I actually feel. It comes from a life time of learning how to not aggravate. How to keep tempers down to keep myself safe. I see both sides when there should be only one. with one look, one gesture, I prove myself their equal.



I don't see them as an agressor, don'tt see myself as a victim. And I know that it it's bullshhit, thatmy proof is all wrong. But that's what I've been doing, when itching doesn't deter them.

---

. end.



Truth is, I'm bitter. Bitter about a lot of things. Like my friends who live in a poverty fantasy. The ones who have access to money and always will. I can see them wanting to refuse it. Wanting to learn to make it on their own. I think that's important, I guess. And it would be fine if they didn't talk about being broke. Down to their last dollar. How are they gonna make it through the month. When I know all it would take for them is one phone call. One trip to the bank. Or something like that. And truth is, I don't understand it. I don't know how they couldn't see that their words are insulting to someone whose poverty isn't self imposed

24 Dry as wine  
25  
nist

I'm bitter about my friends who have left me behind. I guess I let go easily or not at all. Once I learned about friendship. What I wanted and how it could be. Deep and strong and something that changed you, not just distraction, another face to help pass the time. Those days I wouldn't stand for shallowness. I wanted everything out on the table, no small talk. I pushed myself hard. I went overboard, forgot to walk in the woods go swimming or put my hands in the snow. But I learned what I wanted and now I have it. I know how to think into a person and push them for more. How to get them to grow. I know how to talk and how to be quiet. I can see them through their own experiences, not mine. And I'm passed that no one I know seems to do that.



# first love



Me and my first boyfriend were getting kind of sick of each other. At least we were getting sick of driving around in his mom's little Toyota and looking for places to park and ~~being~~ fuck. Neither of us were any good at it. So when he left to go be counselor at some summer camp I didn't really care. And when I heard he'd gotten together with some other girl, I was pretty relieved. I didn't even think to be mad or bitter or anything 'til a few months later when my best friend Claudia was sitting around with me and we were bored and she decided the boy had done me wrong and we should send him hate notes.

*fuck off*

We did it all anonymous style, cutting the letters and words out of newspapers and magazines.

Short letters like 'Die Scumbag' and long ones like 'You rob people of their love and affection and then toss them out like an old sponge'. I knew it wasn't really fair, but it was funny and gave us something to do all day.



user

Then a few months later me and Claudia were downtown and missed the last bus home. The boy was the only person we knew who lived around there and had a car and would probably drive us home. So we sauntered over to his house, regretting those stupid letters we'd sent. 'he'll never think it was you' Claudia said, but I wasn't so sure.

We hadn't been in the house twenty minutes when he brought the damn things up. But I played it so cool, innocent as fuck. And he believed me.

He said he'd figured all along that it was this girl Alice he'd gone out with, but she denied it so he thought he should ask me.



# alice

Then he told me about her. She had this huge hatred toward birds that he always thought was pretty strange, but he never knew how serious it was til this one day he was standing at her locker and she opened the door and all these bird houses and bird feeders came falling out. The whole locker was full of them, hardly any room left for books. And it turned out that every day she walked to school and stole all the birdhouses and birdfeeders out of peoples yards along the way. She'd stash them in her locker and then eventually throw them out.

He told me he'd been scared to run into me in case I was the one who had sent the letters and not alice. cuz he didn't want me to be pissed at him and he'd never meant to do anything wrong. I said yeah, I was never mad at him at all. And he gave me and Claudia a ride home.

one - ten





even though they never came. We threw rocks.  
We stuffed all our things down our pants as we  
could.

downtown

What do you do when your best friend is dead and  
your sister is gone and your body is scrapped  
out and bleeding from some medical procedure and  
the boy you want near you shows up in town but  
he is lost too, more crazier than you and you  
ride the tunnels together fast under the bay and  
him sitting next to you is the only comfort you  
have left but he gets off the train at powell street  
station and says I'll come find you  
before I leave

which isn't for a week and  
you want to yell /get back here and stay  
but you know that you never wanted to need him  
and you never wanted your love to be clutching  
and you know that this individualist culture  
makes us think we can do it all on our own when  
we can't,

no matter how much of a loner you are.  
and you have no community to fall back on and no  
family to run to and no history to ground you  
and your comfort just left you at powell street  
station.

## Nirvana

Maud had a secret love of Nirvana. Listened to them only when no one was home. Or when I was over because I'd never heard of them so who cares. She'd put it on and sing along and stop it and say "listen to this. What do you think it says right there?"

She was dog phobic and when we walked somewhere it always took twice as long 'cause there were streets with dogs we'd have to avoid. Once we rounded a corner and there was the biggest dog in town standing there not even on a leash. Maud jumped up on my back and climbed up on my shoulders. She was small enough and quick enough to be able to do that. Strong enough to pull herself up.

I hear she's playing drums now and I wonder if she's still doing the politics that made us stick together in the first place. The one time I called her in Tucson she said she was watching a movie and could she call me back. It had been a year since I'd talked to her. I said yeah, sure, but didn't leave her with my new #. If she even did call she would have gotten a disconnected message.

That night I punched the walls of my new house and found out they were stronger than me.

page

You know what. I've fallen in love with this kid. I swore I'd never let this happen to me again. Her name is Page, she's three years old. I've taught her to tango. She remembers my name now. She helps me wash the dishes, blocks my exit when I try to go. I always say to people that I hate kids, but the truth is, that's a total lie. I'm just scared of how quickly I fall for them. How much of my life I would give up for them if I'm not careful. Page, she is stubborn and hangs on to my feet. I say 'I'll be back before you can count to twenty'. she only knows how to count to ten. When she mumbles I say 'girl, you gotta be more articulate and she knows what I mean, she's not dumb. Sometimes she takes my keys and pretends she's leaving, she brings back invisible gifts when she comes home. She want play airplane with me because my feet are to dirty. She wants to watch sesame street of winnie the pooh. Sometimes she falls asleep in the crook of my arm. I carry her to bed, I tuck her in.





# Romance 101

PROF. C. OVERACK

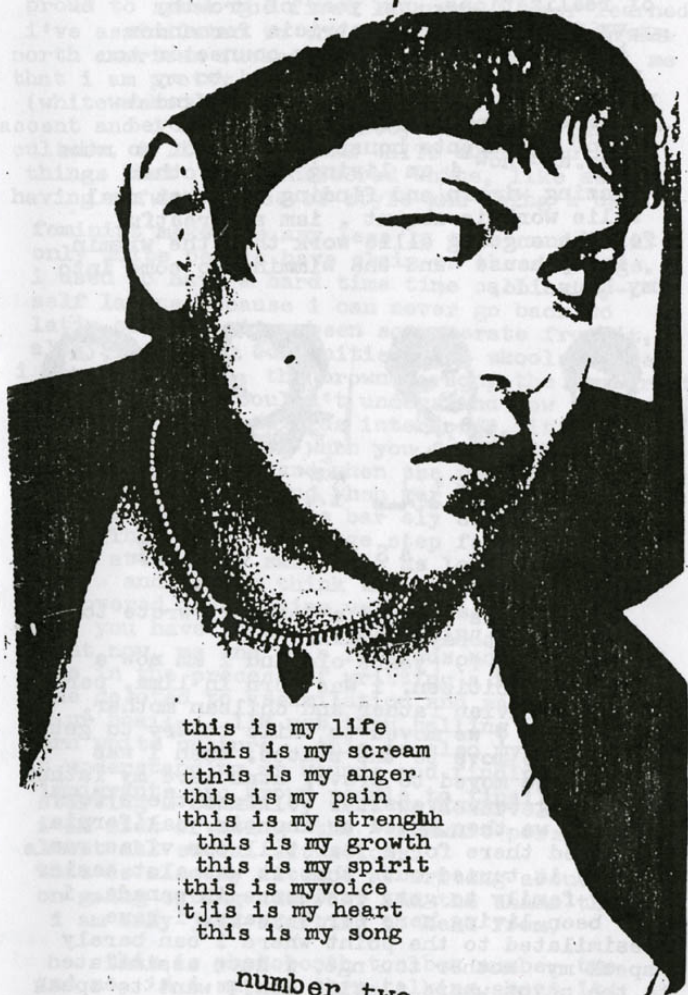
1. tell the other person that you can't stand them.
2. kick them.
3. make the other person feel like shit.
4. spit
5. have terrible times together.
6. tell the other person that you could care less.
7. crush them with your bare hands
8. steal their bike.
9. give them a dead rat
10. ditch them when they really need you
11. stand each other up
12. take them to Operation Dumbo Drop
13. Break both their arms and leave them to die in the woods.
14. make a special tape of hate songs
15. talk openly about how annoying they are and how much you hate

them. 16. become their nightmare 17. steal  
their bed 18. feed them to the ducks 19.  
tel them to take a hike 20. poison them  
21. play with their emotions 22. bring  
ants if they try to take you on a picnic.  
23. insult them. 24. take them to a creepy  
health spa and ditch out 25. try and drown  
them 26. push them away 27. cruise other  
people while you're grocery shopping  
together. 28. burn their toast 29. punch  
them 30. spill coffee on all their import-  
ant papers 31. Plan a road trip with them  
and then go with someone else instead 32.  
kick them out of your party 33. make them  
worm cookies 34. take them to the mortuary  
35. take them to the mall 36. just leave  
them 37. find out what the other person  
hates and do it all the time. 38. push them  
down the stairs. 39. give each other evil  
glares 40. rip the radiator out of their  
car 41. take them fishing and push them  
overboard 42. talk about them behind their  
back 43. hurt them 44. get them fired from  
their job 45. ruin their favorite song for  
them 46. destroy everything they ever loved  
47. hold them at arms length 48. use eye-  
contact to let them know how much they  
disgust you. 49. write each other letters  
seething with hate 50. call them late at  
night and hang up 51. lie to each other 52.  
give them a black eye 53. make sure their  
family hates you 54. trip them 55. make them  
sacrifice everything for you 56. send a  
letter bomb 57. have no respect for them

58.put them on a spaceship to the moon  
59.hide hate notes in alltheir clothes  
and everywhere so that years later they  
will still be finding them. 60. give them  
dirty looks 61.publish their obituary 62.  
send thorns 63.burn theirhouse down 64.  
take them to a Phish concert 65.watch TV  
from sunrise to sunset 66.drive them up a  
wall 67.feed them to your pet snake 68.  
go sightseeing 69. make them watch all  
your family home videos 70.borrow their  
leather jacket without asking and lose it.  
71.propose marriage 72.cut off their ear  
73.be worst enemys 74.get a horse and  
trample them to death 75.go out with all  
their friends 76.break their musical  
instruments 77.flirt with other people  
78.scream 79.cheat 80.distress eachother  
81.make a list of things you hate about  
eachother 82.read their diary and discuss  
it with your friends 83. steal their  
friends 84.put a severed horse head in  
their bed 85.only cook things they hate  
86.find out what makes them miserable  
87. drive eachother insane 88.be uncaring  
89.watch them leave 90.die 91.dedicate  
the song 'fuck you' to them on their raido  
92.send death threats 93.destroy their life  
94.step on their feet 95.play mean jokes on  
them 96.think about how much you can't  
stand eachother 97. find out what makes the  
other person sad and then bring it up all  
the time 98.steal their skateboard 99.trade  
insults 100.shove icecubes down their pants  
101.fuck



# photobooth toolbox



this is my life  
this is my scream  
tthis is my anger  
this is my pain  
this is my strenggh  
this is my growth  
this is my spirit  
this is myvoice  
tjis is my heart  
this is my song

number two

today is the first of october, just about a year since photobooth toolbox came out.

this is one year of healing one year of realizations, one year of growth.

my name is andrea patricia fernandez henriquez. my name is my connector to my heritage to my culture and to my mother tongue. i am 19 years old and i am tasting and feeling freedom. i moved out of my parents house a couple of months ago. and now i am living with 5 other amazing wimmin and finding out what real allie work is about. i am so grateful for the ongoing allie work that the wimmin in my house and the wimmin who come into my house do.



## ANGER AS A TOOL

-----  
this is from a letter i wrote to bianca, it says it all.

"i am 19 years old and i am now a canadian citizen. i was born in lima, peru to a peruvian father and chilean mother. when i was 7 we moved to chile to try to get a visa to move to the states. when i was 7 1/2 we moved to provo, utah where my father was going to university. we lived there for 2 years. we then moved to anaheim, california. and lived there for a year till our visas ran out and it turned out that it was a lot easier for my family to get residence in canada. i have been living here for 9 years. i have assimilated to the point where i can barely speak my mother tongue. i have assimilated to the point where i still don't want to speak

spanish because i have so many shame issues to work out before i feel comfortable, safe or proud to speak the first language i ever learned i've assimilated to the point where ~~some of these~~ north american fuckers have the nerve to tell me that i am pretty white for an ethnic person (whitewashed) CUZ YOU know i have a slight accent and i can blend pretty well into weastern culture. i listen to punk WHITE music and do things that are considered white, like as if having a fuken sense of style and being a damn

feminist makes me any less la tina. and as if only white people have claim on these things. i used to have a hard time time calling myself latina because i can never go back to latin culture. i've been so separte from it, always being in communities and skools where i was the latina, the brown person, the immigrant, the person who couldn't understand how the white/middle class kids interacted. it's hard maintaing a culture when you feel a shamed & like and outsider and when the rest of yer family does too, and when yer parents work their asses off and are bar ely ever around."

This zine is a huge step for me. this is my attempt at skreaming as loud as i can and if you think that this can only be covered in ONE zine well lets just say that you have better stop reading this zine right now. me and the fabulous andrea lee are in the process of writting a kkkick ass zine devoted to assimilation and racism and our healing. i'M not thru telling on weastern white culture. this is also my attempt at understanding my wounds and finding other immigrants and brown people to finally starting a community that we deserve.

i am sick of being 'the' nonwhit person in almost all social situations. this is also my attempt at writing about my on going eating disorder and the shame that i am only just starting to heal from.

this is photobooth toolbox number two and no, i am not thru talking about it.



these are the ways that i am healing from  
my eating disorder, fat oppression and  
19 years of a messed up body image.

\* eating in front of people. i fight the self  
hate that i feel that stops me from eating in  
front of people. realizing that i am not  
gross and a "pig" FOR eating when i want to  
and that it doesn'T mean that i am "bad" or  
that people are going to be grossed out or  
judging me for what i am eating.

\* buying food. not feeling ashamed for buying  
"fatty" foods. again not thinking that b  
people will judge me and think that is the  
reason she isn't thin"

\* realizing that my body is beautiful "

.every curve and stretch mark is mine  
and is beautiful. my body is normal and  
should be celebrated and not starved and hated

\* wearing clothes that make me feel attractive  
even if they are fitted and show every  
curve. because every curve of me is beautiful  
and sexy. ~~not that i am fat~~

\* eating . even when i have gained weight. just  
cuz i have gained weight doesn't mean that i have  
to lose weight or go on a starvation diet.

\* knowing my body and what i need. if i need  
to eat more than usual its prolly for a reason  
\* knowing that i don't have to compete with  
other peoples weight loss or eating disorders.

\* knowing that other peoples eating disorders  
do affect me and trigger and influence me

\* tearing down posters for get thin quick (die  
quick) scams

\* not supporting the diet industry anymore  
ie gyms, diet foods, ect

\* speaking out against screwed up ideas about  
fat and health that people try to impose on me

\* learning and knowing that fat is no a bad word  
and that thin/slim/skinny are not good words either

- \* knowing that my abusers and tormentors were  
screwed up and their words were just representation  
of how screwed up THEY are/were and that it had  
nothing to do with me

\*knowing that i am cute \*\*\*x ashell and that  
peopleare/will be attracted to me. knowing i  
am worthy of positive attention and crushes  
\*not believing the media and what it portrays  
'real' wimmim and men to be ie bone thin and  
rich

\*findingball bodies attractive and beautiful  
\*standing up to my parents and their skewed  
up oppressive views

\*being comfortable with my body

\*believing in myself.

\*taking care of my body by eating nutritius food  
and trying to avoid foods that are bad for  
me(ALLERGIES trigger depression and do bad  
mental things to me)

\*talking about my herstory with food and eating  
disorders

d \*acknowledging my eating disorders and realizing  
~~thxxx~~ who it bennifits (not me; but the diet  
industry and those in power)

\*LOVING MYSELF



H E A L I N G

1. Has the band relocated to Portland?

1. No, the band hangs out primarily in Olympia right now. The singer lady (Kathleen) recently spent an extended hangover (she doesn't drink this is metaphor of course) in an all woman house called the Curse. At this house she was taught the true/false meaning of girl love, girl hate and girl revenge, plus desire and ingenue-ity. As a group, however, The Kill like the phrase about the stone that keeps rolling and so no one can kill it first. We live wherever it seems to make sense at the time.

2. Have you (Kathleen) done anymore spoken word besides the Wordcore 7"?

Kathleen is currently planning a follow up to her first wordcore seven inch, entitled appropriately "Kathleen, simply, Kathleen."

3. How long has it been since you've played a show? Why has it been so long? Are you planning a tour? Do you even tour?

The Kills just played Olympia Grange hall and now La Luna in Portland. Before that it was a year and six days, appx. The Kill has been known to tour ~~more~~ a lot and in terrible vans. Often times they have braved terrible sickness and snowstorms to do this because the Kill loves the smiling faces of children and the young at heart who enjoy lovely kill styled music. The Kill did not play live for a while because they had better things to do. Like maybe The Frumpies and maybe sleeping late and having terrible affairs with bad people that we should've not ever touched at all cuz all the neighborhood became an uproar. However, after meeting Joan Jett, the Kill was stricken with the "I love to rock and I Rock to Live" disease, at which point we decided that touring is in our imminent future.

4. What do you think of the "success" or "popularity" of your Rebel Girl 7"?

Who cares.

5. How did you hook up with Joan Jett? Do you plan on working with her more in the future? Is she cool?

We met Joan at the roller skating rink in Lacey Washington. She had a jacket on that said "Good times" in sparkly letters. Kathleen asked her to couples skate and she said yes. There were no plans made besides not telling our parents we were hanging out with Joan Jett. How can you even ask if she is cool, I mean, she didn't even have to rent skates.

6. Are Frumpies planning anything, a full-length or any live shows?

19

20

21

7. Are you a "riot-grrrl" band? What is a "riot-grrrl"? Do you hate this question?

23

Yes.

8. Are "riot-grrrls" not supposed to talk about the movement/rebellion with the media or the press?

25

yes/no.

9. Do you kick out males for aggressive behavior at your shows?

maybe.

10. There are rumors that you have charged men different prices at your shows than women. Would you like to respond to this?

28

no.

11. Do you still do the Bikini Kill zine?

11. The Bikini Kill zine #1 and #2 are available from Riot Grrrl Press PO Box 73308, vdc20009. We are planning a BK 3 to deal with/elaborate upon our experiences with and ideas on the media. Besides that Tobi does JIGSAW zine and Kathleen does different weird things she sells and/or gives away at shows.



# Rebel girl

that girl thinks she's the queen of the neighborhood  
she's got the hottest trike in town  
that girl, she holds her head up so high  
i think i wanna be her bestfriend

Rebel Girl Rebel Girl  
Rebel Girl you are the queen of my world  
Rebel Girl Rebel Girl  
I think i wanna take you home, i wanna try on yr clothes

when she talks, i hear the revolution  
in her hips, theres revolutions  
when she walks, the revolutions coming  
in her kiss i taste the revolution

Rebel Girl .....

That girl thinks she's the queen of the neighborhood  
i got news for you  
SHE IS  
They say shes a slut, but i k now  
She is my bestfriend

Rebel girl rebel Girl Rebel girl Rebel girl  
i really like you, i really love you  
i really wanna be yr bestfriend  
love you like a sister always  
please be my rebel girl

Swineep

I'm sorry that i'm getting chubby  
And i want always be happy for you  
And i want some love every day  
Telling you how to meet my baby

You collect yr boyfriend baby  
And i'll be a baby  
And we'll pretend we're just the same but  
I know i know i know that

I, i am happy  
The way i love to live is just a life  
You take what you want, you are what you take  
You take what you want, you are what you take  
But i got something new, that if i could not say

You never know what it's like to be alive  
I could never say truth, if i wanted  
RIGHT there yr life  
But yr heart's not with me  
Leave yr little bloody in my thigh

NEW RADIO

This is NEW RADIO  
I'm the little girl at the picnic  
Who won't stop pulling her dress up  
It doesn't matter where in control now  
It doesn't matter who this is new radio

The gaze in teeth  
The dirty, the dirty  
Baby boy you can't kill FOR REAL  
Turn the music down  
Turn the static up

REBEL  
Come here baby let me kiss you like a boy does  
when we'll, we'll, we'll, we'll, we'll  
let's wipe our cum on my parallel bed

Clark

Joan jett appears courtesy of Blackheart Records  
All material copyright by Bikini Kill

# girl convention

we're planning a girl convention to create a community of strong and active girl allies. we want to focus on the destructive behaviours and ways we fuck each other over, and we will recognize that it is possible for us to communicate in a rad and sincere way without creating these destructive dynamics-like competition and jealousy. thru workshops and discussions we hope to recognize that we can be truly cool with each other-making it that much easier to be active in our communities. and all of this will be done in a challenging way- no hiding under safety blankets and privilege. cos being safe=not having to recognize or take responsibility for yer/our own privilege and ways you/we oppress others. it's really vital that we build our community (and community does not just mean bands/records/music.) community means talking sincerely with each other, critiquing, telling each other how fucken rad we are and learning from each other-thru fanzines, voice, music-and any other mediums we come up with.

this will all take place on

## JULY 56&7

so far we've got workshops dealing with these issues:

self-defense, youth liberation, racism, violence in queer and boygirl relationships, classism, girl run projects, women's health, privilege and how that affects whether you are active or inactive, women in collective and radical politics, pro-choice 101, and others.

other rad events: girl made movies, spoken word, art displays, a skating/dance party, tables set up by girls to sell t-shirts, records, stickers, whatever. plus a girl made fanzine table (send us a flat, unstapled, black and white copy and we will make copies for you). and some awesome bands will be playing.

girl convention  
headquarters.

1215 e. spring  
box 36  
seattle, wa. 98122  
(206) 328 9282

we really need more girls to help us plan this huge event so please get in touch with us if you are into helping in any way. we are also putting together an infozine which will have everything you need to know-a place to stay, where to eat, directions, what's gonna happen at the convention, etc. please let us know if you have any questions about the planning, events or whatever. we also desperately need money (to rent space, pay bands, workshop people) so please donate money- if you have extra. contact us.  
e-mail nerds write anngirl @  
anngirl@seattleu.edu  
or write marcy, alicia and rahhel



**Quean Scream** is a tape compilation containing songs by girls who wanna be heard. Cuz we all know you don't need money, connections, a 4-track or studio recorded polished sound to sound rock. Q.S. is pro-feminist and woman-empowering.

**QUEAN Scream** is 60 minutes of yr new favorite songs and it's not done yet! Cuz I need 20 minutes more (if yr in a band get in touch) or shares still there (some maybe in your closet today).

**cost?** the price is totally sketchy right now cuz I can't afford to buy a big bulk of blank tapes. This is no-way for profit and im making 11/15 ~~more~~ but faster send me a 10-minute tape + postage (\$10 + one 24 stamp) and I'll audiotape and put in the input. I'll be distracted, so look for it. If you as a distro write to me about it, okay!

**SOME OF THE BANDS ARE:** nosetrash, athena, starwoman, feline, hello kitty, yun-yun tree, calcats, harrie curry, the run-around, pg.12, and many more.

**Write to:** bianca entiz-2415 Fordham Street (please!!)  
San Pablo, Califas 94806

alien girl is a t-shirt

mailorder catalog full

of girl powered designs.

girl  love

girl pride

girl  power

send one stamp for a catalog, write us at

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To the gay-bashers and welfare slashers,  
To the prison builders and executioners,  
We say: **THE FUTURE IS NOT YOURS!**

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**REFUSE & RESIST! 212-713-5657 email: resist@wlrus.com**

305-460-3243

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VAGINAL  
PRIDE**

\*panacea #2. PANACEA #2 panacea #2 \*  
\*\* \*\* \*\* \*\* \*\*

it's fun, it's fresh, it's outta this world.

i know you'll want it baby, so come  
and get it.

interviews with: darn of the PANTIES,  
Nate, Matt, Darrell And Mike  
of NATIONAL GUARD (both of which are  
portland locals!)

an interview w/ Mollie and tim of the  
amazing LIQUID MEAT RECORDS.....

plus artécies, recipies and girl-pride  
baby. you can't have me, but you can  
have my zine for:

\$200 ... i mean \$2.00

my name is Slummer. summer. (slummer)

my address: Panacea poBox 123  
gaston, OR 97119

..veronica.vol.1.edition.2.  
(girl.zine.project.directory..)



over 100 listings.ya.  
edition 2 has all the same  
material as the first,  
but different layout. good.

\$2.00 ppd. if you send  
me a trade, that's cool, just  
send some stamps &  
everything will be cool!!

AND SEND IN YOUR GOODS TO BE  
LISTED IN VOLUME 1/2, no.2

Summer:Po box 123:Gaston:OR  
97119: USA

art by amy-glow

teenage whoremomans

girl powered, but hey

boy friendly

it's all about me, me, me.

what could be better?

DI-stamps/trade

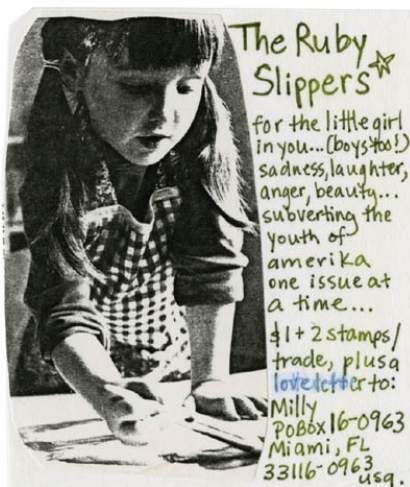
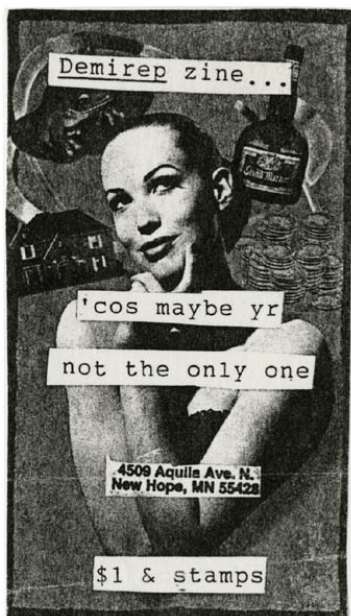
trades preferred.

send yr

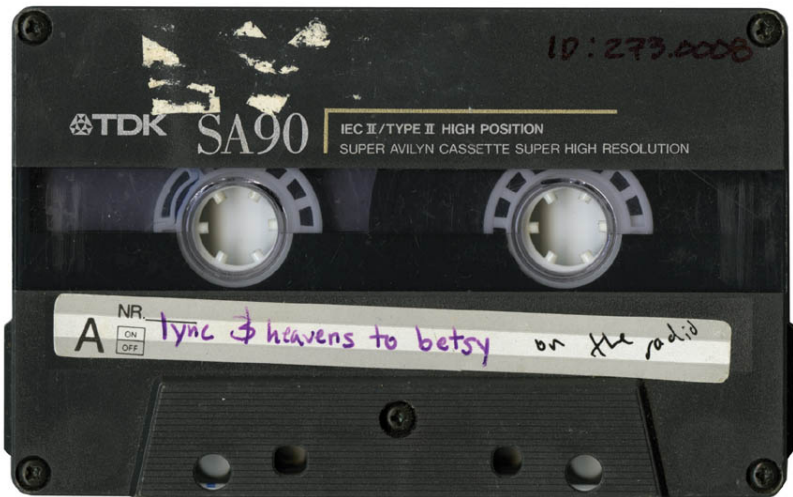
love letters/\$/trades to:

Melanie  
1806 Medina St.  
Coeur D'Alene, ID 83814

**BECAUSE SKOOL HAS FUCKED OVER SO MANY OF US.** The majority of kids I talk to today say they hate skool, and with good reason too. Help me put together a compilation zine to demonstrate only a *portion* of the absurdity of the public skooling system. **Send me your stories of bullshit skool-imposed punishments.** I need your true stories on times when the system fucked you over, blatantly rejected your side of the story, exercised their dictatorial powers on you. For example, (this is rumored) how this elementary kid gets *suspended* for wearing fishnets .. or people who have received detentions/suspensions for having zines which discussed 'dirty' things .. or have gotten in trouble for violating dress codes with hair, etc .. or describe teachers who have gone way too out of line in behavior/disciplines methods. You get the idea. Give me the details of your stories! Get pissed off, get others pissed off, and show just how *undemocratic* our skool systems REALLY are and have always been. Send stuff by 1997 if possible to: **Menghsin SideTracked / 7534 Farmington Ave. / Kalamazoo, MI 49009.** [please pass this flyer on or reprint it, and be sure to let yr non-zinester friends know about it too!]







slant.

because a girl's  
gotta do what  
a girl's gotta do.



number five.



# Revolution don't come easy, honey.

This is where I wanted (to start) to talk about me and riot grrrl. It's really difficult to write easily because it's such a complex relationship I have with it, after all these years struggling with what it means, who it includes and so of course, who it doesn't and my struggle to situate myself as a Vietnamese refugee/US citizen, reading riot grrrl and feeling incredibly alienated. This is only the beginning, I intend to write a mini-zine about my ambivalence and mixed feelings about riot grrrl. These are some pieces I'd written at various times, but I want to make it crystal clear that I totally support riot grrrl as a feminist project, period. I care, therefore I critique. If I don't push, the car doesn't go, right? XOXO, *WAKA*

February 93: Not every girl is a riot grrrl. Maybe your oppositional grrrl identity is imagined exclusive of "Asian" or "immigrant," those things that would've made a difference to me, those things that ensured my involuntary/voluntary exclusion from a much-fabled "girl unity" in a younger, less articulate (read: alien) incarnation. Fuck: I was never "socialized" like you were, growing up in a Vietnamese refugee family, devastatingly uprooted, divided by wars (civil and neocolonial) and geopolitics, and unfamiliar with/outside of normative whitegirl culture, of any class.

The mythic & organic "sisterhood" that slipped notes written in bubble letters into your backpacks & exchanged furtive kisses in pink bedrooms, I read about in Judy Blume but it was nothing that I knew or aspired to. A small town of working-class and lower middle-class white families meant after-school fights, blood trickling from my younger brother's ear, poverty re-upholstered in yards of cheap discount fabric, blown-up mailboxes for Fourth of July, & hate letters (my mother & I read these and laughed because we were stronger than you) from the same whitegirls who held hands & whispered "girl love" to each other. (And don't you feel sorry for me: the years I spent in relative isolation with my family were more precious to me than any potential third-grade friendship.) And it was the little whitegirls with their nascent blood-sister ties that forced this estrangement from you, that compelled my distance from a distinctive "girlhood" that years later still grates, still chafes against my exiled-daughter-fugitive-sister me, because I was different, weird, alien (refugee, accented, yellow): & that ain't girl jealousy, sweetie.

Let's chant it together now: difference & deconstruction, killer of your universal girl love.

So every other grrrl zine definitively announces, "silence is complicit with oppression," or "silence is a middle-class tactic," or (specifically and especially grating) "your silence follows guidelines and values about behavior and manners and passivity that I never could learn to follow. Your silence says nothing to me about who you are, so why should I trust you." (*wrecking ball*) But speech (as the imagined opposite of silence) does not always = truth, okay? I think this is fucking offensive: silence is one way I've *always* resisted and I'm so fucking sick of whitegirls negating --and I mean *actively* refusing to recognize-- the ways in which I resist *their/your* fucking intrusions. Like, these (politeness, quietude) are all distancing strategies that I think have everything to do with my being a refugee/alien (English not being my native language, "America" not being a space nearly comprehensible enough) and Vietnamese (and, duh, being raised a *Buddhist*) in the U.S., completely specific to the ways I learned to cope with invasive questioning or commands. Subaltern histories of colonized peoples document native acts of resistance that confounded Europeans (and obviously continue to do so, at least in riot grrrl): silence was only *one* tactic. My silence deliberately says nothing to you about me: I don't trust you, so why *should* I reveal any part of myself?

"At first I did not speak because of her order; later I found not speaking to be a useful form of resistance. I would stand mute before her, even when being questioned, which added to her rage and frustration." --Katar Dillon, "The Parrot's Beak," in *Making Waves: An Anthology of Writings By and About Asian American Women*

continues on page 27.



continued from page 12.

I know a *hapa* (half-white, half-Japanese) girl who resisted validating the totally colonizing appropriations of a whitegirl who wanted to be fucking down on the racial tip; she refused to speak to her about it. I understand this: we get tired of explaining the obvious. Why bother, when whitegirl would probably just colonize our experiences as her own, anyway? Whitegirl wrote a song about her, about how she was oppressing whitegirl with her silence. Some (white) girls just don't get it. *Get it?*

"The most problematic of [Euro-American] feminist methodologies are those which are based on the premise of the personal is political.... I remember cringing when one of my campus women's center meetings began with the check-in topic, what do you like/dislike about your body? I had no desire to share intimate information with a group of voyeuristic women eager to learn about an exotic Easterner. How could I describe my childhood self-hated to a roomful of women who bore so much resemblance to the cruel little white girls who once told me that my brown skin was ugly?" -- Sayantani Dasgupta, "Reinventing the Feminist Wheel," *Z Magazine* (September 1994)

In November 1994 I went to the Bikini Kill/Riot Grrrl show at Gilman Street with an agenda. I got up on stage after the second-to-last band and made a speech, fueled by my frustration over recent clinic bombings in California, asking for clinic defense volunteers. (I'd been going out to clinics every Saturday and organizing car pools in the East Bay.) This is what I wrote about that night.

November 1994: Our revolutionary, incendiary slogans stencils across t-shirts and backpacks and we scream them at the top of our lungs on a graffiti-ed stage, and then what--? I saw you dance, joyfully, defiantly. I love it! you, I thought it meant more than it did. I asked you (over two hundred of you) to join me, I asked you in a space where I thought, happily, "How can you not?" I stood on stage after two women sang/screamed: "I'll get an abortion if I want to! Fuck you and your Bible too!" You listened and said your "right-ons" and raised your fists. I felt like I was not alone in my fear, my anger, my outrage. And I tried to move you: I thought I had. And then you avoided eye-contact with me once I came down off that stage, you turned your silk-screened backs to me.

I am pissed and I won't pretend it's not you I'm angry at. After you screamed your songs and strutted your badass punk grm attitudes and paraded your slogans like so much cheap costume jewelry, I was left standing talking as if underwater or in Vietnamese. I used to think that I was one of you, or that you were one like me; but girl power t-shirts a revolution it doesn't make, honey, and I learned that it *doesn't* make for a revolutionary, either.

I approached you and your friends, raucously decorated in glitter and grml slogans and cat stickers, and I thought maybe, if I asked you directly, let you see the invitation, the need for you to be there with me, how could you not? (I repeat myself in disbelief.) No blood or exchange of souls involved. But instead, and I couldn't believe it (but had to), you looked away in every direction but mine. Your sweater buttons and lunch-box clasps became hypnotic and I could not break the spell of your deliberate disinterest. Not even a simple "no," you muttered something unintelligible under your sweet-candy-girl breathe, if anything at all. Deliciously foul-mouthed, ruby red lips twitching: I was distasteful to you. I waded through a crowd of you that became to me, despite your stars and bright words, hostile. I was alien here.

I left before Bikini Kill took the stage. I don't think I've ever, ever felt quite so betrayed by my so-called punk rock feminist revolutionary soul crusader sisters, et al. To me, it seemed/seems the revolution, girl-style, shrunk/shrinks to fit the size of your zine, the lyric sheet I shove in my pocket when I get out of the car, square my shoulders and face another bleary-morning confrontation with anti-abortion extremists blocking sidewalks and doors and women's lives.

"Some chick says thank you for saying all the things I never do, I say you know the thanks I get is to take all the shit for you." -- Ani DiFranco, "Face Up and Sing"

End of Part One.

GIRL

200

winter 94  
issue 3

AS SEEN ON TV!

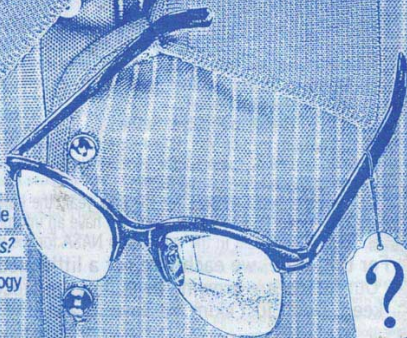
*I Lost My Soul To Postmodernism*

*The Truth About Night People*

*Could Riot Grrrl Ever Beat the Press?*

*Cyberscared: Justifying Fear Of Technology*

*Outing Bisexual History*



# C U P S I Z E

*Fear Of Strolling Guitarists*

*ROCK Music vitapup!*

*BICON Winner!*

*Mad Libs*

*and a whole ton more!*





Dealing with any press and/or media can be very difficult--often in their quest to be objective, opposite ends of the spectrum are presented by never the gray area in between--like "All Riot Grrrls are man-haters," and "no, Riot Grrrls are not man-haters." How about the truth, like some Riot Grrrls hate men, some don't?--Kirsten Frickie

- Directions: pls read these three quotes and then proceed to 'ext. Don't sit too close to the tv.

the mainstream press tends to distort things and get everything all out of proportion...this is because in mainstream media everything operates with signifiers, stereotypes and summaries. that's how a story is built to get the audience's attention. usually the story is summarized and often sensationalized and also the media likes to use spokespersons or symbols and rg doesn't lend itself well to that.-- Jordana Robinson

the reporters hardly ever seem to understand a few basic things about riot grrrl. like we don't gave a cohesive philosophy or dogma. it seems like even though we try to tell them they just can't seem to grasp the idea of a movement of individuals working together without some kind of map or chart or set of rules. if reporters don't understand that, they understand even less that we are actively and continually trying to eliminate hierarchy when possible. it seerrrs like you could look a reporter in the face and say a thousand times, 'there are no leaders,' and they'll still write 'so-and-so, the president of riot grrrl.'-fantastic fanzine

I asked myself these questions not so long ago: By hiding in the underground, did Riot Grrrl keep itself from becoming a feminist identity for a wider group of girls in America? By persistently avoiding interaction with the mainstream press, did Riot Grrrl preclude the possibility of having a broad cultural impact?

These questions evolved into an end-of-the-semester paper. The research that I did directed me to the answer that as a culturally specific movement, any representation of Riot Grrrl to a mass audience loses a lot more in translation than it gains in the numbers of adherents it might pick up. RG is such an unwieldy subject to write about because it is so rooted in punk and feminist theory (though not necessarily framed in academic language) and most down-home Americans I know are fluent in neither punk nor feminism.

According to the comments from these grrrls, the space limitations and structural dictates of journalistic writing effectively rule out any chance of really communicating what Riot Grrrl is about. They question whether it would be possible for the mainstream media to ever accurately represent Riot Grrrl.

The word limit of a typical feature would prevent the journalist from presenting nuanced understanding of RG. RG's philosophies and modes of operation require pages of explanation. Ten pages of the New York Times Magazine might do it, a two-page feature in TIME wouldn't. The journalistic tendency to quote opposite poles of the spectrum would also prevent a more "authentic" look at RG (as in some RG's hate men, some don't). Since RG refuses a certain set of goals, there is no easy wrap-up of its purpose without distorting RG's intent. And because RG refuses a hierarchical structure, it doesn't make a very easy interview for a regular Jane or Joe reporter. There's no club president so, YOU'LL HAVE TO INTERVIEW EVERYONE. The endgame is that RG encourages grrrls to tell their own stories, write their own zines, make their own music and reject corporate media--the mainstream media would have little interest in selling the movement so well that they would lose subscribers and viewers. For these reasons, it seems that the media would never really do more than titillate the reader and present incomplete assessments of the RG movement.



It seems fairly obvious that the mainstream media would exploit a story like RG--but what I wondered was whether RG could manipulate the media to its advantage, like the Lesbian Avengers and ACT-UP have done. Because of the unique (anti)philosophy and structure of the RG "movement," there seem to be limited possibilities for engaging in outreach through the channels of mainstream media. RG is simply too anarchic, and because it positions itself in opposition to "Older feminists, seventies, NOW, MS," as one respondent put it, RG is not in a position to learn tactical tricks of media work from more experienced activists.

The result of all the past media hoopla is the birth of a population of hipsters who think that they know something about RG and feel free to make their various judgments, without ever really understanding anything about it. Before I did my research, I would estimate that I had only generalized, caricatured impressions of Riot Grrrl. As I got more and more involved with the project, it became increasingly clear that I had come into the paper with little real understanding of what RG is (or was) about. For example, in my first questionnaire, I spelled grrrl with two r's. That was an immediate tip-off of my outsider status. That might seem initially surprising in light of the fact that I basically fit the RG demographic: a young feminist who goes to RG and RGish events. The "riot grrrl" label has even been applied to this zine. One would expect that I would have some familiarity with RG tenets and lingo. But like almost everyone else who thinks that she or he can make a judgment about RG, everything I ever heard about it was filtered through the lens of the (mostly) mainstream media. THE FACT IS THAT MOST OF US REALLY NEVER KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT IT. Us being those who weren't involved first-hand or didn't have direct access to RG culture. Most people took their SPIN soundbite accounts of Riot Grrrl and ran with them, feeling free to apply the label to any feminist or female rocker. The research I did convinced me that while "the media" is structurally incapable of delivering anything approximate to the truth about RG, they have succeeded in convincing the general gen x public that they know something about it.

It seems unfortunate that one wouldn't really "get" Riot Grrrl without having had first-hand contact with a group, a Riot Grrrl or a RG zine, because there are severe limitations on the people who will be reached through personal, underground means. There are so many girls out there who would benefit from the knowledge that something other than Seventeen and Sassy (RIP) exist. Is Riot Grrrl dead? I don't think you can answer that question, given that RG is so decentralized and has emerged in different communities since groups in DC, NY and Olympia have ceased to exist. I have pretty much concluded that RG isn't equipped to "recruit" through most media with large audiences, but I don't think that because RG is incapable of that kind of work, that all forms of grrrl activism are similarly disabled.

Sarah Dyer's experience is a taste of success. She publishes Action Girl, a newsletter that lists girl zines and resources. Sarah has been contacted by Fox TV, Sassy, Seventeen and has carefully considered the pros and cons of working with the mainstream media. She wrote:

There's only so much preaching to the converted you can do before it gets pointless--we've got to find ways to bring information to people who haven't been exposed to it at all...(in response to "can you work with the mainstream media without losing your integrity?" Yes, I think so. Consider each decision very carefully. What is my advantage? What is the person's/media's advantage? Who will benefit most? I think it depends on exactly what's being promoted. A resource, a philosophy, a message--those should be mainstream. A zine, a band, an individual, no.

continued on pg 28



# RIOTGRRRL cont. <sup>from</sup> p. 8

Rejecting offers from the rest, Sarah chose to work with Seventeen. The magazine had received a number of letters from readers asking about zines, and they wanted to expose their readers without plugging one zine. (This is very responsible behavior--according to Sarah, Sassy has reviewed more than one zine without telling the editor, and has consequently spelled the zine's demise by sending unexpected mountains of orders). Seventeen rented a PO Box for the orders for Action Girl and gave Sarah "the most incredibly accurate review I have ever gotten. So much for punk rock." As a result, Sarah has received over 600 orders for Action Girl from girls who would have never had access to underground culture. Sarah's experience proves that it is not entirely possible to engage in a productive dissemination of underground resources and culture. (to read more about it, write away for Kiki/zine through Action Girl.)

I really admire Sarah's careful consideration of the issues at stake and her commitment to girl activism that incorporates a target group that extends beyond strict "scene" identifications. I think that we should all really think about how we can get through to people who could really benefit from the knowledge that independent girl-produced culture exists. No, we'll never reach everyone, not even close, but I think it's far too easy to sit back and uncritically resolve that it's "sell-out" to work with a mainstream media source.

AND we should all ask ourselves what we ever really knew about Riot Grrrl that wasn't tainted by the biases of the mainstream press. Yes, it sucks that RG, as a function of its form and content, has been almost entirely inaccessible and that it has been impossible for almost any source with a large readership to really disseminate information about it. Does that effectively rule out dialogue on the Riot Grrrl movement, except among the few with insider privilege? Perhaps--so let's start talking about a Girl Power movement, the new (rather than third) wave of the feminist movement. Yeah, come on, Intervention Grrrl-Style Now and Forever! *S Thanks a ten to everyone who answered the survey. -S*

It's somewhat difficult to summarize fifteen pages in a zine. If you would like a copy of the paper, send me a few stamps and I will send it to you. But of course you must first prove to me that you will use it only toward the promotion of honest and thorough dissemination of RG information. Thank you.

Cont. from  
p. 13

All such academians are not hippies. They are older and misguided and often chauvinist despite pledges and disclaimers at the beginning of the term that it's for important reasons that we are not studying George Eliot this term, even though she was a great Victorian novelist and this class is Victorian Literature. These professors think that because they say "HE/SHE" now as second nature that they are liberated. It takes more than a pronoun change. They reminisce outloud about past student bodies who were full of vigor and energy (those of the sixties, to be exact...no joke. If they weren't part of it themselves, they long to teach the kids of the sixties, AGAIN), openly insulting a room full of living, thinking, young people. Come on, you were also 30 years younger then. That probly has a lot to do with your fondness for 1969.

After hearing about it for 30yrs, we gotta believe a little that the sixties was a groovy time to grow up. But I don't attend class to witness living icons from the era telling what would have been thought about texts then. Or to be sold the idea that America is creepy and sneaky. I have my whole life to find that out.

CUPSIZING  
gives you

Freedom from  
the long  
commitments  
you hate about  
other clubs.

Back Issues: \$1 and 2 stamps for each issue, please.

CS#1: subway anxiety, mike kaniecki interview, the truth about our cupsizes, the color brown, and much more.

CS#2: squatter interview, women writers, stonewall reflections, the legendary snapple/ fruitopia debate, long island coffee scene.

In every CS music and laughs.



Beware. When you least expect it, you may be victim to the Zen Stare. But them be grateful, for it will make you a more honest, true, and articulate human being.

I first experienced the zen stare three years ago. I was super-hyper and nervous, all set to beg and bother a certain professor to get into his class. I thought the class would change my life. The class didn't-the zen stare did. Upon entering his office, he turned with a look of total peace and attention on his face. Shook my hand. Asked my name. Emitted a magical sense of peace and power that demanded that my own demeanor fall in line. He let me into the class. The zen stare stopped my anxiety right en route. I was stunned; silenced; awed. That is the zen stare.

Since my first exposure to the zen stare and my gradual maturing, I have cultivated my own power of zen stare that is essential to my existence, survival, and unique expression of goodwill to others. I use the zen stare on girls who are not pro-girl. Who are stuck in 3rd grade gossip/back-stabbing behaviour and want to share it with me and drag me into it. Basically all people who engage in bogus conversations as a way of life that goes beyond the pleasures of flirting and socializing. And especially passive-aggressive types.

Other zen stare situations: gooeey, kissy, super-hyper people running up to me all "hey" and what's up" just for the hell of it. They had better chill. You can't be that happy to see me. → The ALL POWERFUL

Other potential targets- people who cannot interact unless they are somehow entertaining me and getting a reaction. I take this as an insult after a while, like I am just there to be provoked. If I wanted people to constantly make me laugh, I'd go to comedy clubs and be a groupie. This is so oppressive and demands so much of my energy and I just want to say "fuck off"...but the zen stare works even better than that cathartic phrase.

When you use the zen stare, you refuse to be manipulated. You keep eye contact with the person, smile, and listen, as if you are taking them seriously. YOU ARE NOT ACTING in this behaviour. You are giving them the benefit of the doubt, trusting them, telling them you are not bullshitting. You become a spiritual mirror. they see themselves and calm down. They get real. ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ ZEN STARE! ✱

Using the zen stare is delightful. It truly incapacitates and it is GOOD FOR PEOPLE. It feels good. They know when it's happening. It's disarming. It may sound a bit cruel, but in the end it is good for others. It is more gentle and constructive towards people that in the past you may have written off as just worthless. And it allows you to exist in the world and not be a total hermit or thorn-in-the-side cynic.

I think I actually assaulted my entire english class once with the zen stare. It was just when my zen stare powers were getting really fine-tuned. One particular meeting was so boring and outa whack when it's usually a great class. It was a waste of everyone's time that day and I was definitely exuding a "get real" zen stare vibe. Next thing I know, class is being dismissed 1/2 hour early.

Sometimes the zen stare requires compete and brutal honesty. Other times, you respond to the person's bogusness as if it were spoken with integrity so they

feel really stupid having to prolong their act. It is hard to pinpoint. But when you feel it you know it, and when you use it, you improve the world. E 18



Sasha



Emelye



## Sasha and Emelye Out on the Town in Baby Doll Wear

"We felt so liberated!"

**When women dress like girls (not grrrls):** the *Village Voice* set out to tell me what infantile garb on mature women is all about. The *Voice*'s article argued that for some women, girl fashion represents a return to early adolescence, the period that precedes the command to shut up and simmer. Pigtails are somehow empowering because they harken a pre-oppressed playground, an age of innocent liberation. To promote this one page article, I might mention that the *Voice* also didn't hesitate to include a scantily clad model on the cover.

I think there is a certain element of truth in the sociological studies that have isolated the period around 12 years of age as a time when American girls start to lose a sense of themselves and become less assertive, more quiet and removed. Pre-hesitation girlhood was an era of less inhibited existence. But for me, being a girl was not about wearing provocatively tight clothing and pigtails. The beauty of that period cannot be invoked by carrying a lunch box around with me. If I choose to adorn myself with girl-child clothing, my uniform will suggest youth, but cotton candy outfits are not going to transform my spirit into a nostalgic girl emancipation.

I see the girl-woman baby tee as more a Lolita sex creation than a form of empowerment. This is the fashion INDUSTRY, a profit-motivated enterprise that co-opts fashions that sincerely signify girl-power and sells them back to alterna-stores and mall outlets for maximum profit. The politics get watered down somewhere between the riot grrrl signifying aesthetic and the SKU coding of the price tag. Let's face it, tight t-shirts scream little girl fetish before they do girl's game on the playground.

At 99%, a hipkid downtown retail outlet, every article of "women's" clothing this summer was shrunken to pre-high school proportions. The fabric allotted in the "women's" section was half that in the "men's." **Prominently displayed:** a tiny pink tee with "Baby" inscribed in the form of the Barbie logo. "Baby" doesn't quite speak girlpower to me. We are not creating these signs, insignias, dress codes to express our own return to girlhood. They are being created for us, from the hierarchy above, to fatten corporate dividends. It's pretty simple really, I don't think anyone really pretends to buy empowerment at the cash register. Tight clothing sells because it's sexy. Not that there's anything wrong with dressing sexy—I would just rather that the *Voice*'s commentators don't couch the trend in absurd liberation metaphors to justify putting models on the cover.

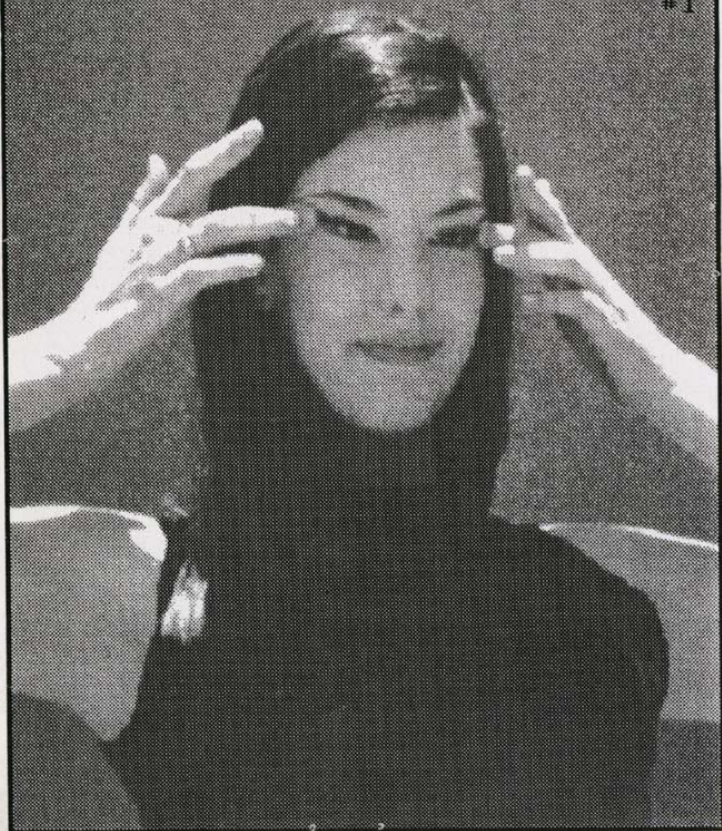
It's more than a little silly to call a trend of tight shirts and short skirts a meaningful return to "pure" girlhood. Baby tees no revolution make. S



# CHOP SUEY SPEX

(DO YOU THINK I NEED THESE?)

#1





February 1st, 1997  
Happy Chinese New Year  
Y'all! don't forget to wear  
red & eat an orange.

# CHOP SUEY SPEX



## Introduction, Greeting and/or Is there a purpose for this beyond "exene- bashing"?

We made this zine to document our experiences, call shit out, have some fun, and most importantly, start some conversations.

It's really fucked that so many white folks in punk communities don't think or talk critically about racism. As a result, a lot of racist shit goes unchecked, and some of it even gets laughs. There's a big difference between something that "offends" (ie: something that is in "Bad Taste") and something that is racist--something that reminds you that your ass is fair game for verbal harassment and physical attack.

We recognize that racist representations are integral to the maintenance of a white supremacist power structure. In other words, if Exene didn't sell Chop Suey Specs, someone else would. It's racism filtered through white liberal capitalism. But let's call it Amerikkkana.



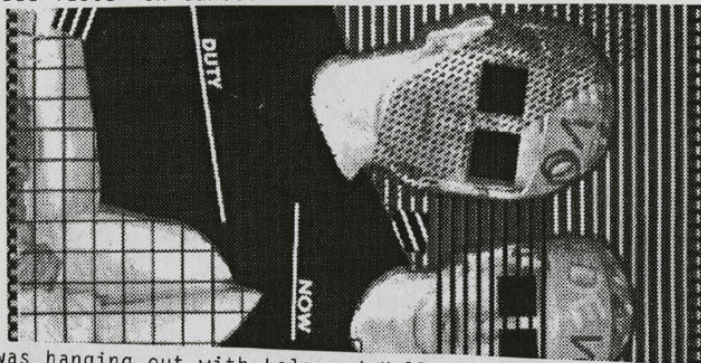
I'll be honest with you: I didn't do a lot of soul searching about whether it is a waste of time to do a zine about something that happened to me. I mean, my favorite zines are exactly about someone's personal experiences.

What if one particular experience involved a "celebrity" (Exene Cervenka)? What if that celebrity, who is known as having progressive politics, does something fucked up that affects me directly? Should I just chill out because, after all, we're in the same corner? But we are not in the same corner, really. Sure, I don't eat meat or wear fur, I recycle, I love animals, plants and minerals alike and I want to save the whales. Come on, I still haven't met anyone who doesn't want to save the earth. But I'm so sick of these (mostly white) liberal types who think they can get away with racist crap. They have to be called on their shit. Especially when, by virtue of their celebrity status, they have access to a public forum (bands, spoken word Cds, books, stores)..

Exene Cervenka is the owner of a store in Los Angeles. That store sells "toys" that poke fun at Asian people. I'm Chinese, I can't "play" with these toys. I talked to Exene about how excluded and (sigh) hurt and yes, angry I felt by these toys. She didn't give a fuck. These are my facts. Am I supposed to protect this "progressive" celebrity? And who protects me?



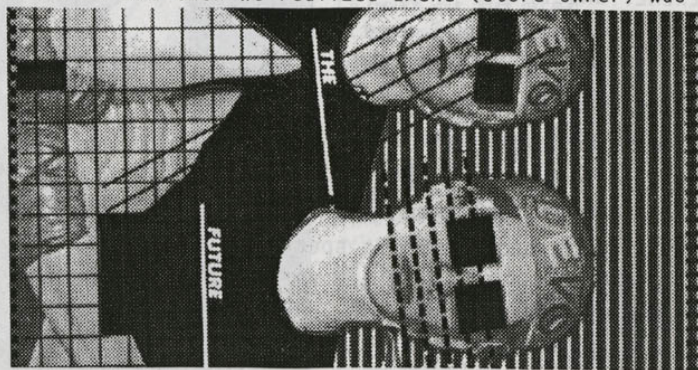
KARLA: I've had a few encounters with the Chop Suey Specs. My first was at a Tribe 8 show at "You've Got Bad Taste" on Sunset in Silverlake. Before the show I



was hanging out with Lala and Kelly. I was really excited to see Tribe 8 live because they are punk rock and there are women of color in the band. Anyhow, Lala



found a bunch of racist glasses for sale. We were like, "What the fuck is this?" We were wondering what we should do and then we realized Exene (store owner) was



nearby. We thought an Asian chick delegation was in order. But as typical Asian women, we were too timid to approach. Then Exene came toward us and I spoke up.



KARLA: Excuse me. Hi. We were wondering what's up with these glasses.

LALA: (to Exene) Do you think I need these?

EXENE: What?

LALA: Do you think I need these?

KARLA: What's up with these glasses? This is racist.

EXENE: The store is called, "You've Got Bad Taste." They are in bad taste.

KARLA: This is more than bad taste. How do you think Asian people feel when they see this?

EXENE: It's bad taste. We specialize in Americana. I'm sure a lot of women are offended by the nudie stuff.

KARLA: Maybe, but the all the nudie stuff you have glorifies white women's sexuality. These glasses are ~~racist~~ racist. They take it too far.

EXENE: Whatever. I don't care. You can steal them.



# "White Girl" "X"



X one

XXXXXX

She's blonde  
 she came along the sidewalk  
 leave a trail of blue & black  
 up to you  
 fighting back  
 steel chains  
 A noose of chains on our necks  
 I find out nothing when we talk & sit  
 blue heart passion & watch the set  
 easy to fall  
 part of your skull  
 starts to break away  
 a cheater's walk  
 down the block  
 behind this evil street  
 she's a white girl but  
 I'm living with a white girl  
 nineteen  
 missing her man for  
 an old girl  
 drain every beer left over at home  
 & listen to ghosts in the other room  
 why not  
 you're alone inside his keeping  
 I'll replace your drunk old man  
 sit in the parking lot  
 & hold your hand  
 easy to fall  
 part of your skull  
 starts to break away  
 drugged & in love  
 out at a club  
 pulling me outside  
 she's a white girl  
 but I'm living with a...

XXXXXX

"White Girl" from X's album, Wild Gift  
 on Slash Records (1981)

I love this song. Another  
 amazing "White Girl" song is on  
 the Heaven's To Betsy record - Calculated  
Calculated Fucks Shit Up. XXXX



## Lala's version

- Free Tribe 8 show at Exene Cervenka's Silverlake store You've Got Bad Taste. Kelly and Karla want to interview Leslie Mah for their Monkeywrench project. I'm happy to be in L.A.
- We're early for the show, we buy drinks at the 7 eleven nearby. We sit in the parking lot and go over the questions for Leslie. A homeless Vietnam vet burns cigarettes off of Karla. We tell him about the show. He says he might come.
- Pasty girl is very stoned and incoherent (am I being redundant?) We're hypnotized by how much she's enjoying her tofu delight ice cream and her tales of dead Carpenters.
- Not a lot of people in attendance. Die hard fans and Exene's hipster pals. It's a small and oddly-shaped space for a show. Tribe 8 rocks. Lynn Breedlove is funny. I'm in a good mood.
- The show's over. We look around the store while we wait to talk to Leslie. It's mostly kitsch from the 50's, plastic dolls and game boards and stickers and the like. There's a pair of costume eyeglasses with fake slanted eyes (made out of plastic) --Don this oriental disguise and fool your friends!-- It's a party toy meant to be worn by non-asian people.
- I'm hesitant about confronting Exene. Karla is pumped and she encourages me to speak up. We ask Exene if we can have a word with her. "Excuse me," I begin, "do you think I need these?"
- "The store is called You've Got Bad Taste. It's bad taste. A lot of feminists could come up and say that it's sexist to have all the girly pictures." This she offers as her cocky version of an excuse. More like "lame", I think. She sends us off with something like "Whatever. Steal them". So we do.

## X

X

Los Angeles rock band. Christine "Exene" Cervenka (vocals), John Doe\* (bass), Tony Gilkyson (guitar, son of Canadian singer Terry Gilkyson) and D.J. Bonebrake (drums). Cervenka and Doe were married for a time. Cervenka recorded with The Knitters.

|                               |     |    |                                                            |     |                        |
|-------------------------------|-----|----|------------------------------------------------------------|-----|------------------------|
| 6/6/81                        | 105 | 5  | 1 Wild Gift                                                | 812 | Slash 107              |
| 7/17/82                       | 76  | 15 | 2 Under The Big Black Sun                                  | 88  | Elektra 60150          |
| 10/8/83                       | 80  | 23 | 3 More Fun In The New World                                | 88  | Elektra 60283          |
| 8/17/85                       | 89  | 14 | 4 Ain't Love Grand                                         | 88  | Elektra 60430          |
| 7/11/87                       | 107 | 11 | 5 See How We Are                                           | 88  | Elektra 60492          |
| 5/14/88                       | 175 | 5  | 6 Live At The Whiskey A Go-Go On The Fabulous Sunset Strip | 610 | Elektra 60788 [2]      |
| Adult Books (1)               |     |    | Dancing With Tears In My                                   |     | When Our Love Passed O |
| All Or Nothing (4)            |     |    | Eyes (2)                                                   |     | On The Couch (1)       |
| Anytime Can Fill Your Shoes   |     |    | Drunk In My Past (2)                                       |     | White Girl (1.6)       |
| Back 2 The Beat (1)           |     |    | 4th Of July (5)                                            |     | World's A Mess (8)     |
| Beauvoir I Do (2.6)           |     |    | Have Rock (2)                                              |     | Year 1 (1.6)           |
| Beyond And Back (1)           |     |    | Holiday Story (5)                                          |     | You (5)                |
| Blue Spark (2.6)              |     |    | Hot House (2)                                              |     |                        |
| Breakdown (2)                 |     |    | Housed I Call Home (5)                                     |     |                        |
| Burning House Of Love (4.6)   |     |    | How I Learned My Lesson                                    |     |                        |
| Call Of The Wreckin' Ball (5) |     |    | (2)                                                        |     |                        |
| Come Back To Me (2)           |     |    | Hungry Wolf (2.6)                                          |     |                        |
| Cynical De Berger's Back (5)  |     |    | I Must Not Think Bad                                       |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | Thoughts (3)                                               |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | I'll Stand Up For You (4)                                  |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | I'm Coming On (1)                                          |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | I'm Love (5)                                               |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | In The Time It Takes (5.6)                                 |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | In This House That I Call                                  |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | Home (1)                                                   |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | It's Who You Know (1)                                      |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | Jenny (1) & Run Peaslee (2)                                |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | Just Another Perfect Day (2)                               |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | Let's Be Right (3)                                         |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | Livin' History (4)                                         |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | Low Angries (2)                                            |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | Love Shack (4)                                             |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | Make The Music Go Bang (2)                                 |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | My Goodness (4.6)                                          |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | My Soul Cross Your Name (4)                                |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | New World (2.6)                                            |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | Oh-Cheer Twice (1.6)                                       |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | Painting The Town Blue (3)                                 |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | Four Girl (3)                                              |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | Real Child On (1.6)                                        |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | Rolling With Mary (2.6)                                    |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | See How We Are (5)                                         |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | Shin Energy Town (6)                                       |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | So Long (5)                                                |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | Some Other Time (1)                                        |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | Supernatural (1)                                           |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | Surprise Surprise (5.6)                                    |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | True Love (2.6)                                            |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | True Love Pt. #2 (3)                                       |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | Under The Big Black Sun (2)                                |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | Unheard Music (6)                                          |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | Universal Corner (1)                                       |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | Watch The Sun Go Down (4)                                  |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | We're Corporate (1)                                        |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | We're Having Much More                                     |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | Fun (3)                                                    |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | What's Wrong With Me... (4)                                |     |                        |
|                               |     |    | When It Rains... (5)                                       |     |                        |

X marks the spot...

it's purely symbolic, right?  
we're all adults  
here.

~~twice~~  
twice

oKay.

Do whatever  
you want.  
I don't care.



As the vocalist and lyricist for the seminal Los Angeles rock band X, Exene Cervenka has rightfully established her reputation as a performer and writer of extraordinary conviction and skill. X, whose first two albums, "Los Angeles" and "Wild Gift", were released to wide critical acclaim - "Wild Gift" being named Rock Album of the Year by both the Los Angeles Times and New York Times - were among the chief architects of the Los Angeles punk sound. During her hiatus from X, Cervenka released two records - "Old Wives' Tales" and "Running Sacred" - which demonstrated her talents as a solo performer.

In 1982, Cervenka co-authored "Adulterers' Anonymous" with Lydia Lunch and has since self published two books, "Poetry Loves Poetry" and "Thought For Food", prior to her first book with 2.13 61 Publications, "Virtual Unreality". As a spoken word performer, she has also appeared on various audio recordings including "English as a Second Language" (a spoken word compilation), "Two Sisters" (with poet Wanda Coleman), and "Cause" (a benefit compilation for the pro-choice organization Rock For Choice).

In 1992, Cervenka, along with award winning photojournalist Kenneth Jarecke, published "Just Another War" - a somber examination of the Persian Gulf War by means of Cervenka's poetry and Jarecke's photographs, and in 1993, she released her latest book, "Virtual Unreality".



## What Happened?

Tribe 8 just finished their set at "You've Got Bad Taste" a store in Silverlake co-owned by Exene Cervenkova (formerly known as Exene Cervenka from a band called X). I was wandering around the store with ~~xx~~ Lala and Karla, looking at a lot of old stock merchandise and the old school punk rock fliers and photos that cover the walls. One minute we were looking at harmless popsicle stick ~~hoses~~ and the next we were staring at these fake glasses with "Oriental" eyes (read: slanted slits) molded into the frames. They were sick and fucked up and we couldn't understand why Exene would want to stock them. We saw her walking by so we stopped her to ask. Lala pointed to the Chop Suey Specs and asked, "Do you think I need these?" Exene maintained a borderline blank stare. Then Karla told her we thought the glasses were racist. Exene reminded us that the store is called "Youve Got Bad Taste" We told her that this was not an issue ~~of~~ of GoodTaste-Badtaste. Then she told us that her store specializes in Americana. Karla argued that the Specs were Alienating to Asian customers. This comment got us dismissed. Exene shook her head and said, "Whatever. I don't care. ~~Steal them.~~ Steal them." Then she walked away.

(xo)



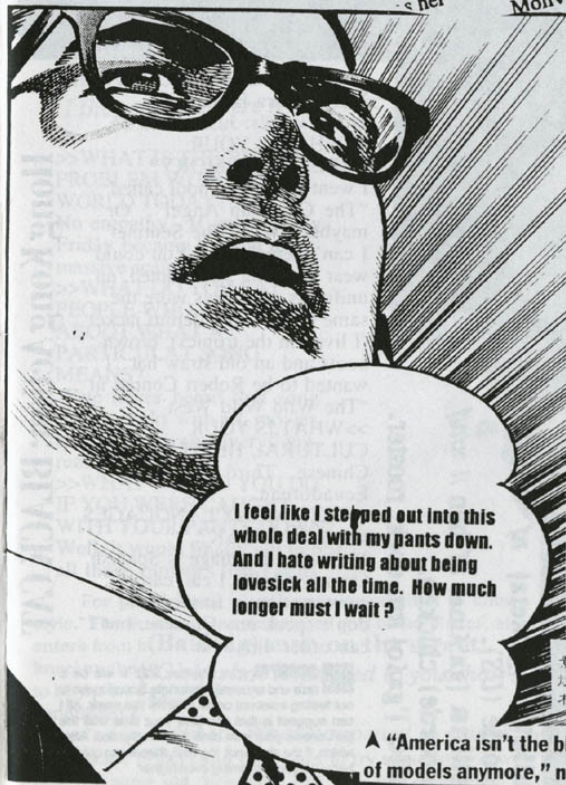
WO.  
Lauren,  
98: September 3, .

**From China With Love** Busting loose from bad love affairs, three brothers set sail on a luxury fishing boat. Far from reeling in that prize marlin, their first "catch" is three Oriental lovelies seeking freedom. Kitty Young, China Mai. (1:12) Channel 98: September 2, 7, 11, 15, 19, 24, 28.

**In Love.** Girls return to canvas with their shenanigans. Alic. (1:00) Channel 98. 16, 20, 25, 30.

**Kadillac And DeVe**  
t. of dismissal u

The birth of a boy, so a Chinese proverb goes, is a big happiness, whereas the birth of a girl . . . .



I feel like I stepped out into this whole deal with my pants down. And I hate writing about being lovesick all the time. How much longer must I wait?

**Memories**  
Molly R. G

- |         |      |         |
|---------|------|---------|
| 各式龍蝦    | 86.  | Lobste  |
|         |      | (Choice |
| 水 滷 蝦   | 87.  | Moo Si  |
| 淨 龍 蝦   | 87a. | Lobste  |
| 白 菜 蝦   | 88.  | Shrimp  |
| 蝦 龍 蝦   | 89.  | Shrimp  |
| 豆 豉 蝦   | 90.  | Shrimp  |
|         |      | w. Bi   |
| 甜 酸 蝦   | 91.  | Sweet   |
| 芥 蘭 蝦   | 92.  | Shrimp  |
| 豆 豉 蝦   | 93.  | Shrimp  |
| 雷 豆 蝦   | 94.  | Shrimp  |
| 牛 豆 蝦   | 95.  | Shrimp  |
| 牛 豆 蝦   | 96.  | Shrimp  |
| 糊 螺 蝦   | 97.  | Butterf |
| 辣 油 干 貝 | 98.  | Scalloj |
| 炒 干 貝   | 99.  | Scalloj |
| 白 菜 牛 肉 | 72.  | Beef w  |
| 芥 蘭 牛 肉 | 73.  | Beef w  |
| 蔥 薑 牛 肉 | 74.  | Curry   |
| 青 椒 牛 肉 | 75.  | Pepper  |
| 雷 椒 牛 肉 | 76.  | Pepper  |
| 辣 油 牛 肉 | 77.  | Beef w  |
| 雙 冬 牛 肉 | 78.  | Beef w  |
|         |      | & Ba    |
| 珍珠 牛 肉  | 79.  | Beef v  |
| 蔥 薑 牛 肉 | 80.  | Mongc   |
| 紅 薯 牛 肉 | 81.  | Shred   |
|         |      | w. P    |
| 干 片 牛 肉 | 82.  | Shred   |
| 蔥 薑 牛 肉 | 83.  | Shred   |
| 椒 香 牛 肉 | 84.  | Beef v  |
| 水 滷 牛   | 85.  | Moo S   |
|         |      | (w. W   |
| 素 什 錦   | 50.  | Buddhis |
| 炒 西 芥 蘭 | 51.  | Sauteed |
| 水 滷 菜   | 52.  | Moo Shu |

▲ "America isn't the blond, blue-eyed world of models anymore," notes Shimizu (at Jean-

Observe.

This rad Hawaiian girl named Barbara heard about the Chop Suey Specs and wanted to form an Asian delegation to storm the store and seize the entire box and tell them that Exene said we could steal 'em. Instead Barb braved the store by herself.



BARB: Do you have Chop Suey Specs?

WHITE GUY AT THE COUNTER: We sold out of them.

BARB: You did? I heard you had them.

GUY: We got rid of them because a bunch of people came in and said they were offended.

BARB: That's good cuz I know a lot of people that thought they were fucked.



SERIAL

(Do you think I need these?)

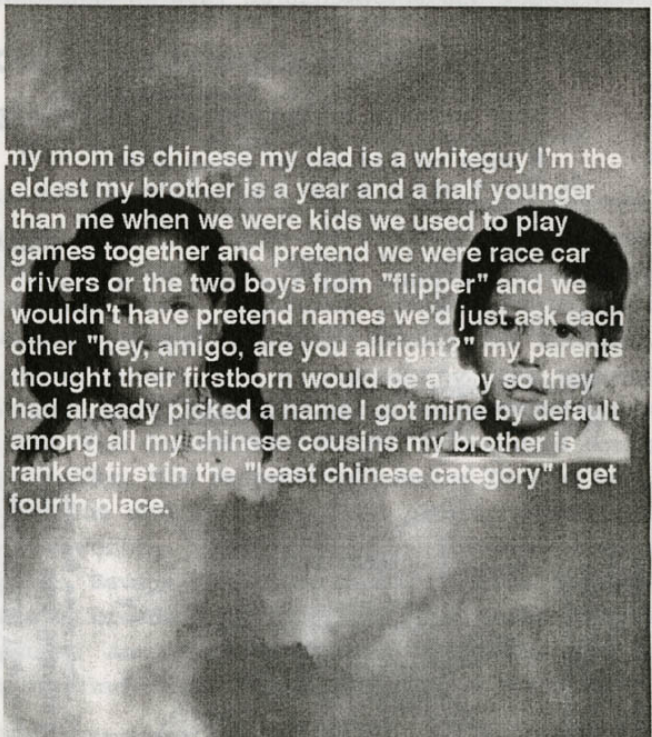
ACCOUNTABILITY

WORKS.



(Do you think I need these?)

(Do you think I need these?)



my mom is chinese my dad is a whiteguy I'm the  
eldest my brother is a year and a half younger  
than me when we were kids we used to play  
games together and pretend we were race car  
drivers or the two boys from "flipper" and we  
wouldn't have pretend names we'd just ask each  
other "hey, amigo, are you alright?" my parents  
thought their firstborn would be a boy so they  
had already picked a name I got mine by default  
among all my chinese cousins my brother is  
ranked first in the "least chinese category" I get  
fourth place.



# CHOP Suey Chex

Kelly: You went back?

Sabrina: Yeah.

K: Tell me what happened. Take yr time.

S: OK. I went in to steal something for you but I couldn't do it. You know me. Anyways, they put them back out again.

K: Where were they?

S: They were laid out on one of those middle rack things. ~~They were at the~~  
They weren't in the box.

K: I thought you were gonna tell me they ~~we~~ were on the white sales dude.

S: There was a white sales dude. It's even more fucked up that the Chop Suey Spex are the only racialized ~~thing~~ thing in the store.

K: I know those and the glorified naked white women.

S: Don't get me started on white wimmin...

01/97

**Don't forget to check out recent developments in the continuing saga of that box of chop suey specs.**

**LALA WANTS TO THANK THE FOLLOWING:**

Kelly, Karla, Barbara, De, Garrick, Laura, Ian, Sabrina, Heeyeon, Sasha, Alan, Diane and my Digital Imaging classmates, Juancho and my mom.

## NEXT TIME:

An in-depth investigation into the politics of the new wave of white indie kids embracing the "Free Tibet" movement!

Send mail to = *chop suey spex* %  
332 E-4th #63  
NY, NY 10009

Kelly thanks The Fourth Wave -  
Diana, Lala, Sabrina & Karla.  
(and my main man - Yack)

OH YEAH, WE'RE ASKING ONE BUCK FOR THIS PIECE OF FINE LITERATURE. IF YOU DON'T THINK OUR "PRODUCT" IS WORTH IT, WHATEVER. WE DON'T CARE. STEAL IT. ☆

no credits, it's more fun

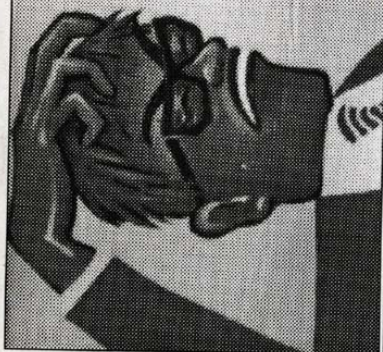


## Fool your friends with this Oriental disguise??

The slit-eyed, bucktooth Jap thrusting his bayonet, thirsty for blood. The inscrutable, wily Chinese detective with his taped eyelids and wispy mustache. The childlike, indolent Filipino houseboy. Always giggling. Bowing and scraping. Eager to please, but untrustworthy. The sexless, hairless Asian male. The servile, oversexed Asian female. The Geisha. The sultry, sarong-clad South Seas maiden. The serpentine, cunning Dragon Lady. Mysterious and evil, eager to please. Effeminate. Untrustworthy. Yellow Peril. Fortune Cookie Psychic. Savage. Dogeater. Invisible. Mute. Faceless peasants breeding too many children. Gooks. Passive Japanese Americans obediently marching off to 'relocation camps' during the Second World War.

—Jessica Hagedorn, NYC 1993 (editor, Charlie Chan is Dead: An Anthology of Contemporary Asian American Fiction).

# AAAAAAAAA!!



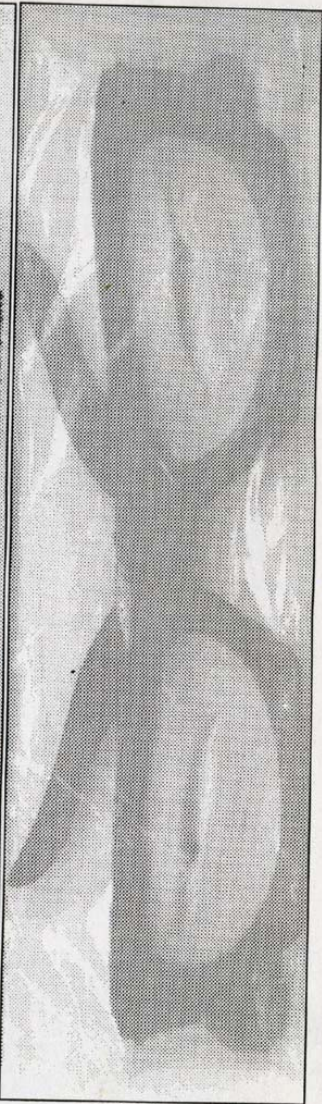
Do  
you  
think  
I need  
these?

# CHOP SUVEY STECS

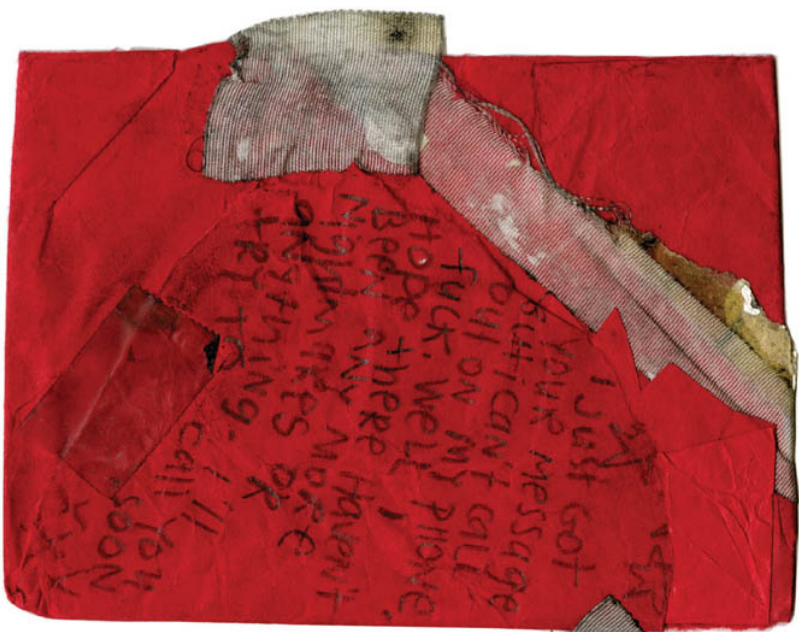
FOOL YOUR FRIENDS

WITH THIS ORIENTAL DISGUISE

MADE IN HONGKONG





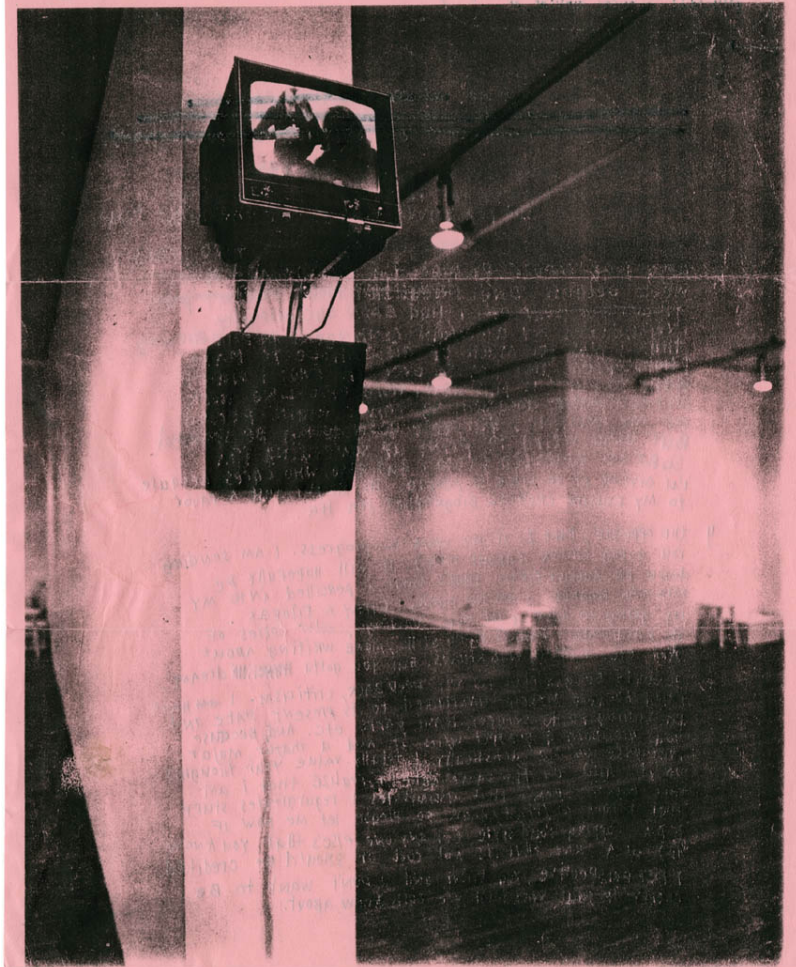


\*SLY Stallone (213) 828-8988  
"hi i just called to say: Fuck your  
genocidal maniac movies."

July 14, 1994

→ Dear Big Hair Lady

1. essay smart pants style about Patti Smith and Rimbaud  
that my teacher gave me. ~~My teacher gave me this essay  
about Patti Smith and Rimbaud. I wrote it in the style of a smart pants  
essay. I wrote it in the style of a smart pants essay.~~
2. i am really frustrated because i paid \$40 for this  
piece of shit type-writer that worked really good  
in the store. and you know, this is not the first time.
3. "it grosses her out" is this thing i made two years  
ago but never printed + i finally did ~~it~~ last  
week because one: i realized that i didn't put  
~~it out for fear of~~ i had been successfully  
intimidated by a certain contingent into believing  
that i was too much of an asshole to make  
photocopies. and i'm so over it. two: i didn't  
want to put out this new, more epic-like work  
without ~~the~~ documenting this certain period  
of my writing. it feels good to not be scared  
but also weird to print up something i'm  
sort of removed from. but also, who cares because  
i'm giving it to like 5 people. its mostly just a favor  
to my future critical biographer ita ita.
4. the opposite, Part I is my work-in-progress. i am sending  
you a big chunk (about half). It will hopefully be  
done on August fifth. That's what i pencilled into my  
Filo-Fax planner. i am not punk, i carry a FiloFax.  
its going to have a lot more drawings, color copies of  
my paintings + DASHA's video stills, more writing about  
Art etc. i mean, who knows. But you gotta ~~dream~~ dream.  
i would be grateful for any feedback, criticism. i ~~am~~ have  
tried to keep myself unattached to its present state and  
am willing to do surgery, trash pants etc. And, because  
you are both a subject w/in it and a major, major  
influence on me artistically i totally value your thoughts  
on it. AND on the same note: i realize that i am  
this total sponge that assimilates + regurgitates stuff  
that i look at/read/hear so please let me now if  
i am copying your style (or any one else's that you know  
of) in a way that is not cool or should be credited.  
i lose perspective, you know, and i don't want to be  
creepy in that way that we both know about.





# ARTAUD-MANIA

... the diary of a fan



INSIDE:

the truth about

DONALD KUSPIT

and

the

CONSPIRACY

against me

by Johanna Fateman



October 5 1996

Dear Diary,

I spent \$50 on 6 tickets to various Artaud-related events at the Drawing Center and resolved to record my impressions.

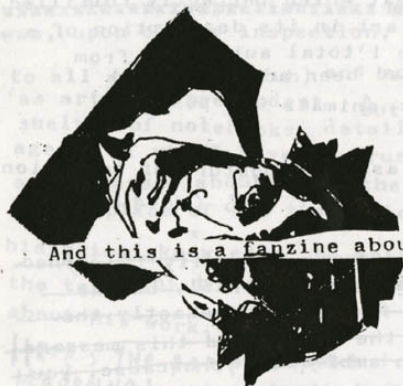


And because I had this idea that one way to get my writing to more explicitly mimic/ depart from the disciplines of journalism and/or cultural criticism would be to choose as my subject this "subjectivity," Antonin Artaud, icon of Modern alienation.

It's a formal experiment: the application of a fanzine aesthetic to a subject outside the usual jurisdiction of my genre.

October 6 1996  
Dear Diary,

I am writing to you because confessional  
writing is the self-effacing form most  
suited to the abject position of the fan.



And this is a fanzine about Artaud.

But, transcribing these diary entries 3 months  
in the future I will add: this is a hateful  
pamphlet against the critic Donald Kuspit,  
a petty and vindictive strain of Institutional  
Critique most suited to the abject position of  
the student.

This is a letter to Antonin Artaud from written  
from Art School collapsed into

# Dear Diary

Cuz the pen is mightier than the sword, right?



3

I once wrote a novel called "Black Beauty" based on the movie "Black Beauty"

I was unconcerned by my sister's critique of the project based on a false notion of originality and undeterred by the already existing novel of the same name upon which the movie had been based because I had found,

(plagiarised) a text which perfectly fulfilled my criteria for art in its description of a situation in which total autonomy from parental control had been achieved, and

2) telepathy with animals was possible.

I felt no need to assume a posture of invention, only ownership. THIS WAS CHILDHOOD.

~~Growing up in an academic community I learned that stealing ideas was as morally bad as stealing money in fact it was exactly the same thing. But on the other hand this message was delivered with ambivalence because, you know, guilt about being complicit with capitalism and, after all, it always depends on who is stealing what money from who, etc.~~

The lasting lesson of this was that even the most menial methodologies conceived of as "in homage" cannot excise imagination; transcription was revealed as interpretative and territorial.

ANTHONY ARTAUD: another excuse to talk ABOUT MYSELF...

Subsequent writings were no longer epic in their aspirations. I got this new relationship to culture as a white middle-class female, narcissistic consumer. All artistic production was/is for me a vanity or a therapy and so takes this form:



dear diary,

It's two days before the first official Artaud event (Jacques Derrida and Gayatri Spivak at the Drawing center). I'm sitting at the Pick-a-Bagel near school with the new Village Voice. Just finished reading Peter Schjeldahl's column, "MASTER OF MADNESS: Antonin Artaud: Works on Paper" a review of the Artaud drawings at the Museum of Modern Art.

The only way that he can identify with Artaud is in the tackiest possible way, the American hippy affinity for Artaud's exploration of hallucinogens and his "trippy" poetics:

"I recognize an impulsive principle from my own chaotic experience in the 1960s, the most Artaudian of epochs. It was usual then to hear people say they needed to take more drugs and get their heads together."

(This ~~xxxxxxlikxxx~~ is clearly a sloppy reading of Artaud's position on drugs)

ARTAUD: My point of view is clearly anti-social. ~~There is only one reason to attack opium. This is the danger that its use can inflict on society as a whole.~~

But this danger is nonexistent WE ARE BORN ROTTEN IN BODY AND IN THE SOUL, WE ARE CONGENTALLY MALADJUSTED. . .

(This is not a Hippy idea.)

Artaud was diagnosed with hereditary syphilis and was prescribed the opiate laudanum which got him hooked. But here, Schjeldahl must be referring to Artaud's colonial experiment in third-world mind expansion. In 1936 Antonin Artaud, a white French man, travels to Mexico motivated by 1) his racist notions that "the Latin-American psyche" is somehow naturally predisposed to surrealist aesthetics 2) his hobbyistic interest in astrology + pre-colonial civilization, and 3) the ~~pyrote~~ rituals of the Tarahumara indigenous people.

So while it's ridiculous to ~~imply~~ that Artaud got wasted to "get his head together," the North-American 60's (+ its countercultural legacy) is for sure "Artaudian" in its involvement with non-Western culture via patterns of Western consumer-culture + the projection of context-specific oppositional ideals onto other cultures, finding them already there. That's one way to universalize a value. Long before Jim Morrison there was Antonin Artaud.

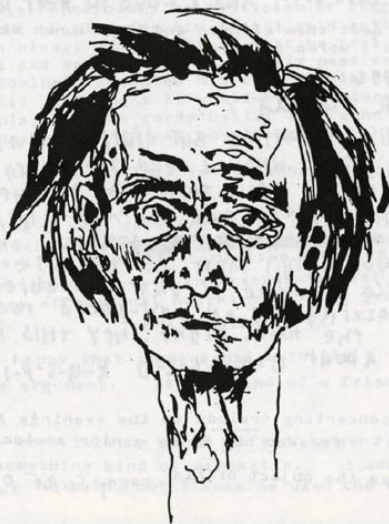


Peter Schjeldahl writes the way that Jerry Springer wraps up his talk show (the psychologically unified/stable, ~~last~~, benevolent last word), the way that Jerry Seinfeld brackets his sitcom with those stand-up comedy sequences, and of course, the way that Jerry Saltz writes art criticism as well (Not to mention DONALD KUSPIT)

## SAME COMMENTARY ON AN INSANE WORLD

Its just boring to me.

Interestingly, Dan Savage's sex column this week is all about allergic reactions to come. Artaud's ~~concern~~ the attendants at the mental institution were stealing his semen and shit (his soul, his ideas, his self) and his virulent spells against such thievery ~~to~~ come to mind. I wish more people wrote more like Dan Savage.



October 10, 1996

I was thinking of trying to get to Derrida's Artaud lecture at the MoMA tonight but I didn't get off work until 7:30 and ~~had~~ one of the heels of my shitty payless shoe source high heels was wobbling. It cracked off entirely as soon as I got in the door of my apartment. I think the lecture would have been sold out anyway. I think Bella's there so she can tell me about it. I feel bad about missing the inaugural event of Artaud season, but hopefully I won't be so exhausted tomorrow night.

My grandma called to see if I wanted to go to the Jewish museum with her on Sunday. Something about clandestine photography during the German occupation of Denmark. She agreed to meet me at the Modern first to see Artaud's drawings. She was reluctant at first: "Artaud? The schizophrenic woman-hater? Is that what you want to see?"

I'm excited to see the exhibit with my grandparents.

**I exploit them for their historical perspective and a Free meal.**

They're ~~the~~ second generation Polish immigrants - who live in the same house where my dad and uncles grew up in an orthodox Jewish neighborhood in Midwood, Brooklyn.

They met at a Young People's Socialist League meeting.

Now they're retired and go to museums constantly.

They love to hate art. **And I Love to hear about it!**

So I'm going to meet them at noon and have lunch ~~first~~ before we check out Artaud's works on paper.

October 11, 1996

Dear diary,

I know this is boring but diaries always are. I was bored when I read "The Diary of Anne Frank" in my early teens, bored when I read Bob Planagan's "Fuck Journal" last night. But in both cases it was somehow ok and I stayed involved. This must be because I have a black + white tv and no cable so I am not spazzing out on fast-paced rock videos all the time, right? Hey this is where the part about D-O-N-A-L-D K-U-S-P-I-T starts:

As a disconcerting prelude to the evenings Artaud event, Donald Kuspit freaked out in my senior seminar.

Sadly, I was the object of his rage, SORT OF.









DEAR DIARY,  
SCHOOL SUCKS  
again this year.





And this incident, I punctuates my consuming interest in Antonin Artaud and the N.Y. reception of his theorists, raising questions about my own critical approach to ~~Artaud~~ Artaud.

Kuspit selects artists and theorizes their artistic practice according to a taste-based promotional agenda justified by (ultimate conservative) notions about individual/authentic expression, using an artist and his or her work as the objectified and mute illustration or evidence of a theoretical model but of course this is precisely what I am doing with Artaud.

I couch this ~~rhetorically (sectionally)~~ in the underdog terms of the fan which always rely on ~~max~~ media fiction, and which necessarily dehumanize their object, and ~~it is~~ it is through these facts of fandom that I ~~perhaps~~ hold a mirror to my underlying intentions as "critic." That is to say that when I say "I love Artaud" I mean that I couldn't give a shit about Artaud beyond his usefulness within my personal aesthetic and political program. And my hope is that this honesty ~~by my~~ ~~distaste~~ plus the content (values) of my agenda differentiates my project from normal-boring analyses routinely churned out and attached to specific ~~main~~ cultural icons.

So as I walked downtown to the Drawing Center ~~some~~ ~~stunned and angry~~, attempting to invent myself as a cultural critic in direct and ~~explicit~~ ~~explicit~~ opposition to the writing style and critical values of Donald Kuspit, I started to question my choice of Antonin Artaud as a subject. He is, after all, a figure of clinical "idiosyncrasy" to say the least and a repository for various ~~various~~ ~~distasteful~~ accounts of genius (pathological, supernatural, etc.).

I WOULD LIKE TO SAY: "ANYTHING  
THAT COULD POSSIBLY INTEREST  
DONALD KUSPIT COULD NOT POSSIBLY  
INTEREST ME."  
BUT IT IS JUST NOT THAT  
SIMPLE.

With Artaud's well-documented insistence upon his singularity, absolute singularity, and his the subsequent fetishizations of his illness, addiction, and misanthropy, he seems like Kuspit's cup of tea. I kind of felt like dropping the project before I had even begun in earnest.

### Artaud: Donald Kuspit's Cup of Tea

But all that changed as soon as I arrived at the Drawing Center. I had never seen anything like it in SoHo. There was a line down the block. Everyone was speaking French. A tall girl wore a cardboard Artaud mask. But she was the only readily apparent Artaud ~~fix fix~~ freak. I judged the rest to be Derrida groupies. Indeed, the crowd went wild when Derrida showed up, ~~his white hair~~ followed by a camera crew, his white hair backlit like a halo. I never ~~thought~~<sup>thought</sup> he would be so handsome.

As 7pm approached people without tickets gave up hope and began to leave. The truly devoted waited to see if there would be some last minute miracle.

I got a ~~seat~~<sup>spot</sup> in the middle of a row about four from the front next to two girls who seemed like bestfriends. They ~~seemed like~~ were very serious about the event, each with a stack of books and papers on her lap. From their conversation I learned that the main attract for them was Gayatri Spivak. They sort of scoffed at undue excitement about Derrida. On the other side of me was a woman whose voice I recognized from ~~phone conversations~~ answering the phone at my job.

She tried to get me to switch places with her husband so they could sit together and I refused. The Columbia girls (I decided they were Columbia students) shot her mean looks and the one closest to me whispered to her friend "of course the single woman in public is expected to accommodate the heterosexual couple." I was really glad to be with them.

Sylvère Lotringer, in master of ceremonies, first introduced  
 Karenit Howell, curator of the Artaud drawing show at the ~~Modern~~  
 Modern. Her take on Artaud is one of traditional fascination with  
~~the~~ the tormented soul, the afflicted brilliance  
 etc of the artist. It was pretty funny that she was on the same panel  
 as Herrida and Spivak. She described an encounter with ~~Artaud's~~ <sup>Artaud's drawings</sup>  
 at the Centre Pompidou in 1993 in which she was "stripped bare by the  
 penetration of the eyes staring back at me." It reminded me of one  
of the first times I got high and I freaked out because I was convinced  
that my sister's David Bowie poster could see me naked through the wall  
that separated out our bedrooms. Howell concluded with a comment about  
 the skepticism of the French toward an exhibition of Artaud's drawing  
 in the U.S. she described the dominant sentiment in France as one of  
 pessimism regarding the ability of Americans to "truly understand"  
 Artaud. Her response to this nationalistic possessiveness was to state  
 that Artaud's ~~work~~ drawings were legible to all, expressions of a  
 "universal language". The Columbia girls hissed audibly! I couldn't  
 believe it. They were so cool.

Kancy Spero was the next speaker and I was really interested to better  
 understand her use of Artaud ~~in~~ within an explicitly feminist art  
 practice, given his reputation as (to use my grandmother's phrase)  
 a schizophrenic woman-hater. From 1969 to 70 she executed a series of  
 "Artaud paintings" and from 71-72 a piece called "Codex Artaud." She  
 explained that ~~in~~ Artaud's work was somehow resonant for ~~her~~ even as  
 she was well aware how he would have hated her appropriation.

But fortunately, it just doesn't matter what Artaud would think as  
 for Spero, ~~his work provides~~ his worth is symbolic -- an  
 example of a male hysteric, a Crazy Bitch with male authority. I am  
 always ~~in~~ fascinated by commitments to ~~mixed feelings~~ complex  
~~mixed~~ mixed-feelings which exist ~~in~~ in rejection of the  
 love/hate terms of patrilineal art-making. I find myself in the  
 same boat as Spero: I am not crazy, a dope fiend, a theoretician of  
theatre or a misogynist, and yet somehow I like Artaud.

Gayatri Spivak spoke next insisting throughout ~~in~~ that she ~~in~~ knew  
 very little about Artaud, and yet she definitely stole the show.  
 What became clear to me from her presentation was that Artaud's  
 egomaniacal, ~~in~~ vehement ~~in~~ conviction in his unique alienation and  
 persecution prevented his counter-conjuring from becoming a counter-  
 politics (he was his own category of marginality, ~~and was not to~~



his "oppression" not describable in the terms of systematic hierarchy, but by the specific ~~xxxxxx~~ magic conspiracies against him, and discernible only through his clairvoyance) ~~xxxxxx~~ Whatever existential and dx artistic dilemmas: ~~xxxxxx~~ embodied by Artaud's tormented predicaments (~~to be solved, to be from a place when he could not, etc. without a model~~) there can be no model ~~xxxxxx~~ for action constructed around his artistic production. Artaud begins with a loss, with a theft. Each spell is a response, a counter-spell. His drawings exist defensively, ~~xxxxxx~~ Spivak: "Something has been done to me, my politics are a counter-politics, and therefore cannot be a model."

Derrida had not prepared a talk, he had come with the idea that the event was to be a less formal conversation between the scholars present. and so he shared some anecdotes about Artaud. It was entertaining, especially when he told the story about a psychiatrist who stated that with today's state-of-the-art psychopharmaceuticals, Artaud could have been "corrected" in a week...

~~He did add a thought~~ about Artaud's politics, ~~that his~~ ~~disturbing (lack of coherent) politics~~... namely that ~~xxxxxx~~ his the terminology of his analysis (curses, spells, charms, spectres, and evil doubles) was indisputably inadequate ~~xxx~~ to describe the political climate of his time, but still may have had (may still have) potential for articulating radical insight.

Did you see last year's movie "The Craft" IN WHICH <sup>goth</sup> a punk girl slays a jock with magic? she, like Artaud, ends up muttering and thrashing around in an institution, but before things go all wrong she and her highschool girlfriends practice ~~witchcraft~~ witchcraft according to a politically progressive program of revenge. The racist cunt girl's hair falls out in big blond chunks in her bathing cap in the locker room. And, like I said before, a jock (played by the not-yet-famous SKEET ULRICH) gets killed. Its pretty entertaining.

October 12

I met my grandparents at noon in the lobby of the Museum of Modern Art feeling weak and in a fog, ~~xxxx~~ desperate for food and coffee. ~~XX~~ They have a real problem with the cafeteria at the museum, but its inconceivable to them to eat anywhere else: "Let's go buy a sandwich from these bastards." They had gone to SoHo ~~xxx~~ the day before ~~xx~~ to see ~~xxx~~ the Francis Bacon show ("really stupid stuff. a sick guy.") and complained that they were the only old people there. They also planned to go to the ~~XX~~ Jasper Johns opening at the museum on Friday and kept grimacing at the promotional posters for the exhibition ("I don't know why we're going. Who needs to look at the American flag?") They interrogated me about Artaud while I tried to drink enough coffee to get a grip on the situation. They were particularly concerned with his relationship to the Surrealists (they hate surrealism) and I said I didn't know much except that he could hardly have been a Surrealist in any ~~sustained way~~ as he was incapable/unwilling to be subsumed by any collective description or artistic movement although he was kind of a darling of ~~theirs~~, exhibiting/embodying aesthetic affinities ("oh, so he was their stooge. A puppet."). I pulled out my Artaud reader edited by Susan Sontag and read parts of his formal critique of the Surrealists, "In Total Darkness" (1927) ~~xxxx~~ which was based upon his objection to the Surrealist embrace of the Communist party: "External metamorphosis is, in my opinion, something which can ~~mix~~ only be given as a bonus. The social level, the material level toward which the Surrealists direct their pathetic attempts at action, their forever ineffectual hatreds, is for me no more than a useless ~~xxx~~ and obvious illusion." There was an anxious lull in the conversation in which ~~xxxx~~ they found themselves momentarily aligned with the Surrealists against Artaud's dismissal of ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ the transformation of material conditions as basis for revolution. Bella suddenly appeared at the cafeteria and they bought her a sandwich too. Then we all went to the second floor gallery to see the exhibitio

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

(Artaud's official involvement with the Surrealists ~~xxx~~ lasted only a few years, beginning ~~xxxxxx~~ with an introduction through his friend the artist Andre Masson. He edited the third issue of ~~xx~~ La Revolution Surrealiste in 1925 before ~~xxx~~ his dramatic excommunication from the group in the following year)

The drawings exhibited were all executed during his 8 year internment in various psychiatric institutions. In 1936, Artaud, no money, no drugs, is deported from Ireland as an "undesirable" to the hospital of Ville-Evrard, Paris. The first group of drawings are from this period: the spells. It seems ~~xxxxxx~~ misleading to call them drawings as they are clearly intended to function as documents of incantations, symbols or props within a ~~delusory~~ scheme of psychic warfare defense. Their cosmological significance is not that of "art-object" per se. X Scrawled upon, torn, burned and ~~delusory~~ decorated, they appear within the conventions of anthropological display of ritual objects, ~~xxxx~~ Encased upright ~~xxxx~~ away from the wall so that both sides are visible. ~~xxxxxx~~ Each one is for a specific friend or enemy, X Leon Fouks, for example ("keep this spell against your heart. in case of danger touch your heart with the Index and Middle fingers of your X right hand and THE SPELL WILL ILLUMINATE", he writes and adorns the paper with scars and pentagrams). And there is one to Hitler. "The Rodez Drawings" are the 2<sup>nd</sup> group of drawings, produced between 1943 and 1946 around the time that Artaud was subjected to early experiments with ~~xx~~ electroshock therapy. 51 treatments knocked teeth out and fractured vertebrae. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ Artaud's body is the literal and physical site of fragmentation, and his drawings, more free than ever before from the conventions of sanity, consistency, style, are the mediated representation, the analogous images. Here we see someone physiologically driven to pastiche.

~~xxxxxx~~ Artaud, unstable and under extreme duress, is still well aware of the art of his time and of the recent past, and references it randomly and/or vindictively. The drawings are nicely X scattered and clutzy.

The third group of drawings are the portraits. While the spells are the most clearly rooted in a performative practice of magic, these drawings of Artaud's friends and associates are contextualized by a curious mythology about their production as well. According to the museum brochure for the exhibition: "He stood before a table covered by a sheet of paper, changing, humming, and shrieking while gouging his pencils and crayons into the paper." I liked the portraits the best of the drawings I think. There was a real sense that Artaud was representing his admirers and peers as faithfully as he could to his standard of psychic realism. His lack of facility for traditionally representational sketching makes his insistence upon his own distorted, expressionistic version of it all the more unsettling.





RICHARD HELL

SUSAN  
SOMMAY



(Cyclevision,  
the voidoids)

(against interpretation,  
The volcano Lover)

the letters, the documented discourse supposedly about the poems, is published in stead of the poems. This of course is emblematic of Artaud's attitude. . . all tangible communication is defiled telepathy. Materiality signifies substitution. Artaud's audience/objects/recipients/victims of his letters or spells are always the inferior/evil doubles to his true audience... they are complicit in a circuit of imperfect communication. They are impostor zombies or false twins emptied of their true souls which cannot be won to. Artaud's insistence upon his singularity and unique spiritual predicament within his correspondence with Riviere serves to erase Riviere's subjectivity, to dissolve it into generically damaged public reception of Artaud's own invention.

I got tired and couldn't really follow all of Kaufman's talk. My lasting impression of him though was that through his veneer of scholarly detachment, he found Artaud irritating and und over-rated. XXXXXXXX Unlike Sontag, not an Artaud "fan."

Clayton Eschelman is more than a fan, he is an impersonator. His leather vest and subtleties of his demeanor even seemed to reference the tradition of Elvis-impersonation in his ex reading of Artaud's works. He yelled and shrieked and inflected, shaking people awake from their Vincent Kaufman-induced stupor. I wasn't sure what to tell him, I thought it was good. My friend Kirstin hated it, felt it was an aggressive affront to the spirit of Artaud; he wasn't like that. I know that Artaud did not perform like that. There was something sort of embarrassing or distasteful about Eschelman's performance, I s. But I thinkxxx that Artaud was embarrassing probably. Mxxxxxx, certainly he was annoying.

October 22, 1996

Tonight I tried to go see Carl Dreyer's film "The Passion of Joan of Arc", the 1928 silent film featuring Artaud as the monk Massieu. My night was ill-fated. My friends left a message for me that they had decided to go to the Stereolab show instead. I went to Anthology Film Archives anyway xxxxxx only to have the last xxx ticket sold just as I reached the box office. A big disappointment.

But it was interesting from a sociological standpoint to xxx superficially examine and make judgements about the swarm of people lined up outside of the theatre to see Artaud caught on film. Whereas the people at the Drawing Center events so far xxx have been, for the most part, visual artists and downtown art workers -- a large percentage of youngish front-desk people from Soho and Chelsea galleries -- the people at Anthology reflected another demographic of Artaud fans: tormented poets and actors who feel they experience a kindred pain. Or who romanticize such pain as a symptom of genius.

XXXXX (This is all just a prejudicial impression based on my observation of, and juvenile bias against, the East Village Goth aesthetic which dominated the crowd's collective fashion sense) This wasn't the same crowd at the Spivak/Derrida talk because this crowd xxx does xxx need to examine its "deep" affinity for Artaud through a theoretica filter. This crowd "gets" Artaud in a kind of spiritual or intuitive way.

Later I found out that the Stereolab show sold out as well and my friends ddx didn't get in. Oh well.



Dear diary JAN. 1997

3 MONTHS AFTER I ABANDONED  
THIS PROJECT, MORE INTERESTED IN  
PAINTING AGAIN ALL OF A SUDDEN,  
DONALD KUSPIT HAS A REVIEW OF  
ARTAUD'S DRAWING SHOW IN THE  
JANUARY ARTFORUM. DECIDED ON  
THE PLANE BACK TO NEW YORK TO  
PASTE UP THIS DIARY AS A PAMPHLET  
AND XEROX A BUNCH SO THAT IF  
SOME VERSION OF THIS DOES END UP  
IN SPEX I WILL ALSO HAVE IT IN  
ENGLISH FOR MY FRIENDS.

KUSPIT'S DUMB REVIEW IS SO PERFECT  
TO END WITH. BECAUSE ITS SUCH A CLEAR  
ILLUSTRATION OF HIS SUCKY HUMANIST  
ESSAY WRITING STYLE AND HIS  
RETROGRESSIVE VALUES. AND BECAUSE  
ITS PUBLICATION HAS SUCH  
A SHOCKINGLY POETIC MEANING FOR  
ME. KUSPIT'S PUBLIC JUDGEMENT OF  
ARTAUD'S DRAWINGS AS THEATRICAL  
AND INAUTHENTIC (OR WHATEVER) PROFOUNDLY  
VALIDATES MY FANDOM, AS IRONIC  
AS MY LOVE MIGHT ULTIMATELY BE.

## "ANTONIN ARTAUD: WORKS ON PAPER"

MOMA

DONALD KUSPIT

"Few graphic expressions in the twentieth century show the power and authentic inner necessity seen in the drawings of Antonin Artaud. . . they show the heightened sensibility and critical lucidity of a mind at odds with

society and unable to compromise with its conventions." That is the standard Artaud defense, put forward by Margit Rowell, curator of the MoMA exhibition. The reason he needs defending is the stark diagnostic probability offered by Rowell: Artaud (1896-1948) "suffered from confabulatory paraphrenia, a delusional psychosis which is not accompanied by intellectual deterioration and in which some symptoms—hallucinations and confabulations—are close to those of schizophrenia."

Rowell invites us to view Artaud as one of the great "spiritual revolutionaries" of modern art, as Wassily Kandinsky called them—"solitary

visionaries" articulating "the internal truth which only art can divine . . . which only art can express by those means of expression which are hers alone." Does Artaud belong among them? Or are his works on paper the visual ravings of the Artaud who "screamed deliriously as his argument disintegrated into crazy acting" during a lecture, and the Artaud who regarded "cruelty [as] a sort of rigorous discipline" that would be the basis for a new "physical and spatial poetry that has long been lacking in these . . .

Art and "aggressive cruelty," to use Rowell's phrase, were one and the same for Artaud. But the issue is whether Artaud was a prophet of social catastrophe, or whether it served his personal catastrophe, which had been in the making since the "nervous disorders" and "depression" of his adolescence, when he was diagnosed with hereditary syphilis and given the laudanum that began his lifelong drug addiction. (He eventually turned to heroin.) Apart from an early self-portrait (ca. 1915), the works in the exhibition were made immediately before, during, and after the Second World War, but it is equally important to note that they were made during Artaud's confinement in mental hospitals, where he received fifty-one electric shocks over a nineteen-month period and was diagnosed as suffering from "incurable paranoid delirium." The exhibition begins with the so-called "Spells," 1937-39, which seem, in their violence and terror, to herald the trauma of war. They are angry letters to real and imaginary friends—Artaud tried to bewitch them with cryptic emblems as well as words—written on paper that has been all but destroyed: ripped, punctured, and burned; splorched and smeared with ink and gouache. The second group of works (1944-46) carries the destruction into the image, which becomes a nightmarish "bouillabaisse of forms in the tower of Babel," to use the inscription on one of them. Finally, there are a number of portraits (1946-48), of varying degrees of expressive uniqueness, which seem to bespeak postwar—post-traumatic—exhaustion, ruin, depression. The self-portrait of May 11, 1946, and *La Tête bleue* (The blue head), another self-portrait made about the same time, are particularly extraordinary: what Artaud did to the paper of the "Spells" he now does to himself. He in effect shows the death throes of his psyche.

these works are simply cultural and aesthetic curiosities—the symptomatic products of a delusional psychotic—or whether they have an important place in modern art, where they hold their own intellectually, morally, and stylistically. The relation of art to madness has been an issue since antiquity—Plato assumed their inner connection in the *Lysis*—and has become an open issue in modernity, where the art of the insane has been celebrated as, in the words of Bernard Dorival, “equal in dignity, in quality, even in financial value” to any “major art.” Are Artaud’s works on paper “major art” because they are insane and insanity is disturbing to the bourgeoisie, or because their quality resides in the uniqueness of the artistic methods with which they mediate insanity? It is this question that is at the core of an evaluation of Artaud’s visual art.

To an extent, Artaud’s visual work was an attempt to put into practice his theory of cruelty, which he was not able to do in the theater and cinema, despite the fame his portrayal of Icarus in Abel Gance’s film *Napoléon*, 1927, brought him. *The Cenci*, 1935, stage adaptation from Shelley, which he wrote and directed, and in which he acted, was his most ambitious effort to do so, but it was a financial and critical failure. (In 1927 he wrote a Manifesto for a Theater That Failed,” as if in anticipation of the event.) So he was reduced to drawing, the more so because of the breakdown he suffered not long after his theatrical failure.

Artaud seems to have literalized Rimbaud’s “disordering of all the senses” (“*Lettres du Voyant*,” 1871). Indeed, Artaud’s *Fragments of a Journey from Hell* (1926) emulates Rimbaud’s *Une Saison en enfer* (A season in hell, 1873). Both—as well as Artaud’s works on paper—are examples of what Jean Dubuffet called “*les œuvres des irréguliers*” or *art brut*. He contrasted its “instinct, passion, caprice,

values of the savage”) with “*l’art culturel*” or “official art”—the “art of museums, galleries, salons,” with its “vacuous” value of “beauty.” Dubuffet undoubtedly concurred with Artaud that “Culture isn’t in books, paintings,

statues, dances: it’s in the nerves and the fluidity of the nerves.” For both Rimbaud and Artaud art was a record, or kind of trace, of the process of disordering and the final nervous state of disorder: the process of going insane, that is, going to the hell of instinct, passion, caprice, violence, where one could be unequivocally primitive or savage—“naked, natural, excessive,” as Artaud says.

After the “Spells,” the barely coherent bouillabaisse drawings are the most emotionally primitive of Artaud’s works on paper. “Composites” of imagistic fragments, mostly of parts of the body, they suggest that Artaud had reached the final stage of disorder. Throughout his life he was embarrassed by his body, and now he no longer had to be: he had shredded it—undermined the very idea of the integrity of the body, male or female. Ironically, this gives the drawings their artistic integrity and radical character: they carry Surrealist incongruity to its (il)logical conclusion. Where the Surrealists tried to hold on to unity, in whatever distorted form, Artaud abandoned corporeal continuity altogether, radicalizing the picture in the process. Instead of making a picture of the body—that basic subject matter of art—Artaud implies that it is impossible to picture it with any finality.

The body’s unity becomes unthinkable—just as it is for infants, who experience the body as a disordered sum of emotionally raw fragments. Thus, Artaud’s bouillabaisse drawings fulfill the project of his theater of cruelty (the title, in fact, of one of them). The process is painful, but, unexpectedly, the result is not particularly pleasurable and liberating: where the alchemy worked for Rimbaud, it unfortunately didn’t for Artaud. He



never found paradise, for he had in effect drugged himself to death—the death he repeatedly talks about in his letters and manifestos.

In 1927, Artaud wrote that "what divides me from the Surrealists is that they love life as much as I despise it." His portraits, of himself and others, do nothing to belie this statement. Artaud's portraits are supposedly his most lucid, undeteriorated, intellectual works, as Rowell suggests, but they too have a disturbing symptomatic dimension. "In my unconscious it's always other people that I hear," Artaud wrote in 1946, and in

**ARTAUD'S PORTRAITS  
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GOGH. ARTAUD  
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BORED AND MUCH  
MORE THEATRICAL.**

his portraits they become the "inexplicable crimes inside [him]self," incarnations of the "evil forces" of zeitgeist, as he wrote in 1933, that persecute him. To exorcise them by projection is not enough—he becomes the "torturer-executioner" that he conceived the director-author of the theater of cruelty to be. They are in effect effigies he cruelly abuses, explicitly, as the *Portrait of Paule Thévenin* or *Paule with Irons*, May 24, 1947, indicates, or implicitly, as the *Portrait of Yves Thévenin*, June 24,

1947, suggests. The more straightforward, dull faces—figures whose faces haven't been cruelly treated (all but defaced) with the inert look of discarded masks. They remain intact, but their existence has been completely devalued.

In June 1947 Artaud wrote: "Not a single painter in the history of art, from Holbein to Ingres . . . have suc-

ceeded in making it talk, this face of man. . . . Van Gogh only could make of the human head a portrait which has the bursting flare of a throbbing, exploded heart." This can be regarded as a standard avant-garde repudiation of tradition and argument for modernism's greater authenticity—the same made in favor of primitive art by Dubuffet, and Paul Gauguin before him. But Artaud's portraits are nowhere as spontaneously expressive—authentically instinctive, passionate, primitive, irregular, nervy, unconventional—as those of Van Gogh. They lack not only the empirical power of those of Holbein and Ingres, but the emphatic insight of Van Gogh. Artaud identifies with him, as is clear from his essay *Van Gogh, le suicidé de la société* (The man suicided by society, 1947) indicates, but his portraits are more belabored and above all much more theatrical than those of Van Gogh. Compared to the people in Van Gogh's portraits, those in Artaud's portraits appear to be acting—posturing, the way Artaud did on the stage and screen. They are like stone heads of medieval saints, and in fact form a theatrical tableau not unlike that of the saints at the portal of a medieval church. Only where they open the way to eternal life, Artaud's portraits "provide," as he said, "access to death."

Artaud's theater of cruelty is a posture meant to do away with all postures—a desperate attempt to escape from acting that becomes the ultimate act. It was an effort to elude what Lionel Trilling described as "the characteristic disease of the actor, the attenuation of selfhood that results from impersonation," and arrive at authentic selfhood, but it was, after all, just more theater—impersonation. The heritage of Artaud, especially in his works on paper, is his pathetic self-deception and unremitting theatricality, which did exactly the opposite of what he intended it to do—break down the difference between art and life, or rather enlist art in the service of a more authentic self and intense life than seemed possible

Artaud's theatrical writings raise, however unwittingly, the question of whether art can really serve the self and life without falsifying them—the same modern question that, according to Clement Greenberg, Franz Kafka raised. The works on paper make the dark side of his theatrical ambition explicit: they leave us with a very modern sense of the angry futility of it all—no doubt a reflection of the angry futility of his effort to free himself from drugs—which turned into nihilistic hatred. Hatred ate him away from the inside: he, not other people, punched the holes in his face, and above all made them so theatrical. This, no doubt, is why his works on paper can be seen to have a peculiarly exemplary relevance in modern visual art. □

Donald Kuspit's most recent book is *Idiosyncratic Identities: Artists at the End of the Avant-Garde*, Cambridge University Press.

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I ended up  
getting an "A"  
in his class  
because I gave  
a really great  
slide presentation  
on JACKSON POLLOCK.

you can get my  
performance notes  
for \$3 cash or  
check.

My Fanzine "THE  
OPPOSITE" costs \$2.

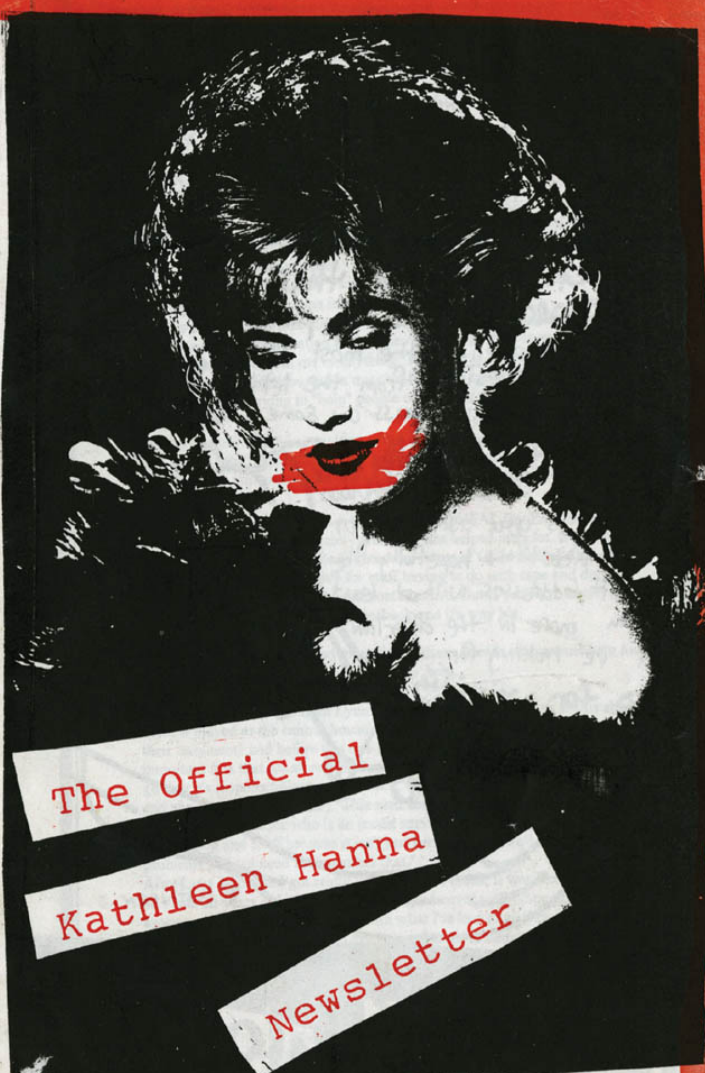
# THE END

JOHANNA FATEMAN  
250 NORTH SIXTH STREET, #5  
BROOKLYN, 11211









The Official

Kathleen Hanna

Newsletter

From: Kathleen Hanna % KRS 120 N.E. State #418 OLY.WA 98501



To:

Johanna Fateman  
266 Bleeker St. 2ND Floor  
Brooklyn NY 11237





1. The wheelie is ephemeral  
It happens in but a moment and yet is beautiful,  
uncertain, & you never know when one might happen.

2. The wheelie cannot be televised.  
Trust yr brain above and beyond mechanical intrusion.  
Remembering the wheelie is enough to make some cum. Let head  
not be sanitized thru photography... tho' there really are no rules.

3. Don't fear the wheelie. In witnessing someone else's  
wheelie: allow yourself the sheer amazed thing that's happening. Even if  
you don't understand their particular wheelie aesthetic or ~~even~~ know what  
they're about, kick back and enjoy. Don't compare their wheelie to yr own,  
all wheelies are different and beautiful.

4. The wheelie is power. Many of us have been trained to  
immediately record/define/discuss "the magical" because we are afraid  
of sheer untamable power. A gaping mouth in the face of a wheelie  
and witnessing another stunned set of eyes (mutually witnessing a wheelie  
rules!) without needing to speak..... Yeah, silence equals death.... except for during  
wheelies.

5. The wheelie must not stand in opposition to  
"flat" riding. Popping a wheelie who knows when it'll happen....  
when the conditions will be just right, when the urge will hit you. The  
fact that a wheelie ~~could~~ happen should not be used to distract from the  
distinct pleasures involved in "flat riding" (like just a basic trip to Safeway or  
something). It is important to not set the wheelie apart → the idea is to live in  
the moment, no matter what.

6. Wheelies are different than bike tricks. Even just  
getting yr front tire off the ground for like 5 seconds constitutes  
a wheelie. The whole BIKE TRICK thing is cool but that's a whole other  
thing. Just the, say, Random Wheelie. When girls do ~~tricks~~ or like  
heshers, and form gangs around this.... But I'm getting  
ahead of myself.

1. Would you like  
smoking or NON?

2. I feel some  
performance art  
coming on.

3. Whatever

7. The wheelie, performance art connect:  
It was 2 in the morning & I was sitting in my apartment window  
looking down on the street, contemplating suicide when this ~~bestie~~ ~~friend~~  
came riding ~~in the middle of the night w/ supposed~~ "no one looking"  
The boy popped a wheelie all the way down the Ave.

8. Colonization and the wheelie.

Attempts have been made get allways flat. The kids know and  
will not destroy other wheelie gangs in order to enjoy  
themselves.

The Answers

I WHEELIE WHEELIE MEAN IT.



# NOTES



- Flyer, **[The Revolution Starts Here and Now . . .]**, Kathleen Hanna, 1990. The Kathleen Hanna Papers. **18-19**
- Zine (excerpt), **Jigsaw no. 1**, Tobi Vail, 1989. The Tammy Rae Carland Zine Collection. **20-21**
- Zine (excerpt), **Chainsaw no. 2**, Donna Dresch, circa 1990. The Tammy Rae Carland Zine Collection. **22-26**
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- Draft Lyrics, **[Hair on your face and glasses that hide your eyes]**, Kathleen Hanna, circa 1989. The Kathleen Hanna Papers. **30**
- Zine (excerpt), **Riot Grrrl no. 1**, Molly Neuman, Allison Wolfe, and others, July 1991. The Kathleen Hanna Papers. **31-33**
- Notebook, **[Riot Grrrl Test Patterns]**, Kathleen Hanna, 1991. The Kathleen Hanna Papers. **34-36**
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VISITOR

Kathleen



The Feminist Press is an independent, nonprofit literary publisher that promotes freedom of expression and social justice. Founded in 1970, we began as a crucial publishing component of second wave feminism, reprinting feminist classics by writers such as Zora Neale Hurston and Charlotte Perkins Gilman, and providing much-needed texts for the developing field of women's studies with books by Barbara Ehrenreich and Grace Paley. We publish feminist literature from around the world, by best-selling authors such as Shahrnush Parsipur, Ruth Kluger, and Ama Ata Aidoo; and North American writers of diverse race and class experience, such as Paule Marshall and Rahna Reiko Rizzuto. We have become the vanguard for books on contemporary feminist issues of equality and gender identity, with authors as various as Anita Hill, Justin Vivian Bond, and Ann Jones. We seek out innovative, often surprising books that tell a different story.









the  
end